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Hubbell, Martha (Stone)

THE MEMORIAL:

OR,

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

AN ONLY DAUGHTER.

BY HER MOTHER,
AUTHORESS OF "SHADY SIDE."

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTICE,

BY REV. A. L. STONE.

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PREFACE.

THIS MEMORIAL of her dearly beloved and gifted daughter, was commenced, by the authoress of "Shady Side," in the year 1855, or less than two years after the publication of her former work; failing health obliged her to relinquish it for a while, but she still cherished the hope that sufficient strength would be given her to complete it, and to this hope she clung until near the end of her pilgrimage. When she heard the summons hence, and knew that she must leave the task unfinished, she committed it, and a few other objects very dear to her heart, in earnest prayer, to the disposal of Infinite Wisdom, and calmly laid herself down to rest. The work has been finished by another hand; but, as the point of interruption is distinctly marked, in the progress of the narrative, no injustice is done to the gifted writer whose name it bears, in attributing it to her pen.

He who has thus joined his labors to those of the dear departed, has not enjoyed, in the progress of the work, the privilege of continuous, uninterrupted thought. He has taken it up, for the most part, in the late evening, after the fatigue of many hours' incessant labor for a daily newspaper, when both hand and head were well nigh exhausted. But, however wearied, he has found in it an overflowing fountain, to cheer his own

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heart; and oftentimes, amid much physical weakness, has thus gained valuable strength of soul.

Many may think that the letters written by the subject of this memoir, and such parts of her journal as were proper for the public eye, should have been inserted with but little comment, and left to interpret themselves. But the editor, having found both pleasure and profit from similar labors of others, has dared to hope that his combination of the whole into a continuous narrative, might be more generally acceptable.

Amid all the causes for regret that the volume was not completed by the hand which drew the design, there is a single alleviating thought. If the work had been thus consummated, much, of interest to the reader, which connects the mother's character and history with that of the daughter, would have been scrupulously omitted. The present writer has, of course, felt himself at liberty to extract from the correspondence many beautiful tributes to the mother's faithful affection, which will be very precious to her friends, but which her own delicacy would have forbidden her to insert while she held the pen.

With this brief explanation, the work is given to the world, to speak for itself. However imperfectly edited, there is a voice in it which will reach the inner sense of the reader, and will insist on being heard. It will have a charm, as well as a lesson, for all who are in the morning of their days; who can scarcely realize, as yet, that their truant feet have commenced life's weary journey. To the travellers farther on in the way, it will speak in more earnest tones of warning or encouragement. While to those, whether young or old, who are near the end, it will bring such a vision of the radiance waiting for the sanctified soul, that they shall catch fresher glimpses of the glory, while they linger on this side of the River.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THAT which the artist has done on another leaf, to bring before the eye of the reader *the natural likeness* of one, with whose thoughts he is to become familiar, the hand of a kinsman would repeat, in these introductory lines, and hold up to the same reader, if he will glance at it, at least, a dim and faint portraiture of the *inner life*, whose features are more slowly, though more clearly, to shine out in the self-revelations that follow. The advantage of this double portraying, at the outset, will be, it is hoped, that he who turns the succeeding leaves will approach the record, not as the handwriting of a total stranger, but with something of the freshened interest of one who has enjoyed a personal acquaintance with the original life, and now searches the volume for the sayings and doings of a dear departed friend.

If it be difficult, as all artists consent, to make the canvas faithfully represent the life, where yet the face is *one*,—because its expressions are not only varying and manifold, but also because there are impalpable shades and subtle lines, and an overspreading and investing atmosphere, which no art can catch and transfer,—it cannot be easy, by a few hurried touches, to sketch a mind so richly and variously endowed, so many-sided in its powers and adaptations, harmonizing such opposites in the unison of practical living, and so changeful with the play of a genius versatile and strong, as hers whose biography is herein outlined. To this must be added the disadvantage, with him who now sketches, of having come in personal contact with this mind quite seldom in its maturer

development, though some of its earlier months were passed beneath his own roof. All that can be here attempted is, to give a few of those impressions, left by this dear gifted girl upon the mind of the writer, in an intercourse less frequent, that he would now love to remember. While it is not, for a moment, assumed that this character approached perfection, either in genius or virtue, it is believed that many a father will feel it a privilege to introduce his young daughters to such a companion; that many a mother will be thankful that she may welcome such a visitor to sit down with her and her children at their fireside; that many a maiden will cherish a growing and grateful friendship for one so pure-minded, so genial, so favored of nature and culture, with so high an ideal of true womanhood, and so early lost; and that even our literature will be the gainer, in the rare thoughts and rich fancies gathered into this brief Memorial.

It seems, moreover, but a just and fitting compensation that one, whose outfit for a noble work in life was so complete, while that life itself was so brief, and the race, she seemed so strong to run with honor to herself and fruitful blessings to all around her, was thus denied her, should be permitted to linger yet a little amid the homes and circles from which her step has departed, to repeat in familiar tones to our ears the utterances that were all too few, and to speak, though dead, to many an eager listener, whose ears never heard the living voice. It may even have been one design of Providence, in arresting this career where it paused, to bring out, what else had been hidden from public regard, those youthful phases of a life, that was not suffered to go beyond, and to hold it thus ever in sympathy with the young of her own sex, whom it may now so greatly enrich.

"Our Mary," as all the kindred love to call her, had a pleasant face to look upon. Her complexion was not fair, but had in it a warm Southern tint, as though tropical suns had shone upon it. Her eyes were very dark and sparkling, expressing with equal felicity the mirthfulness of a light hour and the calm earnestness which was the prevailing temperament of her mind. Her hair, a

rich dark brown, whether dressed in curls or gathered back from her face, preserved a wavy outline, which always suggested a sunny temper. Her form was of the medium height, and rounded into the full, soft outlines of youthful maturity. Something of these external characteristics appears from the portrait facing the title-page; but we think none of our readers will object to this fuller introduction. The portrait there cannot smile; and it was only when *our Mary* smiled that all the sweetness of her countenance could be appreciated.

Her temperament, as has been already partly suggested, was both cheerful and ardent. Nothing peevish, irritable, and fretful, so far as the writer had opportunities of observation, ever expressed itself in her voice or manner. If there were any tendencies in this direction, in her early childhood, they were corrected by the wise and judicious nurture under which she grew up in her home. To this influence also it must have been owing, in part, that she escaped the danger of that unconscious selfishness into which an only daughter, or an only son, is so liable to fall. This danger was also countervailed by her devotion to her brother; and the isolation of such a position more than compensated, by her confidential communion — tender, clinging, and intimate beyond the love of sisters — with her still youthful mother. This attachment was peculiar and characteristic. Of course it supposes strong sympathies and warm affections, on the part of the mother, combined with great judgment and skill in training the heart of the daughter to such *filial*, we might almost say *equal*, confidences. But few daughters, it is believed, have ever lived, from mere childhood, in such sweet and absorbing companionship with a mother; the heart so entirely trustful; all its thoughts, experiences, and young dreams so unguardedly confided; its affection, so caressing, passionate, and demonstrative; its sense of satisfaction in the fellowship so complete. It is this peculiar passion which has veined so deeply and richly the correspondence, some of whose treasures are spread out upon the pages that follow. If any of its expressions shall seem, to

colder natures, extravagant or overwrought, let it be remembered that the wealth of deep and intense sensibilities that kept themselves under careful restraint and allowed no indiscriminate license of loving, poured itself out through this almost only channel, in its most copious fulness. It was not extravagance, because it was the richness of her nature. She had a large capacity for such a sentiment, and only lavished out of her abundance.

Though cordial and kindly to all who claimed acquaintance with her, and schooling the fastidiousness of her social tastes to a gentle and conciliating demeanor in any presence, she yet, as to the question of friendships, used the prerogative of so select a nature. She had but few intimate friends. The threshhold to the inner chamber of her heart was crossed rarely, and only by those with whom her heart could be thoroughly at home. These elect ones could testify to that ardor of attachment and constancy of devotion which so many felt she had to give and so few shared.

Her affections developing themselves under this law, while none ever found her distant and repelling, of course it was in her home, and with this small, favored circle, that all the sunny warmth of her nature rayed out its solar brightness. There her wit was agile and playful,—there her exquisite humor followed its bent,—there quaint and rich felicities of thought and speech broke continually from her lips. She was in those scenes as a well of crystal waters, whose streams flowed forth with silvery music and sparkling light, to gladden all that dwelt by her side.

Her conversational gifts, thus judged of, with such elements blending in them, and indulging themselves in this prodigal but unconscious display, were of an order few persons of her years ever surpassed. The matter and the manner of what was said were always racy, piquant, and engaging, while equally natural and unaffected.

Possibly the mental characteristics of this youthful intellect, as expressed in the correspondence and in the occasional pieces inserted in this volume, will be judged as prevailingly inclined to the ima-

ginative, and, therefore, as making up a being scarce fitted for the homely duties and the disenchanting experiences of real life. But this imaginative mind was eminently a practical mind. There was in it a beautiful balance of reason and judgment against feeling and imagination. It welcomed the common cares of life, looked serenely upon them in their sharp and rugged outlines, and assumed them with a tranquil hopefulness, born partly of these blended elements of strength in her nature, and partly of her trust in Providence and loyalty to the Great Disposer. This exquisite imagination was a helper, rather than a hindrance, in her daily tasks. It lent a charm to duty, lightened burdens, and breathed itself as a magical atmosphere over life's rough places. In this Memorial, perhaps that trait of her mind will seem disproportionately developed. For imagination, having no theatre for itself amid the conventionalisms of society, and denied full utterance in common intercourse, in this case, poured out its fulness through the pen, in song and sketch and love-voices. The fruits of this faculty with Mary *were*, as we should logically have concluded, a quick perception, a rapid sympathy and an easy adjustment of her spirit, in whatever scene, to the thoughts and demonstrations befitting the place. It will be noticed that the character of this power, as to temperament, was healthy and cheerful. Over it bent a clear, bright sky; in the night, the stars were there. There was nothing of morbid and sentimental gloom in it, that asked indulgence or colored the expression.

Her mind was thus both quick and patient. It could fold its wings and keep a governed pace with the veriest plodder. It was not only an imaginative, but a mathematical mind. It could hold itself steadily to the investigation of truth and the conquest of a problem, as well as soar to the level pave of heaven, to gather its gems of price. These proportioned qualities, in their union, specially fitted her for the work of teaching,—unveiling to her eye each young mind and heart, and steadying her feet to walk with such unequal companionship. It might be supposed that, with such a sensitive and poetic nature, the task of guiding the young, in the

initial process of their education, would have been wearing and irksome. It *was* exhausting,—for Mary devoted herself intensely to it,—but never a drudgery. With the highest views of the capabilities of the human mind; with commensurate ideas of what education must be, and a reverent acceptance of its peculiar responsibilities, she blended again the influence of her sympathetic and imaginative nature, beguiling her spirit thus of all sense of weariness, and all mere pressure of rigid duty.

We have spoken of cheerfulness as the atmosphere of her intellectual and social life. Of course it was a still more marked moral quality. It had pleasant looks on cloudy days, and smiles in the twilight, and hopeful words, when despondency knocked at the door. It was a brave, stout heart, that of "*our Mary*." This cheerfulness was not just the spring of elastic health, for it remained blooming upon health's decline, and, joined to FAITH, sung its sweetest strain as the evening shadows gathered upon this young day. As a natural disposition, that is, distinguished from the spiritual, this temper was a child of well-ordered activity and self-control; of a mind never listless and never driven with loose reins. It was the normal state of a thoughtful, earnest, disciplined nature, accepting heartily its mission and work. There was nothing shallow and superficial in it; it was not a little outside amiability; it bathed and laved all the soul; it was quickened by deep and warm affections, and penetrated with keen and lively sympathies.

After grace had renewed her heart, Mary's views of life were high and controlling. In her this transition was not so broad and marked, to outward observation, as it would have been, but that these views seemed so congenial to her earnest and self-devoted spirit. She had lofty and ardent aspirations — not for a *sphere* — not for a *career;* it was not a personal ambition, but for FIDELITY in her sphere, whatever that sphere might be. Her piety, dating from the years of childhood, was humble, earnest, and childlike. It found its special moulds of development in the peculiarities of her own nature.

Avoiding all artificialities, it was, in all its expressions, natural, because it was sincere. Being simple and sincere, it was of course charitable, and accepted any where the scripture test,—Love, the fulfilling of the Law. It abounded in the element of filial confidence toward God, and, therefore, delighted in communion with him. Her faith of scenes beyond sight, helped, doubtless, by her intense and vivid habit of thought, was almost like open vision. "The veil between this life and that beyond,"—this is the testimony of that companion-mother, who has herself passed behind that veil,—"seemed at times translucent to her quickened vision, and the transition thither not so much a flight into the unknown as crossing the threshold of a mansion daily seen from afar."

She seemed to have a taste for music, and yet it was not for the *art*. She was no great performer, either instrumentally or vocally. The music she loved was an inner melody,—the harmonies of pure thoughts and high fancies,—the chime of accordant utterances struck from kindred souls.

It were easy to linger upon this desultory talk. We have not sought to dissect this character anatomically, and show it in its parts and their relations. We have spoken as this dear one has come into the presence of our thoughts, and stood and turned and drew our heart after her, while we thus conversed with her image and memory. Her character was one whole, intellect and heart interfused, and all breathed upon by the spirit of human love and religious faith.

The portrait of the face, in this volume, shows us, of course, the face in the ripest maturity which it reached; and this sketch of the character is of that character into which she grew in her ripest development on earth. So much excellence and symmetry were not at once, or easily, attained. This was the calm summit on which her eye was fixed, all along; but up to it, by gradual approaches and a frequent sense of the steepness of the way, her feet were compelled, over all roughness and difficulties, to climb. Only, after many a struggle with native imperfections and opposing circumstances, by many tears,

self conquests, and heroic efforts, was this elevation reached. Nor did she once consider that she had attained to any superior height. Still her aspirations were "*onward and upward*," and her look to those celestial altitudes, at which now she walks, her hand in that maternal hand she loved best to clasp, on the heavenly hills.

THE MEMORIAL;

OR,

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF AN ONLY DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

The parish of Mt. Carmel, Hamden, lies in one of the quiet valleys of New Haven county, in the State of Connecticut. From its eastern side towers the rugged mountain-steep that gave name to the valley, — a bold peak of the Green Mountain range, six miles north of its termination in East Rock, one of the well-known sentinels of New Haven city. It was here, at the foot of Carmel, "our Mary" first saw the light, Dec. 5th, 1833.

Her father, Stephen Hubbell, was pastor of the Congregational church and minister of the parish, and her mother was the youngest daughter of Dr. Noah Stone, of the same county. This was their first child; and, though consecrated to God from her birth, it was not till she had reached the age of five months that she was carried to the sanctuary, and publicly dedicated, by baptismal rite, under the name of Mary Elizabeth.

Little Mary's infancy was somewhat peculiar in its sur-

roundings. Her mother shared the pleasant task of nurse with a young relative, whose education she was at the same time conducting with care. No "baby-talk" was spoken to the child; and, as she did not come in contact with other children, she only heard her native tongue in its comparative purity. Whether principally as a consequence of this, or more from original endowment, she developed early an unusual bump of language, using words with a propriety and affluence quite striking in a mere infant. This gift of expression brought out an amount of thinking, comparing, and reasoning, which we do not usually associate with so tender an age. When only eighteen months old, a lady who was speaking admiringly of her in her presence was checked, by a significant glance at the child. "O," said she, "such a baby cannot understand. She doesn't know what I mean." The child's eyes sparkled; and, with a cunning little shake of the head, she said, "Manie *does* understand." A few months later, and before her second birthday, a small willow chair was brought by a visitor, and deposited in a corner during her stay. After some minutes, Mary very quietly and cautiously seated herself in it. As soon as she was discovered, she arose, and said, as if in apology, "Only just to see how it would seem."

Little Mary was early brought to submit her will to that of her parents. A habit of obedience was formed before she could talk, attended by an implicit trust and confidence that were never afterwards shaken.

When she was a little more than two years old, her father resigned his pastoral charge, which he had held six years; and, previous to entering a new field, travelled and recruited a twelvemonth, leaving Mary with her mother at

her maternal grandfather's in Oxford. Here the child almost fell a victim to that fatal disease, scarlet fever. For days her little life seemed on the point of expiring; but God gave her back to our earnest prayers, with a quickened sense of obligation to train her up for his service and glory.

From this illness, which seriously weakened her physical constitution, her soul seemed to gather new strength and maturity. She would sit by the hour at her grandpa's knee, listening to the stories he knew how to repeat so wisely and so well, often anticipating the sequel herself, or helping him out with the moral, or eagerly asking for more, till he would think it needful to check her mental activity by a game of romps. But for all her infant troubles, her chief resort was "*Talk* to Manie; tell a story, please,"—"Talk to Manie mother." Ah, my darling, thou didst never weary of that charm while thy sweet life lasted!

Mary's fourth year had but just commenced when she accompanied her parents to their new home in Wolcottville. Here she was placed in a trying situation for a child. Her mother was soon laid aside by illness, and all around her were strangers. Her deportment in these new circumstances won much commendation, and often called forth the exclamation, "What a precocious child!" We find here the germ of that readiness for emergencies which in after years made her so generally "equal to the occasion," however unexpected. A little incident, it is remembered, passed from lip to lip, as an instance of uncommon maturity in a child of three years and four months. A lady called to make the acquaintance of the new pastor and his wife, and found that the former was out, and the latter too ill to see her.

As she withdrew, evidently disappointed, little Mary followed her to the door, and said, in her most engaging way: "I hope you will call again. We have not seen many of the new people yet, but it will make us very happy to."

At this time, a new fountain of love and tenderness was opened in her heart, one which never afterward ceased to well up and overflow,—a little brother was born to her, "baby Willie." From the day she first received the Heaven-sent treasure, with the characteristic remark, "What a dear little heavenly present!" onward through childhood and youth, she lavished upon her young brother a wealth of sisterly affection, as constant as it was fervent. This new relation was the means of forming her to self-denial and a sense of responsibility.

The following summer was eventful, also, to little Mary, as the season of her introduction to written language. Though not yet four years old, her desire to learn to read was so earnest that her parents took pleasure in gratifying her. So rapid was her progress, that, before winter, she had the command of her elementary book of simple sentences, and began to read correctly the easiest portions of the New Testament. She was not satisfied with reading mechanically; she must have a *meaning* from the words. Nor was she content with merely this: "the why and wherefore" must be known. Her inquisitiveness reached the ultimate end and relations of things; her stretch of thought surprised us with questions in science and morals far beyond her years; so that often (as many fond parents before us have done) we shook our heads wisely, and wondered whereunto this would grow.

The religious sentiment of her nature was early devel-

oped. Conscience was quick to respond to culture; and her heart was very tender in view of its relations to God and a future life. The little nursery formulas of prayer were soon insufficient for her. She was encouraged to approach the Hearer of prayer with her confession, thanksgiving, or request, in her own language, with great seriousness and sincerity. So much was she in the habit of acquiescing in the Divine will, that we could not but hope she was thus early renewed in heart. On one occasion, being very ill the day previous to a long-anticipated journey, when some one told her our fears that she would not be able to ride on the morrow, she replied, "It will be just as our Heavenly Father pleases." Throughout that illness she exhibited uniformly a sweet satisfaction at being in the hands of God, who would do all things well. Had it pleased him at that time to take her from us, or at any subsequent period of her early childhood, we should have felt that she had been made meet by grace for the upper home. It is easy for parents to call forth from young lips expressions of affectionate regard for the great and good Being who is the Giver of every daily comfort. But let Providence thwart the desires or cross the cherished purpose of these young hearts, and their rebellious will rises up at once against this interference in their self-indulgence.

Is not, then, a habit of cheerful yielding to what God appoints, a subjection of the childish will to his sovereign pleasure, a far better test of a renewed heart than any outbursts of seeming love and gratitude, as the recipients of his goodness? But of this, in relation to the case before us, more may be said hereafter.

There was in Mary's composition a vein of quiet humor,

which exhibited itself very early; often to the surprise of those who had been struck by her sweetly serious and thoughtful countenance. After a heavy rain, one summer morning found us, at the commencement of a journey of thirty miles, with a lean, lazy horse, that dragged the carriage slowly through the mud, while the disheartened travellers were silent. Little Mary at length looked up, and, said with a serio-comic air, "O dear! this reminds me of my hymn, 'How can a feeble, helpless worm fulfil a task so hard?'"

The spring after she was four years of age, Mary was sent to the village school. It had been our purpose to teach her at home through her infancy; but sickness in the family interrupted this arrangement, and on the whole we had no occasion to regret the change. All that summer she was a most diligent and happy child, so absorbed with her studies and books that, on her daily return from school, as soon as her bonnet was put up in its place, her mother kissed, and the baby tenderly caressed, she would proceed to her play-room; and, arranging little chairs and stools for an infant class, reënact the scenes of the school-room, varying the instruction and discipline to suit her own fancy, which was strikingly original. At this tender age she began to look forward to teaching as her vocation, and never lost sight of it afterward. Her parents, anticipating the probable necessities of the future, were quite willing to familiarize her with the prospect, as a useful and desirable profession.

Another year passed, rapidly developing the child in physical and mental growth. She commenced the rudiments of geography and mental arithmetic, and began to have a reputation at school for ability in reading and recitation. Her father took much pains with her education,

and she was an apt pupil. To those early lessons she was greatly indebted for the rare art of reading well, which in later years added such a charm to the home circle.

About this time she found a new pleasure in a written correspondence with her dear grandpa. He was so indulgent as to pen all his letters to her in printed characters. Her mother was her amanuensis, and was often amused at the confidential tone in which she would say, "I have a little letter in my mind for grandpa; can you write it for me now, mamma?"

It was during this summer her first attempt at rhyming was discovered. Seeing her walk up and down the green lawn of the parsonage, with an unusual glow on her cheek, her eyes now raised to the sky, and then bent upon the grass, and her lips moving, I drew near unobserved, and caught the following couplet:

> "My Father's sky above my head,
> My Father's ground on which I tread."

She seemed quite abashed by the discovery; and I could only draw from her the confession that she was "making a rhyme," her sensibility precluding all further inquiry.

Her imaginative turn of mind was becoming more and more apparent. In later years she has spoken of the vivid pictures of imagination inwrought with her earliest recollections. She once sketched for her own amusement an autobiography of the first six or eight years of her life; a most interesting paper, which, unfortunately, is lost, — probably destroyed by herself. In that, it is remembered, she gave the impression made upon her childish fancy by a stately sunflower, growing before the nursery window, when

she entered the new home at W. Said she: "My *first* feeling was, that the huge, ugly flower had a conscious being; and the idea afterward haunted me, till I came to think of it as an evil genius. While playing before it in the yard, it seemed always staring or winking and nodding at me maliciously. And, after I was alone in my little crib for the night, when I looked at the window, the moon reflected it still upon the white curtain, bowing and mocking, as if to say, 'I know you are there.'"

Her imaginative habits were stimulated at this tender age by dwelling upon certain truths which belong to maturer years, and which her own inquisitiveness elicited in connection with others level to her capacity. Thus, in listening to the story of the fall of our first parents, there seemed no end to her questions about the tempter. "Was he the only good angel that became wicked?" "Why did not God keep the rest from following him?" "Can these evil angels come to this world now?" etc., etc. Here was food for fancy; and it might have operated disastrously, had not circumstances soon revealed her secret musings.

Her father was sitting late in his study, one summer night, when he heard the pattering of little feet in the ante-chamber; and, looking up, saw Mary in her night-gown, as she timidly crossed the threshold, and approached his table, fearful of a reproof for leaving her bed at that hour. "May I stay with you a little while, father?" she asked, as he opened his arms to receive her. Finding her in a tremor of agitation, he inquired if she had been troubled with a bad dream. "No; she had been awake a long while."—"Had she felt lonely in the darkness?" "O no; she was never afraid of the dark."—"Surely, she

couldn't think there was anybody in the house to harm her?" "No, it was not any *person* she was afraid of; but——" and, hiding her face in his bosom, she faltered out the secret: the object of her dread was, "the evil angels." On drawing out her thoughts, it appeared that she was not afraid of bodily harm; but her fancy had seized upon the fact that spirits have mysterious access to the souls of men; and she shuddered at the thought that some bad angel might be, even then, in contact with her spirit. To her excited imagination, the evil was more terrible because invisible.

Though only five years old at the time of this event, she recalled it in after years, with gratitude for the judicious treatment which freed her from a heavy burden, and sent her back to sleep, light of heart. "I never shall forget," she used to say, "how tenderly father folded me in his arms, and how beautifully he soothed my fears, telling me that God was able to protect me against all the designs of Satan, and assuring me that it was not in the power of all the evil angels in the universe to harm my soul, without my will and consent. This was a great relief; and, after diverting my thoughts with a little pleasant talk of other things, he carried me so gently to my pillow, and kissed me good-night, that I always love him when I think of it, for I was really in great trouble."

But, if the activity of her imagination at this early age caused some solicitude, it was in a measure relieved by witnessing the rapid development of other powers and faculties. She reasoned much. Her judgment and sense of propriety were frequently remarked. She was studious at her daily tasks, and her memory unusually retentive.

Before she was six years old, her father was accustomed

to take her on his knee after the Sabbath services, and help her to recall something of the public exercises. She soon became able to repeat the text, or tell where it might be found, and often reported somewhat of the discourse. An agent of the Bible Society once occupied the pulpit and it was not noticed at the time that his sermon made any striking impression on the child; but, a year afterward, she heard the same preacher in a distant church, where she was visiting, and said to her friends: "This minister preached for my father once." — "Ah," said they, "you remember him, then?" Some one expressing a doubt of the fact, she replied, quietly: "No, I don't remember *him* at all. It may not be the same *man;* but I *know* it is the same *sermon.*"

The qualities of her heart were also now rapidly developing. Prominent, here, was her readiness to yield her own preference and gratification to the wishes of those she loved. Though a child of quick sensibilities, she was not so easily controlled by an appeal to her feelings as to her reason. If any unusual sacrifice was required of her, she had only to be assured that circumstances made it necessary and best, to secure her cheerful acquiescence.

She exhibited at this age very little personal vanity: she loved merited praise, but quickly detected and despised flattery. When asked the cause of her aversion to a certain lady, her reply was, "She tells me I look just as handsome as a pictured doll." Her perception of character seemed intuitive; and there were but few persons whom she took at once to her heart.

Her infancy, on the whole, was one of much promise. In reviewing this early period, we may have gone too minutely into the elements of character, and drawn too largely

from that hidden note-book, a mother's heart. But we wished the reader to possess with us the key to many an after-record, else unexplained.

To those already acquainted with the subject of this Memorial, through her correspondence and writings, no apology for this chapter need be made. It is always interesting to look back over a finished life to the first germs and buddings of character, especially when, as in the present instance, the matured qualities are so much in harmony with the earliest elements and developments.

With the infancy of "our Mary" closed the residence of her parents at Wolcottville; and all her home associations were again broken up and removed.

CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD is generally viewed, not only as a period of freedom from care, but as one in which life progresses much as the birds and flowers grow, with little consciousness of the process, either mental or bodily. In allusion to a paragraph which characterized our first years as a careless, butterfly existence, the subject of our memoir remarked, "I had no such childhood."

Another remark is also recalled. Two or three years after she entered her "teens," some one expressed a suspicion that she would be a romantic young lady, to which she replied, archly: "O no. I am through with all that; *childhood* was my season of romance." Still later, in a rhyming description of a summer day's ramble with some young friends, she writes:

> "Ah! then I felt a very child,—
> Not laughing, frolicksome, and wild;
> Not such does childhood seem
> To me. It is a long, sweet dream,
> Half-sad, half-joyous, beautiful
> As some old painting, where the light
> And shade are blent to witch the sight."

Mary's childhood was in some respects peculiar; and, as the next four or five years of her history were the most critical of her life, it may be profitable to examine somewhat closely the forming influences which attended them.

With the opening of her seventh year, her home was broken up, and she removed with her mother and Willie to a new dwelling-place among strangers. The change was of itself an evil. Our new residence was in Litchfield, as boarders, in the venerable mansion known as the "Talmadge House," a familiar and honored name in the days when the "Old Law School" was in its glory. This ancient dwelling, still in good repair, though occupied by tenants, had, with its surroundings, a great charm for the thoughtful, imaginative child. Our windows looked out upon the broad, quiet street, with its old memorial trees, through the length of which there seemed to reign, even at midday, a solemn grandeur befitting the days gone by.

The more distant prospect from this eminence was full of rural beauty. Mary seemed at once to give herself up to the inspiration of the place, and to draw from her outward surroundings new materials of enjoyment. Leaving her, one day, to spend an hour alone in our chamber, as a penalty for some childish offence, she first expiated her fault by tears, and then proceeded to arrange the room to her taste, moving the shutters and the curtains till the lights and shadows were adjusted with an artistic eye, when she seated herself to enjoy the effect. When I returned, her face was beaming with satisfaction, and her first thought was of my sympathy in the beauty of the scene; her next recalled the offence, for which she seemed very penitent; and then she inquired, humbly, if it was wrong for her to take so much pleasure when she was put here for a punishment, adding, "It is so beautiful!"

The place had ample play-ground for the children, greenly carpeted and nicely shaded. Here, during the long, bright

days of that tranquil summer, Mary wandered alone or with her young brother, revelling in the creations of her own fancy. She had, indeed, her allotted tasks in the house, school-hours, and needle-work; yet it was thought best for her health that she should be much in the open air, and she was often dismissed to the safe inclosure of these ample grounds.

She afterwards confessed that she "lived all that summer in two worlds." During her infancy, she had been much engrossed with several volumes of the British Penny Magazine, illustrated; and, in her eagerness to comprehend the pictures, she had gathered much knowledge of English history,—far more than her parents were at the time aware of communicating. She had drank in the story of many a ruined castle, and guarded citadel, and marshaled army, and royal princess, in the land whence our fathers came.

This was the treasury from which she largely drew for the web of her fancy-loom, varying the colors and the patterns from day to day, but never tired with the processes. With these materials many a drama was enacted, which she enjoyed mostly alone. For, though her young brother was always amused by the action of the play, she well knew that what constituted its chief interest to her was beyond his conception.

Sometimes she narrated the plot to her mother, after the play was over: "The stratagem by which the imprisoned princess escaped," or, "The wanderings of two children, who strayed from a castle and got lost in the park," or some other wonderful adventure, of which she and Willie were the subjects. We knew that, in common with all children, she entertained herself with the hypothetical and the imagi-

nary, yet we did not then suspect the extent to which she was taxing her imagination, — laying out a complete fairy realm of fancy, where she roved at will, absorbed and delighted by her own creations. The excessive indulgence of this mental habit showed its injurious effects in contributing to that extreme sensitiveness of temperament, which, not long after, hung a threatening cloud over her fair morning of promise.

This dreamy, fascinating life at Litchfield ended with the summer. After visiting through the autumn at the maternal homestead, the family were again established in a home of their own at Avon, in the same State. This parish, called Avon East, to distinguish it from another ecclesiastical society in the same town, is a pleasant little village, on the Farmington river, at the foot of Talcott mountain. It is one of those quiet nestling places in the valley, nearly surrounded by hills and mountain-peaks, which lie like gems all over the bosom of New England; and, though not one of the largest, will yield the palm to few in natural grace and beauty.

Mary had not passed her seventh birthday as we entered this new abode. Her heart, like her mother's, was slow in calling it home. It was winter; the people were all strangers; and we shared a large tenement with another household. The dear old mountain seemed the first thing to win the child; and it remained, while she lived, the anchor of her home associations. This was not so bold a peak as the sentinel of her birthplace, which her grandpa, an ardent lover of nature, was wont to point out to her as "Mary's blue mountain;" yet it was far more beautiful, stretching north and south, in varied forms, three or four miles along the eastern

border of the parish, parallel with the river, which hugged its base, eager to find an outlet through some broken link of the chain, in pursuing its way to the Connecticut. This mountain scenery furnished valuable elements of intellectual and moral influence, which left their impress on Mary's character through life. She made quick friendships with nature in all localities, while she made acquaintance slowly with new schoolmates and companions.

One of these, who was two or three years older than herself, writes thus of her first impressions of the little stranger: "I love to look back and recall the day when, a little child, I watched her as she sat in church by your side. O, what has she not since been to me? — every thing good, and pure, and comforting, and true. I shall never forget my first visit. One incident made a deep impression on my mind. She whispered something to me which was not quite proper. You saw her, and inquired what she was saying. I thought, Now, if I were in her place, what should I say? — I should be quite reluctant to confess. But, to my surprise, she reported her words without hesitation, and explained why she had said so. I looked to see you displeased; but you quietly set the matter right. I respected her the more for her frankness, and acknowledged her superiority. I went away thinking that, to say the least, she was a very uncommon child; she thought of so many things, and expressed them in a way that I was sure no other child would ever think of."

Another twelvemonth found the minister's family located in a new parsonage. And now the home-feeling revived, and the heart sent out anew its tendrils to twine around the domestic hearthstone. None more than Mary delighted in the change; to her, "our house," and "my home," soon became

most significant and happy words. Here her home-life, as it were, began: it was the only home her heart ever recognized, except the "fatherland" above.

Since writing the previous pages, a letter has come to hand, addressed by Mary, in view of her nineteenth birthday, to a new friend, in the course of which such graphic allusion is made to some points in her history, over which we have just been passing, that we cannot forbear to insert an extract from it here.

"I long to take you on a pilgrimage through dear Connecticut, and show you where are my shrines. First, we would halt at the base of a bold precipitous mountain-peak, called Carmel, some six miles from the city of New Haven. There I woke to life, and breathed in my love of mountain-scenery, which has deepened *ever since.* Then I would take you farther inland, to a new village, whither we removed while I was still in infancy, while I was yet an only child. W—— was my Willie's place of nativity. I remember the parsonage, on its gravelly eminence, surrounded by a stinted growth of hemlock and charred stumps of pine. I remember the sad story of days which would make your heart ache for mine, could I tell you all, — sickness, birth, death, came within the house. My lonely child-heart was separated from the precious one, who lay months upon a bed of suffering. In those times it was, my soul-life (strangely deep and thoughtful, as I review it) consciously began. Yet even there dawned the soft spring days, and smiled again the sun. One such I think of, — a mild afternoon in late April, when dear mamma was first able to come out and stand on the green plat which bordered our south door. The dandelions were golden once more; the sun shone gently and warmly. Mother

was leaning on my father's arm. O, how my little heart swelled and heaved, as I watched her, and the beauty of earth and heaven, alternately. Then I first thought in rhyme.

"Next, we would go to *Litchfield*, dear; an old name, that must be familiar to you, and is associated in my mind with many a vision of the picturesque, solemnly-quiet town that bears it. There, in a mansion which dated back its existence to the Revolutionary struggle, I spent one delicious summer. O, what glorious food for my wild fancy, as I lay in the deep grass of the yard, looking up at the sky through giant trees! The memory is like an Oriental dream to me. I was at the time so frail in health as to be little confined to books, and much allowed my own choice of pursuits. *That* consisted in *reverizing*, while the little black girl who had charge of me culled the dandelion-stems and strung the gooseberries on long spires of grain.

"Then, if you were not weary, you should go to my mother's once happy home, in the bosom of wild and countless hills; the house itself buried in orchard and meadow.

"Nor would I forget to introduce you thoroughly to my 'City of Elms,' and to the hearts there that beat so kindly and truly for *me*.

"*Last of all*, darling, we would stay us in my beautiful, my blessed, *my own home*. O, how much those three emphatic words express! And, if you should not love my Avon, I should indeed know that I have a very partial judgment."

CHAPTER III.

The hand which commenced this narrative, and penned the foregoing precious memorials of Mary's infancy and early childhood, weakened with the pen in its grasp, until, at this page, it ceased from its labors. The mother and daughter had been more to each other than is usually implied in that endeared relation. Their souls had become knit together in a loving companionship, which seemed to unite all that is tender in each of the various ties that bind kindred to kindred and friend to friend. After Mary's departure, it was a sweet solace to the mother's grief to recall the fulness of that life, now transferred to another sphere; and thus, against the shadows which hovered above the closing sod, memory painted for the mother's eye a glowing image of the loved one, now hidden from the eye of sense. It was her purpose in this Memorial to present to the world, and especially to that wide circle of friends who mourned with her over so many blighted hopes, a transcript of this image, as a key to the treasure so fondly cherished. Could she have staid with us until the work was completed, no one can doubt that the likeness would have been faithfully given, with a vividness and distinctness which should have won the sympathy of every heart. But this was not to be, and she, too, was called from our circle ere she had fulfilled the loving task.

It was most fortunate that, as far as she had gone, she

had rendered her labors complete, and that she has thus supplied those points which could have been furnished by no other skill. The true history of infancy and childhood can only be drawn from a mother's memory; and, wanting this, no after-colors could complete the portrait. These opening chapters, the key to the after-life, have been happily furnished by the only hand which was competent for the work; and a ruder hand now takes up the fallen pencil. He is not a stranger to the circle thus doubly bereaved, but cannot hope to cure the disappointment which all must feel, that the Memorial of one so dear was not wholly completed from the one bright image in the heart which designed it.

The preceding narrative left Mary amid her growing attachments to the new Avon home. On her first arrival, in the winter of 1839, she attended the public school in the village for two months, until its close for the spring vacation. During the next four years she was a pupil in an excellent private school at Avon. This interval was a peculiarly happy and prosperous part of her school-days. She made great proficiency in every branch of English education; but arithmetic, and afterwards algebra, were her great delight. The solving of difficult problems was one of her recreations out of school-hours, and she never lost her relish for it.

At a very early age she evinced great facility in composition; and her talent in this line was assiduously cultivated, both in and out of school. Earlier and better than all other training of this gift, was that carried forward under the skilful supervision of her mother. She was taught, above all, to *think* correctly, and then both speaking and writing correctly followed, as a matter of course.

During this term she commenced the study of Latin, under her father's tuition; and here, as elsewhere, she was an earnest and successful student.

Notwithstanding she had already given her parents the assurance that a work of Divine grace had been commenced in her heart, hers was too intense a nature not to be sorely buffeted in its struggles after a holy life. She had given her whole strength of mind to her studies, throwing into them all her energy and spirit; and, although so carefully watched and guided and admonished, by the daily influence of a Christian household, the cares of her school-life appeared to wean her more and more from the pilgrim path in which she had not yet been fully established.

About this time she had in her home a young companion, twelve months older than herself, who had been received to church-membership. This dear girl, who was really more of a child than Mary, was one of those gentle, dove-like souls, who are never ruffled. She was surprised at witnessing in Mary occasional ebullitions of feeling, often, as it appeared to her, without sufficient cause; and once made a remark upon her impetuosity, accompanied with the expression of a *hope* that she was a Christian.

This led Mary to deep and earnest reflection, which was followed by the abandonment of all hope that she was a child of God. She even reproached herself bitterly for having passed before her young companions as a Christian, while wanting so much of the Christian spirit.

She was very reserved in regard to her own religious experience; but we know, from the revelations of after years, that this step cost her a severer struggle than her friends supposed. Her mother watched over her with intense anxi-

ety. Daily did she carry the dear child on her heart to God, and, as often as she offered a petition at the throne of grace, was the case of the dear one presented, for the interference of sovereign love.

In the winter of 1845 Mary went to Middletown to commence the study of music, and boarded in the family of her uncle, Rev. A. L. Stone, then minister of the South Congregational church in that city. It was while there, and during a season of spiritual refreshing in her uncle's congregation, that her heart was drawn again in love to her Saviour; and from this she dated her conversion. In a letter to her cousin Mary (who had previously entered the kingdom), dated March, 1846, she makes an open avowal of her new-found hope. "I hope I can now join you in praising the Lord for his great goodness to us both. When I first heard the news of your change, I felt very sad, for I feared that we should be forever separated from each other. But now I hope, if we never meet again on earth, we shall enjoy together an eternity of bliss in heaven. I think that I, too, have found the Saviour precious to my soul. O, pray for me, that I may stand steadfast in the faith. Is it not precious to have Jesus for a friend? It seems as if every thing around me was more beautiful than before, — as if I could now see a God in all his works."

We shall have abundant opportunity to notice the genuineness of this consecration, as it was illustrated in her after life. From this moment she began in earnest her Christian pilgrimage. It is true that she had, during the following years, many days of darkness, many doubts and fears, many struggles against the temptations without and the corruption within; and that she sometimes faltered, sometimes went

halting, sometimes cried out, in the bitterness of her soul, that she could not see the path; but she never lost her hold of Christ, or once fairly turned her back upon the goal here set before her pilgrim feet.

The summer of 1846 was spent at home, or in visiting friends, with snatches of home-study between. In the early autumn, Mary, now in her thirteenth year, commenced a regular course of study, under the tuition of her father and mother. During the succeeding winter she gained a thorough knowledge of the elementary Latin works, and before the spring had mastered Sallust.

It was now more than a year since she had renewed her hope in Christ; and, although she was only thirteen, the maturity of her Christian character was so manifest that her friends felt unwilling to deny her the blessed privilege of enrolling herself with the followers of her Redeemer, and publicly avowing her hope in his mercy. On the first of May, therefore, she united with the Congregational church of which her father was pastor. The season was to her one of more than ordinary solemnity, and she could never allude to it except in language that showed the deep impression it made upon her mind.

The reader will be most interested in her own description of the scene.

"It was a bright and beautiful Sabbath morning, the first of May, 1847. Nature seemed hallowed by the sacredness of the day; the very flowers bloomed with a holier beauty, and the birds sang a sweeter, more subdued lay. Earth was hushed to peace. The sanctuary was filled with solemn worshippers. The sermon was finished; the loud chorus of praise swelled upon the air, and sank again to silence; the

deep tones of prayer were sealed with the solemn 'amen,' and all was hushed. A young, timid girl then stood forth, with one companion, before the assembled congregation. After hours of anticipation and anxiety, the trembler was outwardly calm. I listened to a solemn confession of faith from the lips of one who bore to me the twofold relation of parent and pastor, and made it my own. My companion then approached the sacred font, and was baptized into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. On my brow the seal of the covenant had been set in early infancy, and I remained a spectator of the solemn rite. Then well do I remember how my frame trembled as I entered into that indissoluble covenant to be the Lord's forever, and took upon myself that obligation, binding until death, to continue in the fellowship of the saints, thereby promising to watch, love, and pray for those who are heirs of the same inheritance and partakers of the same hope. Again the uplifted petition ascended for the blessing of God upon the transaction; and well do I remember with what soothing calm the concluding words fell on my agitated spirit,—'The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.' It was finished, and I was enrolled a member of the church on earth; and, I trust, through the grace of Him who loved me and gave himself for me, a member of the true body of Christ. How confident was I, then, that time would never cloud my brilliant hopes, or weaken my high resolves. The Christian life seemed one bright future; the narrow way, a path bordered with flowers; the gates of the heavenly city, speedily attained! But now, although I have

just entered upon the pilgrimage, even so soon I see the thorns by the wayside. The sun does not always shine; and, when the skies darken, I sometimes lose my hold of the 'rod and staff.' God be merciful to me a sinner!"

The young heart that assumed these solemn obligations with such a deep sense of their sacred meaning, was not likely to lose its trust, even though the way was rough and thorny, and the skies should darken with threatening storms. Not that its own strength was sufficient for the day of peril, but He "who had wrought this self-same thing in her" was One mighty to save, and he never suffered the soul thus given to his keeping to be blinded to its ruin.

In the summer of 1847 she attended a private school at Avon, taught by Miss Warren. This estimable young lady had a lively appreciation of Mary's genius, and understood her character better than any one out of her own family, who had hitherto been engaged in her training. Under such tuition, she made a rapid advance in her studies, while she enjoyed a season of unusual peace and serenity of mind. In a letter written to a schoolmate, during the autumn vacation, she says: "Nothing new disturbs the quiet of little Avon. The river still flows on peacefully; the mountain towers in grandeur above it; and night succeeds day, and day night, as when the original owners of the soil met here in bloody battle, or smoked the calumet, the pipe of peace."

But hers was not a nature to be satisfied with a life of ease. She could not look out upon the peaceful river, and cull the flowers upon its green banks, and have no thought of the great sea to which its waters were flowing. The mountain, which threw its deep shadow across this lovely valley, did not shut out the world beyond from her thoughts.

Not that she had one longing for its tinsel splendor or vain pleasures; but she knew it was a world for which Christ died, and in which she, too, had a mission and a sphere. She did not reach after the future with day-dreams of coveted joys, airy castles filled with gold or perfumes like a fairy cup by the wishes of indolence; but with solemn questionings of how she could best live to fulfil the purpose of her being, and be commended to God and her own conscience. In a letter to the same dear friend, written not long after the one above quoted, she first alludes to these heart-struggles, and relates how strangely she feels drawn towards a missionary life. "It seems to me," she writes, "if God should ever open to me the path of duty in that direction, I could cheerfully, yea, gladly, resign all to follow it. Yet I feel unworthy such an honor."

This yearning after a future field of usefulness did not, however, as it is too apt to do, give her a disrelish for present duty; for in the same letter she adds: "I have been earnestly longing to have the time arrive when I could do some good in the world; but I see that I have too much overlooked the present. If, in the little sphere where I am now placed, I do my duty, will it not be accepted, with the sentence, 'She hath done what she could'? Ah! here it is I fail. If I am not faithful in little, how could I hope to be appointed over much? The Lord give me grace and strength to perform his will." Following up this wish for present usefulness, she makes proposition in the same letter for a concert of prayer, "on some part of every Monday evening," for the conversion of a mutual friend. This proposal was accepted, and the engagement sacredly kept; and,

when the object was accomplished, it was in after years as frequently renewed in behalf of others.

The winter of 1847–8 still found her in school at Avon. The term closed on the 4th of April; and, if we may judge from the "School Oracle," an original paper, published by the scholars for the closing examination, it was a most pleasant and profitable year to a large number of the pupils. The morning after, amid all the joy which filled her heart at the promise of a happy vacation, she went quietly back to the deserted school-room, and "took a last farewell" of the scenes she was to revisit no more. Thus, nothing linked to the joys or sorrows of her heart was ever forgotten.

The summer of 1848 Mary passed in Hartford, Conn., attending to music and drawing. In instrumental music she was instructed by Mr. Gordon; in vocal music she was a pupil of the celebrated Mrs. Jameson, whose sweet voice and winning manners she always mentioned with an ever-fresh enthusiasm.

She returned to Avon in the autumn, and resumed her studies at home. In a letter to one of her young companions (Miss Lucy Yale, daughter of Rev. Cyrus Yale, then minister of the Congregational church at New Hartford), under date of Oct. 21, 1848, she thus chronicles a simple event in her history: "I will try to describe, so that you can imagine, how we all look in this dear little parlor. A bright fire gleams through the crevices of the stove. Miss Bulkley sits upon the lounge, finishing a dress for me, and mother upon a rocking-chair, sewing upon the same article, while I have composed myself by the table to write. Yes, dearest, I am actually this day being metamorphosed from a 'lily-child' to a young lady with long dresses! Can you realize that another

month will carry me out of 'awkward fourteen'? Would that all my bad qualities might depart with it. But no, that will never be. Sad, sad, my dear, am I, to think that I must some time forsake my happy, light-hearted girlhood for the responsibilities of maturer life. Yet, why so? The path of duty is the path of happiness. May it be our earnest prayer that, 'as our day is, so shall our strength be.'"

The reader will readily gather from this that her intellect was not alone cultivated during these months of busy study; her heart was expanding under the gracious teachings of a Divine instructor; and the judicious counsels and still more forcible example of Christian parents, were forming in her a habit of constant reference to the will of God. Farther on, in the letter referred to above, she quotes the lines,

> "For all we know
> Of what the blessed do above,
> Is that they sing, and that they love,"

which had formed part of a note she had received, and adds: "I have since asked myself the question, 'Shall we, who have mingled our voices together in songs of praise on earth, be permitted to unite in the glorious anthems of heaven, and to feel our hearts glowing with the holy and increasing love of God which constitutes the life of that blissful world?' O Lucy! many and severe are the trials we must pass through ere our preparation for that blissful home is completed; and yet the grace of God will enable us to overcome all things, and endure to the end, if we will but seek for it. Then let us go to Jesus, confiding in him as our best and dearest friend, and feeling that, for him, and by his strength, we can accomplish all things."

These are not unmeaning words, adopted by a child out of a religious formula, but the solemn thoughts of a young heart, looking upon life with an earnest sense of its present and coming responsibilities, and taught by experience of the only Source of strength. No one can doubt this who will listen to the conclusion of the letter: "I hope I have not wearied you with what was so interesting to me. Autumn does not seem to me, this fall, as it has done in past years. I used to look upon it as a time to indulge in bright musings of a cheerful fireside and a happy home; a time to frolic among the withered leaves, and send my merry laugh through the wood, and ramble with young companions, to gather 'the last summer's beauties,' till, wearied with my own happiness, I could sit quietly down to form glowing plans for the coming winter. Now, I cannot do this; but I could sit hour after hour, and look back upon the past, and forward into the dim, shadowy future, till a strange sadness comes over me, and I almost dread the life before me."

CHAPTER IV.

The last chapter brought Mary to the threshold of her fifteenth year; the succeeding twelve months she dwelt at Avon under the paternal roof. It was this year's residence at home which bound the scenes of that valley so closely to her heart, that no other spot on earth ever seemed half so dear to her. She was unusually well and strong; and, as she was studying under the tuition of her father and mother, was permitted unrestrained intercourse with Nature. She was never tired of this sweet companionship; and there was not a nook in all that valley, or the broad mountain-side beyond, which had not been visited by her exploring feet. She had exchanged secrets with every babbling brook, lounged gratefully under every protecting shade; and, from the misty mountain-top, her fancy, with tireless wing, had taken far circuits into the dim future. In a letter, written during the year to a beloved companion at New Haven, she thus speaks of her attachment to these home-scenes: "This is not, indeed, the home of my nativity, and it may be wanting in many of those hallowed attractions which cluster around a spot where our earliest recollections centre, yet it is a dear and precious home to me. Here my happy childhood has been passed, and here, within a few months, new joys and sorrows, before unknown, have followed each other in quick succession. It is here the warmest affections of my heart bestow

themselves, and imagination surrounds each loved object with a bright halo."

One of the sorrows here noted was the illness of her mother. Their souls were so closely knit, that one could not suffer alone; and every pang which the mother felt sent an answering thrill through the daughter's heart. Happily, the illness was not of long duration; and the occasion of recovery was a solemn thanksgiving season in Mary's closet. The discipline was to her exceedingly salutary. In a letter to a confidential friend, after the first outpourings of a thankful heart, she adds: "I never before, it seems to me, felt eternity so real, and life such a responsibility. Is it not a more solemn thing to *live* than to *die?* Weak and unworthy as we are, how much we may do for our Divine Master!"

Another sorrow, and the keenest because the most protracted, was the illness of one of her schoolmates, a dear companion of her girlhood, who was stricken with consumption, and slowly faded from earth. This grief was rendered intensely poignant by the fear that the dying girl, who had never professed her faith in Christ, would be parted from her heart with no promise of a reünion beyond the grave. Her own spirit wrestled almost daily in prayer, that the dear one might be spared, at least until her heart was filled with the peace of God; and she urged all of her intimate friends to join her in this one request. Her correspondence was full of this earnestness. On her return from a short absence, she writes: "I found my poor Marion wasting slowly, like a faded rose; and, in spite of the earnest pleadings of my heart, the dreaded conviction has come, that her days are almost numbered. Will you pray, love, that her sun may not 'go down behind the darkened west, or hide itself amid the tempests of

the sky, but melt away into the light of heaven'? O, how can I keep back the tears, to think of one so young, so fair, so joyous-hearted, bidding adieu to this bright earth, without one cheering hope to light the pathway beyond?"

These yearning prayers were answered; and, as we shall hereafter have occasion to note, the spirit of Marion left not her tenement of clay until ripe for a mansion among the purified of God's elect.

These alternating joys and sorrows still left much sunshine for Mary's heart; and, amid these varied influences, tempered by a mother's counsels, new depths of thought, new fountains of feeling, were opened in her soul. If that mother had wholly failed in her duty, or been less conscious of the precious charge thus entrusted to her, what a widely different history had been the record of her child's after-life! Some hint of this may be gathered from the following extract of a letter, written during the summer of this year: "Speaking of *vigils* reminds me of the feeling I have often experienced with regard to the Roman Catholic religion. It must, so it seems to me, be very attractive, in its outward forms, to the young and enthusiastic, whose minds are not fully enlightened by the gospel. Would it be a hard thing for the ardent and credulous to bury all life's hopes in a cloister, if they supposed, by so doing, that they won the peculiar smiles of Heaven? I have often thanked my heavenly Father that I am not early exposed to such influences. I do think I am more easily led into error than others; at all events, I know I am not so much on my guard as I ought to be."

It is not the silly and thoughtless who are most easily ensnared by blighting errors; their very heedlessness makes them less impressible. It is true that sluggish souls have their

peculiar temptations, and all are more or less subject to the currents of passion and prejudice; but, as the ship in swiftest motion is more easily guided than one at rest, so an active and intense nature, if left chiefly to evil influences, is soonest directed to the choice of its own ruin.

Mary's journal, commenced toward the close of 1847, and continued at rare intervals in 1848, now became her constant companion, and its records bear witness to the thoroughness of her religious experience. Although of an ardent and poetic temperament, her religion consisted in something more than mere emotion; it was a vital principle, not simply interwoven with her habits of thought, but itself forming the basis of all thought, and, in the main purpose of her life, dictating its outworkings. Let no one suppose that, because her consecration to God was made at such an early age, she had no wrestlings with evil, no bemoanings for sin, no experience of the sharpness of that contest which makes the Christian pilgrimage also a warfare from the entrance at the spirit-gate to the last wave of the receding river. It is true, she had few habits of evil, and these not inveterate; but she had bitter experience of the deceitfulness of the human heart, even when under the influence of Divine grace; and the unsanctified longings of its corrupt nature, the more formidable because of the depths where they might hide, left her no day of wholly unbroken peace, until the last enemy was overcome. Some of these conflicts are recorded in her journal; others are briefly hinted at, or wrung out of her tortured heart in passionate exclamations amid the details of her experience, in confidential letters; many more were reserved for a mother's ear, and are now sealed from earthly revealings; while, from all these glimpses, here and there, of the scene of warfare, from the

occasional wail over temporary defeat, and the many psalms of victory, heard from out the darkness of the strife, we know that she entered into life through the same stormy seas that threaten to deluge our souls.

The besetting sin of which she seemed most afraid, was a too great satisfaction in the things of earth. Sometimes she roused herself from worldliness by some such trumpet-blast as this: "Weeks have passed, and no record of my daily life has been made. Why, why should there be? Imperfect is my best service; my heart the while is the scene of conflicting emotions. Thoughts of the past, present, and future come struggling up for utterance. When our very existence is a mystery, when all around us reminds us that our sojourn here is brief, and when the future life depends on the present conduct, how can we be satisfied with the paltry treasures of earth? Why are not our thoughts drawn above and beyond this lower sphere, to contemplate our own lot of bliss or woe in eternity? Why does not the heart-stirring question oftener arise, 'Where shall I be when this corruption shall put on incorruption, this mortal shall put on immortality'? Alas! most of our hopes and desires seem limited to this narrow abode!"

We have already spoken of her satisfaction in nature during this year at home, and of the tinge of sadness it received toward the close. Marion grew worse with the early frost; and Mary ever afterward recalled her memory with the first tokens of the summer's change. During that year, how the full heart seemed divided between these varied emotions. She sits with her diary in her lap, gazing upon the autumnal glories, until she cannot contain her joy. "How beautiful is this scenery! The mountain foliage presents every varying

tint. The rich crimson and russet brown intertwine with the pale green and delicate orange; while, at intervals, the never-fading evergreen stands out in bright relief. It is sunset, and the departing beams cast o'er mountain, valley, and streamlet a flood of gentle, holy radiance. A dreamy haze rests on the hills, save here and there, where the retreating sunlight falls, as if nature were smiling through her tears."

She follows, in the same strain, the departing sun to his final setting, and then, by sad association, she thinks of her fading, dying friend, Marion, and her enthusiasm softens into a sad wail. "O earth! beautiful as thou art, thou art no satisfying portion. I realize more strongly than ever the blessedness of living, and the blessedness of dying, to those who, in life or in death, are the Lord's."

The future of her lot was questioned with eager eyes during the later months of this year, and often she rebukes her heart for its overweening anxiety in this respect. She had early felt drawn toward a missionary life, and the subject is several times renewed in her journal. At first, she merely notes it with a passing aspiration: "How I would love to become a missionary, were I worthy; *I have thought very much of it lately.*" It will not, however, be dismissed with a passing remark, and it comes up again: "I have thought of the missionary work much, very much. O! might I only dare hope the Lord would call such a poor sinner as I to that blessed work, how readily in His strength would I consecrate all." And again: "I cannot drive *that one question* from my mind. It gives me many conflicts; may I be willing to do and be any thing for God's glory."

She does not appear to have fully settled the question in her own mind, the missionary spirit mingling with the desire to

qualify herself as a teacher. She was moved to the latter by the wish to add her earnings to the sources of family comfort, soon to be somewhat diminished, as her father's patrimony was nearly exhausted, and his salary as pastor of the Avon church was insufficient for his support. At times there came between both these cherished desires and her dazzled eyes, the bright pictures which fancy would weave of a poet's renown, — the life of authorship and fame.

Although not yet sixteen, she could not, if she would, have been wholly unconscious of her poetic powers. She had never labored to write; poetry was not, with her, an effort. Often, as she sat with her diary before her, silent, from the multitude of thoughts which crowded for utterance, each preventing the other, she would break forth into numbers, and ease her full heart with the soothing cadence of verse. It was not strange, therefore, that her thoughts of the future should wear, at times, this golden hue. This, however, she resolutely struggled to put aside; and, as if afraid of her own weakness, began to habituate herself to the thought of repaying to the family the expense of her own training, by earning sufficient to educate her brother. This dear boy, the object of her tenderest love, was now engaged in preparatory studies, but in a few years would desire to enter college; and, as the thought grew upon her, she more than half resolved that she would furnish the means.

But, first, to finish her own education was present duty; and her parents resolved, after many sore struggles, to send her from home to school. After inquiry in various directions, a place was secured in the seminary, under the care of Rev. and Mrs. John P. Cowles, at Ipswich, Mass. The principals were old and tried friends, and the location was near to Boston,

where a brother and sister of her mother were residing, so that she would not be sent wholly among strangers.

The struggle to tear herself away from home, at this time, was one of the severest of her youthful trials. Home, to her, meant something more than bed and board; was even more than the residence of those dearest to her. A thousand ties, unseen by prosaic eyes, bound her to the charmed spot. She had friends in flowers, in shaded retreats, in quiet little dells, in moss-covered stones, in the deep shadows beneath the old bridge that nodded so familiarly to her from the top of every little rippling wave; and, all the way up the broad mountain-side, yea, and upon its topmost summit, had she made friendships, and formed secret attachments. Nor did she forget to bid them each a tender adieu. Ascending the mountain before her departure, she calls over their dear names from the top of the tower, and bids them all a fond good-by. Her journal is her confidant in this farewell, so tinged with a pleasing sadness. "I have passed the shady gates of this rural retreat, and looked upon the venerable mansion, and stolen one glance at the silvery lake; and now here I am, upon the summit of the tower, with a most magnificent view spread out before me. O for an artist's pencil or a poet's pen! but I, poor I, who am neither painter nor poet, must be content with these struggling, half-expressed thoughts. On the east, lies the blue Connecticut, in all its quiet beauty. Yonder, tower the spires of Hartford; in the south, the prospect is terminated by a bold peak; and in the north, rise Mt. Tom and Mt. Holyoke, with innumerable towns and villages scattered in the foreground. But I turn from them all to behold my own beautiful valley. The gentle Farmington winds at my feet, its bright waters ever and anon gleaming through the foliage and

sparkling in the sunlight. O never did the spot seem to me so exquisitely lovely!

"Fair home of my childhood, how can I leave thee? One last, lingering look at the wide prospect, and a sad adieu; my hour is spent. Farewell, each favorite cherished haunt! I have visited you this once more, — perhaps the last time. Good-by, Good-by!"

CHAPTER V.

Mary left home for Ipswich, December 4, 1849, the day preceding the sixteenth anniversary of her birth. This was her first appearance at a boarding-school; and the unfavorable impression produced upon her mind by the striking contrast between the system of training there pursued, and the home culture, deepened the longer she staid. This fact is mentioned without any intention of detracting from the merits of the institution in which she was placed; which is considered, as far as the writer knows, one of the best of its kind in the country. But Mary, like all young persons of her peculiar temperament, needed a tuition widely varied from that which would be successful with a less sensitive nature; and the Procrustean method applied to a whole class, was sure to exceed, or come short of the standard most favorable alike to her peace of mind and general improvement. She missed, at the outset, the lively appreciation of her wants and capabilities, which had so drawn her toward the teaching of her judicious and excellent mother. It was not that the lessons were too severe, for she expressly comments, in more than one of her letters, upon the absence of that thoroughness of drill; "that searching process," as she called it, to which she had been accustomed. But she needed, on the part of her teacher, a soul which would sympathize with her soul; a tenderness which would know from intuition, at the moment of contact, where it was wise to press, and where it was dangerous to wound; and

a strength which was sufficient to command respect by the exhibition of conscious power without its indiscriminate and unneedful exercise. Had she been sent from home, under similar circumstances, one year before, the result would have been a sad calamity to her; as it was, the discipline was severe, leaving it still questionable whether it was in the main salutary or injurious.

But, if she was disappointed in the school itself, how much more in the daily life to which she was thus introduced? She was never popular as a child at school; children could not understand her (how should they when she was ofttimes an enigma to herself?), and she could never give her love except in exchange for love and confidence. Jealousy of her superior gifts had, doubtless, something to do with this; but her own peculiarities of temper, joined to her extreme sensibility, were oftener the occasion of her separation from her young companions. She could not endure to be kept in the vestibule of a friend's heart, and she would accept no half confidences; thus she was apt to be exacting from others, while there were few who could measure the depths in her own affection, and secure the same return from her. To those who could and did do this, the treasure more than repaid the venture; while to the few she really loved, she was faithful until death.

The mention of these characteristics of her mental constitution, will be a sufficient explanation of the reason why she felt ill at ease amid the group of strangers of which she formed a part.

She was too discerning not to perceive that the reason why she was thus comparatively isolated, lay chiefly with herself; and, too truthful to conceal this impression, or lay the blame upon others, both in her journal and her correspondence, she

notes the fact, in tones of mingled self-commiseration and self-upbraidings. To a dear friend who failed at first to interpret her aright, she wrote, soon after her arrival at Ipswich:

"For the first time, I feel alone in a crowd. All treat me with courtesy and kindness, but none — none is my *friend*. Am I whimsical? Notional? YES! I used to fancy that at a boarding-school I should certainly find intimate friends; why is it not so? Among so many, why do I not form some real attachments? O dear! I am forced to the humbling conclusion that few can love me! that I am so different from the rest of *girlhood*, as to draw none toward me by the attraction of sympathy. Why should it not be so, when some who show, in manner more powerful than words, that they do love me — even *me* — sometimes express doubts whether they 'really know me, after all?'

"I know that I am capricious and quick in my temperament, and often conceal myself from my best friends; but, for all that, although I have a heart which cares not for the love of the many, I still cling fondly and truly to the few. O dear, dear! how much egotism!"

Even the assurance which her heart gave of its steady devotion, was severely questioned, when she found herself preferring her own pleasure on any account to that of her friends; for she writes in another place:

"How few friendships are constant and unselfish; I think sometimes that I am true to what friends I have; but perhaps I am mistaken."

Had it been summer, she would have found some compensation in communion with Nature; but in winter, all that is gentle and attractive in such communion, is sought for in vain.

"I find," she says in her journal, "no congenial spirits;"

and during the whole of her residence at this school, she seems not to have found one companion to whom she gave her entire confidence. Those with whom she was brought most in contact, were gay and frivolous girls, whose most earnest longings were after dancing and the society of beaux; and whose most hearty dislikes were of family worship, a dreary Sunday, and the long grace said before meal. She, who had never known a gay and light-hearted childhood, was almost startled by their exuberance of spirits; and her inner life, with its depths of emotion, its earnestness, its strange thoughtfulness, appeared to them still more unnatural. She missed the blessed household faith which made the love of God a constant presence; but this want, happily for her, sent her for comfort where alone such a heart as hers could obtain it. After recounting some of her disappointments, she writes: "Yet this may be a necessary trial from above, to draw me nearer my Saviour, and lead me to repose in him as my best friend." This Friend did not disappoint her; ah! when did He ever fail the heart that came to Him alone for strength and comfort? At first she can only *trust*. "It seems to me," she writes in her journal, "that my existence would be one dreary blank without my Saviour's cheering presence, and the bright hopes of a better world!" After a while, she settled down in a little world of her own. She found a few pleasant acquaintances but no intimate friends, and relied almost entirely on her own resources for her enjoyment. She corresponded regularly with her mother, writing to her every week or oftener, and this was a great relief to her full heart. She did not allow either memory or fancy to trench on the thoroughness with which every school exercise was followed, even to the utmost limit of prudence. But, when these were over, she had her

familiars. Soon after the term commenced, she writes: "Whenever I am relieved from intellectual pressure, what sweet memories come rushing over my mind. How often 'some familiar, noteless thing' recalls the names of the loved and cherished. Sometimes, I become so absorbed in such deep memories, that I am surrounded by a circle of laughing girls before I am aware of it."

During this term, there was a work of grace in the seminary, and fifteen of her fellow students were hopefully converted. Mary took a deep interest in all the religious privileges afforded her, both at the seminary, and in connection with the ordinary means of grace, the prayer-meetings, and worship of the sanctuary. When the services of the Sabbath were less interesting than usual, she breaks forth in her journal, not in ridicule of the preacher, but in self-condemnation, either of the coldness of her own heart, or of her former ingratitude when more highly favored.

There was an earnestness and directness in all her religious exercises. She had stated seasons of prayer for each of her friends; and, at the village prayer meetings, not unfrequently selected some of her young companions as the subject of her individual pleadings. The Mercy Seat was ever a home to her; a place of comfort and precious privilege, where her soul was full of courage and light and peace; a refuge in every dark hour of trial and sorrow; and, when the blinding storm came so thickly, that she could see no ray of light, and there seemed to come no answer from out the blessed Presence, she would still cling to it and wait; not patiently, perhaps,—the soul in distress is seldom patient,—but with a well-taught despair of help from any other quarter.

She had especial need of this source of consolation. Marion

Chidsey, the dear young friend whose life was going out by a wasting disease, grew worse toward the close of January, and every symptom of change seemed to open a fresh wound in Mary's sympathizing heart. To her mother she writes: "Can it be that my dear Marion is worse? O! you do not realize, dear mother, how my heart sinks with the insupportable thought, that she is fast declining to the grave, and I am so far away that I cannot have even the mournful pleasure of speaking soothing words in her ear, and looking upon her sweet pale face once again. O! how can I return to my happy home, to miss *one* gentle greeting and the pleasure of *one* warm hand. How freshly the scenes of the past rise up before me,—the daily task I conned with her, the long rambles through the fields which we took together, the evening schools when we sang from the same book, and our places in church, when Sabbath after Sabbath we sat side by side. I have written her a little note, but it has drawn so largely on my sympathies, that my whole heart has gone out with it. All I can do is, to commend her to the gracious care of One, who doeth all things well."

The tone of resignation breathed in the last line was not recovered, as we learn from her journal, without a severe struggle with her "native rebellion," which would not leave the dear one in God's hands. The doubt which had at first darkened her friend's pathway toward the tomb, had been happily dissipated, and Marion had given decided evidence that she was prepared to make a joyful exchange of worlds. Just before she died, she sent to Mary a parting gift,—a braid of her hair and some flowers she had worn,— with the message, "Tell Mary, if we meet no more on earth, I hope we may join each other again in heaven."

Tracing the tear-stained records with which Mary noted in her journal each stage of Marion's sad decline, the words deepening in intensity as the last scene approaches, we should be prepared for an eloquent outburst of grief when the final struggle was over. But no! With the last pang which the loved one suffered, ended the last vain repining of Mary's heart; and her quick sympathy with the dear sufferer changes to an exultant shout of victory: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Look up, and be comforted. Sorrow not for the departed; but rather rejoice that one more is gone home. She shall not return to me, but I may go to her. Sad heart! here is hope. Soon will death be swallowed up in victory; soon will heaven's bright glories open; *then*, farewell pain and sighing — farewell tears and partings — farewell earth with its load of sin — welcome immortality! 'The Lord gave; the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!'"

Immediately following the announcement above noticed, came the spring vacation, which Mary spent in visiting her friends at Boston. Her heart, so long shut up to its own companionship, felt the natural reäction too keenly; and nearly the whole vacation was spent in a thoughtless pursuit of pleasure. She had, indeed, few opportunities for mingling in gay society, and she indulged in no unwonted amusements; but she gave up her steady and constant communion with God, and delight only in his favor, for a trial of earth's cup of vanities; and the three or four weeks of this experience prepared for her a season of bitter repentance. When she returned to Ipswich, and went to her old place of secret prayer, then she felt the sad change, and her soul cried out in the darkness of despair. To one of the few friends with whom she held confidential intercourse she writes:

"I hope you may find for me a word of consolation somewhere. I never knew every thing seem so dark before. I am distressed with a sense of sinfulness in *general*, and yet I am as hard-hearted as a rock in view of it. I want to repent, but I can't. The sky is all leaden, and the air is so heavy that it oppresses me. I have had the heartache so long that I have a dreadful headache as an accompaniment. I do not take delight in prayer, and I felt it to be a burden to go to church on this blessed Sabbath. I do not love my Christian friends as *Christians* with the old affection. I feel ashamed to confess myself a professing Christian, while I exhibit such an inconsistent walk and conversation. You would think, after all this, I should be sunk in the depths of humility; but no, if you could see the pride of my heart, you would be astounded. I am a contradiction to myself!"

The letter contains more in the same sad strain; but, toward the close, there is a more bitter cry for help, which shows that the tried heart, even in the depths of its misery, was seeking for relief only at the Mercy Seat. And this she soon found; God was gracious unto her, and restored to her the light of his countenance. With humble thankfulness she resumed the unburdened intercourse with her Redeemer, and zealously devoted herself renewedly to His service.

She appears to have obtained ease from her burden upon a night, set apart, by agreement with her friend, for communion with God. Who can say how much the pleadings of that dear friend for her at the throne of grace may have aided in this good work? It is a memorable record in her journal.

"The anticipated season of solemn prayer and renewed consecration to God, observed this night in concert with my precious Emily, is one not to be forgotten while life remains.

After a long season of darkness and wandering, I trust that I have returned to my gracious Saviour. O, how sweet it is once more to feel His presence, as in days gone by! What a sinful, erring child am I! O! the infinite kindness and love of my Redeemer, who has lifted the light of his countenance upon me, and given me peace, such peace as the world can neither give nor take away. My mind is filled with sweet thoughts of that rest, where they who once enter go no more out for ever. There is my treasure, and my heart also."

This sweet comfort did not encourage her to sit down, to dream alone of that rest. She knew that she must *work* if she would look for strength; and thus she adds, soon after, "Methinks I am awaking to the beauty of an earnest life."

As the spring advanced, her heart warmed again to the beauties of nature; and, in spite of the many studies with which she tasked her strength, there was no spot in all the environs of her residence unexplored by her truant feet. The sunny season came, with capricious and lagging footsteps, as it ever does near our bleak, eastern coast; but it came with a double welcome to her heart. And here again we find her craving "the poet's gift," but only that she might pour out in numbers her appreciation of nature and its sublime teachings.

Nature was not to her merely a beautiful picture, or an inspiration of delight, but a fountain of truth, whose mysteries, interpreted by the written Word, were given as a refreshment to the soul. Thus, wherever she went, her thoughts found some lesson appropriate to the scene. The old cemetery was one of her favorite haunts; and, while her hands were culling the flowers amid the moss-grown stones, her vivid imagina-

tion would call up before her the buried dead, with strange, earnest questions of their past or present state. Describing such a walk in her journal, she says: "I passed by many new-made graves, and paused to shed resistless tears over one whose tombstone bore the simple inscription, 'Caroline, Æ. 16.' What thoughts did it call up of a grave in a quiet valley, where the sod is not yet green. I felt a sweet and subdued satisfaction in standing amid such mementos of the past, and soliloquized, half aloud, '*Soon* strangers will walk above my lowly resting-place, and curious eyes will trace out the name of one whose place knows her no more.' Then a voice from the spirit-land almost seemed to whisper to me: 'Death is but going home.' 'In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for *you!*'"

The Italics are hers. The quotation is not given as prophecy. There are few, even of those who have lived to old age, who have not had glimpses of the shortness and uncertainty of life, such as many superstitious people call "presentiments;" but it shows that such thoughts had no terrors to her mind, and that she was walking the earth with pilgrim feet, knowing that her rest was beyond.

Ipswich assumed fresh attractions in its spring attire; and, in connection with her botanical studies, she sought every "vale and sequestered nook" within reasonable limits. Sometimes this adventurous spirit carried her beyond prudent limits. But her own pen shall tell the story.

"Every thing is lovely here. Though I miss my own wild, picturesque mountain scenery, and many thoughts and feelings it inspired, yet I have around me the beautiful in nature. There is no blue mountain, up-towering to the sky, on whose summit I can see the weary clouds at rest, or the

shadows of sunset fall; yet my window is shaded by the trees in full bloom, which fill the room with their fragrance, and give a rest to two sweet robins, who wake me with their songs in the early morning. All speechless things remind me to be grateful for so much comfort, so much happiness. I have pressed quite a collection of beautiful flowers, both wild and cultivated. Every Saturday we take a long ramble in the fields and woods, in search of stores for our herbarium. A week ago to-day, we had *too* adventurous a walk; and, though we all came off safely, yet we experienced quite an escape. Lizzie, my room-mate and Fannie F., another boarder, were my companions. We walked about two miles from home, and gathered quite a variety of beautiful wild flowers. After rambling for some time, we lost ourselves in the wood; and, when we emerged, were on the bank of the river, nearly a mile above the bridge, and opposite the ferry. Warm and weary, we felt very much averse to travelling around, especially as we could see our boarding-place nearly opposite to us. So we asked the boy, who appeared to have charge of the boat, to row us over. He readily consented, and we took our seats in the boat. But I soon perceived, by its unsteady motion, that we had an inexperienced oarsman. After a long time, we reached the opposite shore; but our ferryman, instead of landing us on the sandy beach, rowed up to the dock, where the water was very deep. My companions, in their eagerness to jump on shore, both sprang at once to the same side of the boat, and thus nearly upset it. It half filled with water, and Lizzie was precipitated into the river!

"She screamed very loud, but neither Fannie or myself uttered a sound, and I was, fortunately, never more self-possessed. We seized her by the arms and hair, and, after much

exertion, drew her back into the boat, where she immediately fainted. Laying her head in my lap, I directed the oarsman to land us at another point. Then Fannie and I, bearing the exhausted girl between us, walked home, all of us wet, and not a little agitated after the first scene was over."

Following this, in her journal, are many thanksgivings for the escape; and the whole record, for many weeks, is rich and precious, but want of space compels us to omit much that would add to the interest of the narrative. Now, it describes her own quest after some companion whom she hopes to influence for good. Again, it records a note from a girl she had considered so wild and gay as to be almost beyond the influence of religious truth, asking her prayers and Christian counsel, because she believes her to be a sincere Christian. "Who am I," asks the humble journalist, reviewing her own shortcomings, "that I should dare counsel any human being?" And yet, she does not refuse, and the two are seen together the next day, with tears upon both their faces.

A few days after, her room-mate Lizzie, a sweet, affectionate girl, showed Mary, at her request, the account she had written in her journal of the adventure on the river. At the foot of it was entered, "O, that I could be as good as my Mary!" Dearly as she loved judicious praise, nothing humbled Mary more than commendation which she thought was undeserved; and, with this sentence ringing like an accusing monitor in her ears, she flies to her closet, and, upon her knees, pours out no feigned confession of her unworthiness. "I felt," she is writing in her journal, "completely stunned, amazed, overcome. *I* good! O, could she see my heart; did she see my life as God sees it, how would she recoil from me, as the chief of sinners!"

Towards the close of May, she became a little homesick, and we find her trying to draw comfort from the daguerreotypes of the loved ones in the home circle. "Alas!" she says "they do not satisfy the longings of my heart. I have looked them over, one by one, and they are nought but *shadows!*"

At this time, she became so eager in the pursuit of knowledge, that the standard of education which she had hitherto conscientiously maintained, seemed to her not sufficiently severe, and she notes in her journal a new division of her time, to obtain, if possible, more hours for study. This was exceedingly injudicious, as she needed restraining, instead of urging on; her ambition being a constant goad to an exertion too severe for the strongest physical frame. She maintained, in addition to all her other tasks, two hours of silent study every evening; and, when exhausted nature craved relief, and her head ached, as she says, "almost to bursting," she silences its complainings with the thought, "The responsibilities of womanhood are fast approaching, and I must not sink down in faintness, or shrink from them in despair, but meet them with a brave and earnest heart."

She had many pleasant acquaintances, but she still clung to her isolating thoughts, and seemed never so happy as when left to herself. "I am alone. Alone! how precious that word has become to me during my life at Ipswich. I look forward to an hour of solitude in my own room as a luxury."

Another record in her journal, just at the close of this May (1850), shows her bitter anguish at undeserved censure. If she felt moved to gratitude by judicious praise and was deeply humbled by undeserved commendation, she was always roused to bitter resentment by unmerited reproof. Such injustice, owing to her peculiar temperament, she ever felt most

keenly, and it was always with her a temptation to evil. The instance alluded to was a rebuke, before the whole class, for a supposed fault which she had not committed. After "*swallowing furiously,* to keep down the rising words" of rebellion, she succeeded in assuming an outward calm; but the wound was sore and bleeding for many a day. The reproof represented her as idle and inattentive; and the injustice was the more galling, from the fact that she was even then overtasking her physical energies, in the prosecution of her studies. She had great readiness of acquisition; but she never allowed a love of display to interfere with the thoroughness with which she mastered every point in her studies over which she passed.

She renewed her labors with increased energy, but with a less cheerful spirit than before. "If I were not afraid," she writes, "of making ambition my idol, I would struggle day and night for intellectual superiority."

It is no wonder that, with all this mental excitement and physical prostration, she should at last break down. On the 19th of June, she fainted at the seminary meeting, and, after being carried out and partially recovered, again swooned several times, before she could be taken to her room. Notwithstanding this feebleness, she turned to her books on the following day, although with a whirling brain, which wholly unfitted her for study.

Her tender solicitude not to distress her parents, while communicating to them the knowledge of her illness, was peculiarly striking. From a child she had shown a remarkable sense of propriety in this respect, and was always careful about wounding another's sensibilities. When she was a little girl at her mother's knee, she reported a sudden death, not abruptly, as a thoughtless child would, but, with tears, which

she struggled to restrain, said: "O mother, I've a sad thing to tell you: little Georgie has no mother now."

And thus, amid all her distress, and over and above her bodily anguish, she notices her "heart ache to think how much solicitude" she is causing her parents. The latter, although not realizing the full extent of her illness, or how much she needed rest, wrote to her, urging her to come home, as but a few weeks now remained of the term. But Mary still clung to her studies. She had "finished the Æneid and botany," but could not bear to lose even "a week's French." She made a week's visit with her Boston friends, to recruit her strength, and again returned to her studies, but without a full recovery of health. Still, she struggled to continue, and did maintain, her position until July 13, just a week before the close of the term, when she was obliged to leave for home.

Her heart revived within her as she reached the summit of the mountain, and gazed upon "the beautiful valley, with its winding river, bordered by the rich summer foliage," wherein lay her home.

CHAPTER VI.

NOTWITHSTANDING the assurance Mary had felt that the home atmosphere would at once restore her to health, her strength returned slowly, and she remained more or less an invalid throughout the whole of the long summer vacation. The scenes from which she had parted with such regret, when she left for school, were associated with some sad as well as pleasant memories, and the former she felt most deeply. On the evening of the first Sabbath after her return, she thus refers to the changes which most affected her: "This lovely summer's day is drawing to its close; I have retreated to the study, and here am sitting by my favorite window, indulging the emotions, glad and pensive, which throng around me. I have attended church this afternoon, and now feel excessive fatigue induced more by excitement of mind than actual weariness of body. I have once more worshipped in the old sanctuary, surrounded by the same familiar congregation. Since service, I have been reading Marion's funeral sermon, which affected me deeply. A year ago, I saw her in perfect health and loveliness; now her body rests beneath the cold, damp sod; her spirit, perchance unseen, hovers over me now, reading the sad tracings of my pen, and the more mournful musings of my heart. I can only restore myself to composure by thinking of her as a glorified, redeemed spirit, rejoicing for ever and ever in the love of God, the over-

flowing Fountain, and holding converse with the bright host which surround his throne."

At first these recollections and sad musings appeared to grow upon her, and, under date of July 24th, she closes the record with this significant allusion to her apprehensions: "I am very weak to-day, and I do not know that I grow any stronger. Perhaps this journal may be finally closed ere long!"

She seemed to have, however, no wasting disease, and with rest and quiet, and careful nursing, the blood began once more to course freely throughout her languid frame. She was never lonely when she could commune with Nature; and, even in her invalid state, she did not tax the resources of her friends for her own amusement. Amid her greatest weakness, she writes to her dear Emily: "I have retreated to the most quiet spot — the study, which is fitted up as my sanctum. An additional frame assists the lounge to support a mattrass; my shower-bath occupies an opposite corner. Is it not a very comfortable retreat? Here I lie sometimes, at midnight, looking out on the dark blue mountain, or upward to the silent stars."

These watching eyes, that seemed to look down upon her from their far height, found the door of her heart ever open to their gaze, and she was never tired of giving them glance for glance. In another place she writes: "I believe it always makes my heart softer and better to look at the stars; for their searching rays seem to explore my very thoughts."

This is also commemorated in a few stanzas, written about this time, "For Mother's Eye," and included, among other fugitive pieces, in the collection at the close of this memoir. She had written many verses previous to this; but neither the

piece referred to, nor any other she had thus far produced, seemed at all to meet the wants of her soul. The visions which she longed to embody in language, were too bright to be portrayed by mere human words, and she could not at all satisfy her own longings. While on a brief visit to New Haven, a few weeks subsequently, she found sufficient strength to walk with a friend for an hour in the moonlight about the beautiful common. That night she records in her journal something of her aspirations: "The quivering light was let in upon us through the network of those glorious old trees. The State House, alone, stood out in bright, bold relief, glistening like white marble in the moonbeams. Fit scene to awake all the romance in one's nature, and to rouse every emotion of beauty slumbering in the soul. We had quite a conversation about poetry; and Mr. G., after quoting several passages very enthusiastically, asked me if I ever wrote poetry? I answered that I laid no claim to the gift of poesy. O! Will this boon for ever be denied to me! Perhaps the lyre, so silent here, may be wakened at last in the upper temple, and vibrate with the exquisite melody of Heaven, to be hushed no more!"

It was during the quiet of this summer, as she gradually gained in health and strength, that she fully decided, after many prayers and heart struggles, to adopt for her future life, if it was spared, the profession of a teacher. She proposed this to herself, not without a full sense of its most irksome cares and grave responsibilities. Under date of August 26th, she writes: "I have felt very pensive to-night, as I sat at the piano, playing some of my favorite airs. I looked forward to future years, and imagined how, in after life, I might recall this evening as one of quiet happiness and freedom from care, never more to be enjoyed. I left my seat in the parlor, and stood beneath

the luxuriant woodbine which wreaths the door. I thought of the life I must soon enter upon, — my own chosen life, yet one of hardship and fatigue, oftentimes of heart-sickness. How little I realize the true nature of care and responsibility beneath this sheltering roof!"

On the 3d of September, Mary again left home to commence the new term at Ipswich. Her health was not fully restored, and she felt a greater disrelish than ever for boarding-school life. But this absence of outward comfort only served to draw her nearer to that Friend, upon whom her cares were ever cast. As the beautiful in Nature bound her not to earth, but seemed to carry her thoughts upward to its counterpart in the heavenly home, how much more did the very desolateness of the landscape brighten, by contrast, the scenes in the city to come, to which her pilgrim feet were journeying. Upon a rainy Sabbath, the first after her return to Ipswich, she records: "The storm still continues, but I feel an inward peace. I cannot but see that, when the sympathy of friends and the delights of home are withdrawn, I cling closer to Jesus, and trust more entirely in him for comfort and support in this life, as well as for eternal blessedness in the life to come."

Her health was variable, and, on the whole, quite precarious; but she persevered in her studies, even beyond the limit of prudence, her ambition needing no spur from her teachers. She closes a day's record in her diary with the complaint: "I am miserable in health to-day, — numb hands, palpitating heart, and hot, aching temples. 'Tis a problem whether I shall be able to endure this study for even ten weeks. O, how I wish to be strong and well, and able to bear a double burden of intellectual labor, — but 'Thy will be done.'" These monitions of life's frailty led her to examine anew the foundation of

her hope. After one of these solemn seasons, she thus sums up the result: "I have to-day been examining my hopes anew, and I trust that I have been led (not without earnest and prayerful consideration) to claim the promises given to God's children, — to feel that I am indeed one of Jesus' flock, — to obtain some little glimpse of the rest in store for those who persevere unto the end. O! how precious seemed this to me, a few hours since, as I heard 'the faith' lightly spoken of. The time of probation is short; how soon will come the end? Soon earth will fade from the dim eye, friends bid farewell, and death close every earthly scene; then, through the wide, opening vista, the departing spirit shall gaze upon the glories of the New Jerusalem, and see the band of blessed ones, waiting, with bright wings all plumed, to be its convoy thither, and hear their seraphic melodies, sweeter than æolian strains, as they sing the alleluia. The soul struggling to be free, kindling with new-born ecstacies, already breathing the pure air of heaven, soon breaks the chain of mortality, and, in angel-guise, swift treads the avenue to the courts above. The golden gate opens wide; from His high throne, serene in awful majesty and love, speaks the Eternal Son, 'Come in, thou blessed of my Father,' and the heir of Everlasting bliss enters in, to go no more out forever. The portals close, and conceal from us the sight of that felicity; but we may hear its glad praises pealing along the celestial plains! O Death! if this be thou, where is thy sting? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

How like is this to some of the grand old music, composed as a requiem for the martyrs, beginning with a low, soft wail, and ending in a peal of certain triumph! She seldom gives, even in her journal, the long processes by which she was led

from darkness to light, or from height to height, in her Christian experience. She mostly records the results, her sensitiveness shrinking from the exposure of her inmost thoughts to the paper, even though no eye but hers was permitted to see it. Especially did she shrink from this exposure of her heart to others; and, to her most confidential friends, she seldom drew back the veil that hid the presence-chamber of the soul. To her mother, "sitting on a low stool at her knee," was she most communicative of her heart histories; but this treasure (alas! alas!) is not now accessible. That there was a heart-life, full of the richest and most varied experiences, seldom acknowledged in the presence of others, the glimpses here and there obtained fully prove; and, when she did lift the veil, the privileged were conscious of a vision never to be forgotten. Sometimes, in expressing her sympathy for another's troubles, she lets in the light upon her own. In answer to her dear friend, Leila, she writes, about the middle of the school term: "As to those dark thoughts of thine, my Leila, I marvel not at them; I wonder only that you have not experienced them before, they have so often been visitors of mine. Sometimes I feel, dear Leila, that I am old before my time. It is this constant fretting of the fettered spirit against the walls of its prison house — it is this which I sometimes call '*heartache*.' With me, it is oftenest preceded by longing aspirations for a nobler, higher, more earnest life, and followed by a fit of despondency. Such feelings are part of ourselves, and we can never shake them off, until every desire of these yearning hearts is satisfied in the full enjoyments and activities of the world above. I once supposed that such thoughts arose from the fact that I must carve my own path in the future, and that this anxiety was its natural consequence. But, as I have hinted, I think otherwise now. I

believe that, if I were the child of affluence and luxury, this would be the same. O, Leila! I cannot, dare not, tell you what wild, fearful, inexpressible, yet entrancing feelings, often fill my heart. Many would term them idle romance; no, they are full of deep, solemn, glorious and elevating truth. But, I meant to talk of you and not of myself, and here I have been opening a recess in my heart's sanctuary never before unsealed. If these thoughts in you arise from the same source as mine, and you ask my humble advice, it is not to strive to conquer them directly, but to bury yourself in *action*, and if they do not deserve a place within, I think they will speedily disappear!"

The reader will be struck with the many references in her writings to future cares and burdens; but her anxiety, in this respect, was generally less a foreboding of trouble to come than the economy of the good housewife preparing for the coming winter. She was ever striving to embalm the sweets of the passing hour, for use in the days of bitter trial in the future. When her rebellious heart longed for a sphere different from that in which she was placed, she schooled herself to contentment, by recalling the fact that there was no state in which duty, well performed, does not earn the promise of a blessed reward. To a friend, who was almost ready to repine, because her lot was cast where heroism seemed an impossibility, she writes: "Who can tell what your godly example may not effect for the thoughtless around you? Who can tell but you may be the instrument, solely by the power and beauty of a holy life, of turning some careless sinner from the way that leadeth to death? O blessed possibility!"

Notwithstanding the "whirling of the brain," which followed almost each exhausting day, Mary still "rose early in the

morning and worked away at Cicero," and finished her term, and its succeeding examination, without further interruption. Her heart rejoiced, like an escaped captive, to return to its home. "The next day," she writes, "like an arrow released from the bow, I sped my way to my own Avon valley.

CHAPTER VII.

A FEW weeks after her return from Ipswich, Mary reached her seventeenth birthday. In a letter, written upon that anniversary (December 5, 1850), she sums up, in a few brief sentences, the history we have been sketching, and brings herself before us with a wonderful distinctness. We seem to see her standing on the threshhold of womanhood, her heart chastened with the varied experiences of the past; half saddened by life's changes; but still ready, with a cheerful courage, if not a buoyant hope, to meet the allotments of the future.

"Will you not let me weary you a while with myself? Seventeen years ago, this day, a bright warder of Paradise, who waited new employment, assumed the guardianship of an infant who wakened into being beneath the bold, stern brow of Mount Carmel. How fleetly, how pleasantly, glided away the golden hours of childhood, it were needless to tell. Years passed, and, in the first dawn of girlhood, the child stood before the sacred altar, and publicly gave herself to God. Memory follows her on, through a vista, six years in length, with its possessions of deep experiences, gushing joys, and breaking sorrows; its gay hopes, and trying disappointments; as the many-tinted landscape of life gradually donned its soberer hues, till the present era is reached, and the traveler stands, with faltering footsteps, on the threshhold of womanhood, still clinging to the past, and dreading to lift the veil of the future. I am in doubt whether to smile or weep. One moment I look

forward sanguinely, beholding, with new pursuits, new usefulness and happiness. The next, dear, faithful, old-fashioned Memory lifts her kaleidoscope to my eye, and I feel ready to exclaim, 'O that I were as in days and months past.'

"But not alone the visionary and ideal are present with me; the real and practical press close upon my heart. There is a duty for each passing *now;* there is a school in every present hour. O Emily! plead with God for me. The responsibility of existence is so real to me, that I am almost crushed by it. *To live!* O how infinitely more solemn, more awful, than *to die:* the one consumes an inch of time; the other swallows up eternity. God mould us by his spirit, and strengthen us by his grace, that we may glorify him in both.

"On Saturday afternoon, at sunset, I took a walk to the summit of a certain ascent, where 'dear, sullen ledges, all the distance fill.' On my return, I sauntered into the cemetery, to muse close beside the dead. I shed tears over the grave of one and another whom I had known and loved, and last I turned to that of my angel Marion. My grief for *her* is ever tearless. As I leaned sorrowfully upon the cold marble, the last beam of the sun fell upon it, gilding, with sudden illumination, the inscription:

'Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven.'

It comforted, while it saddened me; and, stealing the agony from my sorrow, left only that absorbing mournfulness, which we all, at times, love to cherish. I passed out, and as I crossed the public green, paused to gaze at the doorsteps and narrow yard, where I played in early childhood, and through the uncurtained windows into the rooms from which I first looked

out on a new home. All was deserted. My little flower-bed lay neglected and in ruins, but one solitary rose remaining of all its thrifty plants. A few more steps, and I was by the old school-room, with its time-worn stairs. O never, never, will come to me days so happy as those which I passed upon its rude benches. I lingered again beside the swing, where we beguiled the summer recess. I reproved all mute objects around me for the change, which, I knew too well, was within myself. As I neared my home, I remembered the light, bounding steps of the little girl who used to tread the very same path, and her still lighter and more bounding heart. The exclamation mounted to my lips, 'Even here I cannot be a child again.' How much pleasure every one derives from reminiscences of the past. Do you not hope we shall one day walk together by the River of Life, and stand on some green hill of the heavenly Canaan, and recall all our pilgrimage on earth, fully understanding all the dark waters through which we have passed, which now seem so mysterious; recount all our Father's parental kindness, and rejoice, with joy unspeakable, in each other, and in Him who filleth all in all? Death could never seem unwelcome if we were sure of this."

She apologizes for being so egotistical; but the long letter from which this was taken, was not wholly filled with herself. The next day, in writing to another dear friend, she reverses the telescope: "Let me leave other subjects, dear L., to ask you how fares the world within? Is sin any nearer conquered? Is grace any more triumphant? How goes the battle? Is it an unwearying strife?" And, a few weeks after, on the opening of the new year, she adds, to the same correspondent: "Some who were wont to mingle New Years' greetings with ours, are joining in the melodies of heaven. We are left a

little longer; left to labor for the Master. Our turn will come soon: a few short days and Jesus will take us in his arms. Courage, faith, patience! He that endureth to the end shall be saved. Do I weary you? O no; I do not believe it; our theme is one of mutual interest; our aims are one; our trials are one; our joys are one; our reward one. When we join hands, we walk faster on the pilgrimage."

Toward the close of January, Miss Warren, who was teaching the Avon private school, was obliged to leave, on account of ill health; and, at the urgent solicitation of the trustees, Mary consented to supply the vacancy for a term of eight weeks. As noticed above, she had but just entered her seventeenth year; but her marked success showed that she had decided wisely, in looking forward to teaching as her chosen profession. To much natural dignity of manner, she united an intuitive perception of character, and a faculty of adapting her instructions to the wants of each pupil; so that, while her school was kept in excellent order, the scholars all loved their teacher, and made excellent progress in their studies. She had nerved her heart for sore trials at the outset, but in this she was disappointed. The bitterness of her experience as a teacher came later; and then, not so much from the necessary burdens of the profession, as from the peculiarities of those upon whom her comfort was greatly dependent. With this, her first trial, she was abundantly satisfied, and thus speaks of it: "So I am elevated to the dignity of a schoolmistress. Don't you envy me? or does not your fancy at all incline towards this vocation? You know it is my profession, and on that account it is fortunate that I am so in love with it, that it is emphatically my chosen field of trial, in which I hope, if God spares my life, to spend many useful and happy years. I

commenced, three weeks ago, a term of eight weeks, with seventeen pupils, most of them in advanced studies, although I have six lads of Willie's age. My head and hands are full; but I am very happy, and enjoy myself very much. Let me give you a little idea of my daily life. I rise at seven; commence the morning meal at eight; and, after lingering an unreasonably long time (so some say,) over the social breakfast-table, I have just time to turn round once, and then don my bonnet for the walk to school. I am monarch of all I survey until twelve o'clock; during the succeeding hour, I lay aside the dignity of the schoolroom character, for my own wayward, girlish self. After another session of three hours, I am again released. I either ride before the tea hour, or spend the time in a pleasant tête-à-tête with mother. The evening remains, my only interval for writing, reading, and sundries. Thus you have a picture of my fatiguing, but happy life."

Her parents were delighted to notice that her new duties, which left her but few intervals of leisure, did not so absorb her thoughts as to weaken her attachment to Christ, or induce her to neglect her religious duties. Her letters, at this time, are full of the evidences of an abiding sense of nearness to the Master. So much was this the case, that one of her correspondents replies, "Mary, I long to feel as you do!" The answer shows that it had not been spiritual pride which had dictated the glowing thoughts that drew out this longing desire; it is as humble and gentle as if the praise had been meant as a rebuke. "Do not, my dear one, 'long to feel' as *I* do! O! if you knew the heartsearchings and heartachings, the painful lookings backward, and the more painful lookings forward, the sad doubts, and the fatal self-confidence, — if you knew *all* which makes up the private life of *me, myself*, you would never

even *think* of such a longing. The only comfort I know of for us both is looking away to Jesus; looking at him, until our hard hearts swell, and we bow in penitence; till that Faith, which is now 'as a grain of mustard seed,' yield a safe and wide shelter from every storm."

Mary was about to add another sentence to the above, when the "storm" itself put her trust to the trial. Her maternal grandfather, Dr. Noah Stone, of Oxford, Conn., whose genial heart, poetic temperament, and simplicity of manners, united to a highly cultivated taste had endeared him to her, both as a counsellor and companion was called to his rest. He had been feeble for a year or two; but the announcement of his death came at last quite unexpectedly. She resumes her pen a few days afterward, to fill the sheet:

"My dear Emily,—Since last I handled my pen, I have passed through the saddest, and most agitating experience of my life. I have witnessed the burial of my beloved grandsire. The news of his death came, at last, suddenly; while I was writing on this very page, the message arrived. Yesterday afternoon, that countenance, heavenly even in death, was shut out from my sight. There comes to my recollection at this moment the beautiful tribute of a brother physician (Dr. Hooker, of New Haven), who said, on beholding the lifeless clay, 'On that benign face is written the history of a good man's life!' I am very sorrowful; but the first bitterness of grief has softened into a tender and subdued melancholy, and I now take delight in dwelling upon the new link that binds me to Heaven."

In a later correspondence, comparing an acquaintance with the dear deceased, she says: "He has not the refined feelings, the sensitive taste, the quick appreciation, the quiet humor, or the cultivated intellect which dear grandpapa possessed. Never

any body can be half so lovable and entertaining and angel-like as grandpapa was."

About this time, there was a revival at Avon, in the parish to which her father ministered, and her heart was very much interested in the work. She even seems to have had a return of the old missionary longings, and again reviews her decision in regard to the future. The revival resulted in many hopeful conversions to God, but the intense excitement in her mind was followed by that reaction, so natural to one thus constituted, and we hear her voice out of the dim, uncertain light: "I am gloomy to day. Life, in the future, looks dark and rugged; in the past, unsatisfying. I trust this darkness is the forerunner of dawning."

The gray of morning did indeed soon lighten the east; but it was many long hours, ere she again rejoiced in the noontide of God's countenance. The careless observer would not have noticed these changes of feeling by any external signs. As she says, herself, in one of her epistles: "There are deep places in the youngest and gayest heart; surely, there must be fathomless recesses in a pensive and reflecting nature." In fact, there is nothing more striking in her correspondence than the changes in tone, governed, as they are, less by her own mood than by some magical gradation of sympathy with the person addressed. Her letters to her intimate friends would seem, to a stranger, to be written by another hand, and dictated by another mind and heart, than the one which dictated her ordinary correspondence. It is hardly symboled by a change from a winter's landscape to the same scene under a vernal sky, or a summer's sun; it is more like a transition to another planet, so entirely are the associations and belongings those of another life.

Mary's school had been closed for several weeks, and she began to form plans for the ensuing year. She had resolved, with the concurrence of her parents, not to attempt a renewal of her boarding-school life. She had fulfilled its duties faithfully during her residence at Ipswich, but, for reasons already stated, her memory of it was the least satisfactory to her of all the associations of her school-days. In a hasty note, penned to a schoolmate, she says: "Shall I congratulate, or lament with you, upon the close of your life as a school-girl? Perhaps you may answer, both. As for myself, I must say, that, of late, the restraints and peculiar drill of a boarding-school, have become rather irksome to me; and, though I should be very loth to abandon study, yet it would give me no great pain to feel that my days of pupilage at a boarding-school were numbered."

Ever keeping in mind the profession for which she was preparing, she wished especially to obtain a better knowledge of French, with a more correct pronunciation than she could acquire from English lips, and also to give more time to the practice of music. Both these objects she at last secured, by a residence in the family of Mons. Roberti, at New Haven. This gentleman had formerly been professor of the French language in Yale College, and was always a most successful teacher. His wife had been for many years an assistant teacher in one of the most celebrated of the New Haven private schools, and they had just commenced an establishment of their own. Mary resided in the family, where French was spoken; received her lessons from Mr. Roberti, and enjoyed the tuition of a celebrated professor of music who came to the house for that purpose, but she was not attached to the "school," and beyond the specific engagements, her time was at her own

disposal. She taught vocal music to a little class made up of the children of some of the city pastors and officers of the college; and thus, in part, defrayed the expenses of her own tuition.

Before leaving home to fulfil this engagement, she once more, as of old, took a tender farewell of each dear scene in the home valley. It was in one of these excursions, accompanied by a friend, that she hastily penned a few lines in a sylvan retreat, where poetry seemed the natural language of the heart. These lines were preserved by her companion, and are subjoined:

"The matin music of the forest choir,—
The murm'ring of the gushing waterfall,—
The distant rising of the village spire,—
The hum of labor from the workman's hall,—
All speak aloud to our responsive hearts;
And, as our spirits sorrow or rejoice,
Like some vast harmony of various parts,
They give each deeper, subtler, feeling voice."

CHAPTER VIII.

The summer of 1851, during which Mary prosecuted her studies at New Haven, in the family of Mons. Roberti, was most gratefully remembered by her as the happiest period she ever passed, away from her paternal home. Allusion has already been made to her few most intimate friends. One of these, Miss Emily T. Hubbard, was a resident of New Haven, and the charm of her society first attracted Mary to the city. Afterwards, Miss Charlotte R. Andrew, also of New Haven, daughter of a retired clergyman, was added to her list of intimates, and became almost equally beloved; she is the "Lottie," so frequently referred to in subsequent chapters. Miss Lucelia Thompson, one of her Avon schoolmates, was also at this time at school in New Haven; she is the Leila so often alluded to in her writings, and was ever most precious to her heart. These three are here especially mentioned, not only because they were united in the bonds of a mutual love, but because they formed for themselves peculiar ties, under the mystical name of a secret society, which pledged them to an affectionate regard for each other's happiness here and hereafter.

This society or "Chorus," was only spoken of as the "C. C. C.," and there is no record that it ever included more than the four whose names are above given. But its exercises for mutual improvement were hallowed with prayer and praise; and the friends thus connected, though now separated, no more

to meet on earth, shall renew that friendship in a sublimer chorus above.

While at New Haven, Mary enjoyed the ministrations of Rev. Dr. Bacon; and, by request of her friend Emily, became a teacher in the Broadway Sunday-school, then, if we mistake not, a mission school. She never formed any engagement lightly or without a more than ordinary consideration of its responsibility. That she accepted this trust after serious reflection, is proved by the following entry in her journal: "For the second time in my life, I have assumed the responsibilities of one who instructs others in the way of salvation. May the Spirit of Wisdom from above aid me in a work, for which I am so totally unworthy. I find the Saturday evening teachers' meetings interesting and profitable. My only fear, at present, is, that I shall be called to account for the misimprovement of all these privileges."

A teacher who engages in this work, because it is both a duty and a privilege, who shows a proper estimate of its importance, and, after seeking inspiration from the Fountain of Wisdom, puts herself in the way of an answer to her prayer by a faithful study of the Word of God in private and at the teachers' meetings, is not apt to fail; and the reader will not be surprised to learn, that Mary was very useful in the good work. The extract we have quoted, brief as it is, contains a a hint for every Sunday-school teacher whose eye shall rest upon this page. A hearty love for the work, and a trust in God, which does not lead to any slackness in the use of means, are the true elements of success.

In addition to her ordinary practice of music, Mary also attended the choir meetings of the church where she worshipped

and regularly aided by her voice in the praises of the sanctuary.

Her arrangements for study were just suited to her peculiar temperament. She was too thorough and conscientious to need outside pressure; she had the best of tuition in her French and music; and she was free from the irksome drill of a routine, not suited to her need and below her capabilities. She continued to read Latin, and prosecute her study of mathematics and intellectual philosophy. Best of all, she had the luxury of a room to herself, where she could cherish and nurture the life of the soul, by holding frequent communion with God. This opportunity for solitary thought she had sadly missed at Ipswich; and now, although she daily enjoyed the society of her three dearest maiden friends, she still clung with affection to her old love. The trains of thought were ever fresh and varied, but they were all colored by the pervading influence of a deep personal piety. How often does her journal bear witness to the preciousness of these seasons, in language like the following: "O! how I love these sweet hours of retirement. Again I have given my heart to God, and felt his blessing resting on the consecration."

She seemed to have a peculiar sense of the subtle deceitfulness of the human heart, and her self-examinations were, therefore, very searching. "And this," writing of a Sabbath's services, "is a brief sketch of the outward day. How is it within? Is this succession of religious exercises all the life I have lived during these hallowed hours? I cannot write the answer upon paper. I love not to speak it within the apartments of my own heart; for every word I utter there echoes and reëchoes through the long corridors and resounding halls, to remind me that its vibrations reach the ear of God."

These heart-searchings were not always satisfactory, as many a record shows. Here is one: "The mellow hours of this Sabbath sunset are on the landscape, as I seat myself to take a review of God's day of rest. This morning, I felt my Father's presence near me, but I allowed trifling thoughts to obtain possession of me, and so lost Heaven's sunshine; and, to-night, earth, earth holds me in thrall!"

She could not trifle thus with her most solemn convictions, without severe rebuke from her sensitive conscience; and her soul was left pining amid the darkness, throughout the whole of the week, as we find by the following extract from a letter, written to her mother on the succeeding Saturday evening: "This head aches too hardly, and this poor body is too weary, to allow me to be present at teacher's meeting to-night; so, here, in my 'sanctum sanctorum,' I am seated, pen in hand, to fasten to paper a few desultory thoughts for your perusal. A better remedy this, you will say, for the heartache than the headache. My spirit is near you on this dear Saturday evening, which is, at home, a calm, quiet preparation-hour for the hallowed Sabbath; a holy time, when a hush is on the house, a soothing influence in the heart. When you have read thus far, I imagine you will say, 'there are shadows upon your path to-night, my child,' for you so seldom fail to discern the phases of a soul that can veil itself to others. Nor would I have it otherwise. It is consoling to feel that at least one human friend sees me, knows me, in all my unworthiness, and still loves. Yes, dear mother, there are some clouds in my mental horizon, but I own that they are the fruit of my own heart-wanderings from that source of happiness where I profess to find my constant supply. I have been drinking awhile at 'broken cisterns,' and, although my eyes are opened to see

their insufficiency, I am still sorrowful. I need not ask you, dear mother, to send up your prayer for me, that I may be made a partaker of that living water, of which, if a man drink, he shall never thirst."

The light for which she longed dawned upon her with the Sabbath morning; but the discipline had been severe, and was not soon forgotten.

The reader may ask: "Was she never playful? did she always write in a serious strain?" She had a quick appreciation of the humorous, and was oftentimes sprightly and buoyant in spirit; but this was the effervescence of her life, and of too subtle a character, in most cases, to fasten upon paper. She was always too sensitive in regard to her playful moods, and too much afraid lest her mirth should degenerate into boisterous folly.

In a letter, written to her mother but a few days after the above, she indulges in several pages of humorous description, but closes with an injunction not to expose this merry strain to another's eye. "There has always been a corner for nonsense in my brain. You, dear mother, are one of the favored few who enter it; please be careful to shut the door on going in and coming out."

Her term at New Haven was drawing to a close. She records that, although directing her own time, she had but twice broken in upon her regular hours for study during the whole term, and she had made great proficiency in her studies. She had been very partial to Latin and Greek, and had mastered a little German, but seemed to have no "natural affinity" for French, and only studied it to qualify herself as a teacher. The following, to her mother, is a little exaggerated, being written in a playful style, but in spirit it

betrays her estimate of the language: "The weeks I have spent here have passed so fleetly, that they would seem like a dream, did I not find myself often and involuntarily turning my thoughts into French, — into disagreeable, distasteful French, — that glides off the tongue so quickly there is no time for the *heart* to speak in it. I never could converse long in this language with one I loved. However, lest you think I neglect what I do not fancy, I will tell you what Mr. Roberti said at the close of yesterday's recitation: 'You improve day by day, mademoiselle. You compose with happiness.' This is as literal a translation as I can give you."

Her father and mother had several times visited her since she left them in the late spring, the distance being so short; and she had become so much attached to the place, that she almost clung to it as to a second home. There is something peculiarly fascinating, to a poetic nature, in the City of Elms. The noble old trees shut out the glare of the sun, and render the shaded walks well fitted for studious reflection and quiet thought. An air of contentment and calm repose broods like an atmosphere over the whole city. An unusually large number of tasteful and beautiful residences line the avenues, and they have about them the home-like aspect peculiar to the better class of New England country dwellings, but not often seen in the city. She had learned to love even the room she occupied, as the old patriarchs, in their wanderings, became attached to the scenes where they had received especial mercies from God. She planned to make a brief visit with some family friends at Wilton, before she returned to Avon, and her mother was expected to see her at New Haven before she left. In view of this pleasure, she writes: "How I long to see you, my dearest mother! How I should love to have

you again in my little room,—my little room, which so many, many *happy*, and some *troubled*, hours have made dear and sacred to me." She alludes, also, to the last meeting of the chorus. "Our C. C. C. met there for the last time. O, these *last times!* they wring some sorrow out of my heart, I assure you."

Amid these parting days came also one of her seasons of darkness. She "had allowed," as she says, "every thing to chafe and worry" her, and she forgot her usual refuge at the throne of grace. "This matter," alluding to one of the annoyances, "has had its influence in preparing for me a trial, which, without it, would have come soon. The hurricane which swept over my soul last week never will be forgotten. Ah, it is I who have wrapped my future in clouds. Once, the path of duty was clear to me as the day, and I felt ready to walk in it with courage and joy. But I undertook awhile to serve two gods, and then I lost my guiding star, and was left, like the creatures of John Bunyan's dream, to grope about on the hillsides, in thick darkness, stumbling over frightful skeletons of my old hopes. Out of this sad state, God, in mercy, delivered me; but I have never since been allowed to see clearly the way in which I am to go."

Alas! poor, sinful heart. This clear vision of her onward path, had made her too confident in herself, and too negligent of her only Guide; and God, in mercy, narrowed the vision, that she might be forced to lean wholly on his arm!

In parting from her dear New Haven friends, she reserved Emily until the last; and, fearing that when the farewell hour should come, her choking utterance might fail to express all that she would say, she poured out her heart in a letter, in

which are shadowed forth those poetical thoughts of the many *first* and *last times*, which, afterwards, were woven into verse.

"When I took my pen, my thoughts were full of the prospect of leaving New Haven. These last two weeks have been one continued good-by to me. And is this much-talked-of, oft-anticipated summer in New Haven ended? Yes. It seems to me like an episode in my life; a strange living-out of a dream, of which, at times, I can recollect no one feature; but the whole blended scene, like some work of the old artists, leaves an impression of deep, mellow beauty in the soul. O how much have I enjoyed, how much thought, how much loved, how much hoped, how much *suffered* (for with me this fourth clause is inseparable from the other three); and it is over — it never can be lived again. Were I to return here, and live a score of years, there could not be another 'first summer.' I doubt if there could be another adieu, such as I am saying now! The morning my dear mother left, as she turned from my room, I remarked: 'This is the last time we shall ever enter this room together; there is a last time to every thing on earth.' She simply answered, 'Yes, and a *first time*.' Ah! it is so many of these Alphas and Omegas, following in such swift succession, that have made my life, during three months past, so poetical, and some of it sadly so, too. You will think me visionary; and, having no talent at pleading, I undertake not to refute the charge. If I am so, reality only increases the tendency. And, in severing the ties that bind me here, — no, that can never be, — in taking leave of their outward representatives, I have left you to the last. Having first narrowed the circle, till the 'Chorus' alone remained, I have (one by one) reconciled myself to taking leave of them; all save Emily. To think that only once more I can listen to

your well-known ring at the door; only once more meet and clasp you in my arms; that soon, again, correspondence will be our only means of heart communion. * * * * * * * You say that 'it is harder to be left behind, than to go;' it is so, Emily. God above be with you, my darling; be better, and nearer, and dearer to you, than every thing else, and fit you, by every dark hour here, for the brightness of his presence hereafter. 'Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it.' Let us trust! Let us bless a loving Providence for all the pain of our lot. We have both of us learned some new lessons, some *hard* lessons. Did not He teach them to us? How know we but, when the next leaf in life's book is turned, the page will be an illuminated one? How know we that, in a little while, the rainbow will not span the cloud? As William Mountford says, in his Euthanasy, "Thousands of years I had to wait, before being born, so that to wait a short while before being blessed, is a little thing, very.'"

There are more farewell words in the same strain; but this will serve to show that, if she made but few friends, she deeply valued the few, and how her heart clung to every thing she loved. There was no hypocrisy in these passionate expressions of attachment; for, after the farewells had all been said, she spent an hour upon her knees, before the open window, pouring into the face of the gentle moonlight, and (may we not hope?) into the bosom of her God, all these yearnings of her heart.

CHAPTER IX.

The week that succeeded her summer at New Haven, Mary spent in a pleasant visit at the residence of her father's brother, at Wilton, Connecticut. He occupied the old paternal homestead; and, in addition to its many rural charms, not one of which was wasted upon one so keenly alive to the beauties of nature, the place possessed peculiar attractions for her, as the early home of her own dear father. In a quiet Saturday evening's chat with her journal, she thus describes her journey and reception; the date is August 9, 1851: "The close of another week brings me beneath the old roof, where my father spent his boyhood. I left New Haven at nine o'clock, this morning; came by railway as far as Norwalk, where myself and baggage were transferred to a private carriage, with cousin Henry as driver. We had a pleasant ride of seven miles, which brought us to Wilton, and to the low, white cottage, with its vine-wreathed porches and overshadowing fruit-trees, where my uncle resides. This is the old family dwelling-place; and, as I alighted from the carriage, I felt that where I stood, almost a stranger, my own dear father had played in childhood, or walked, with meditative step, in his early manhood. But I had little time for such reflections, ere a boisterous greeting from the house-dog saluted us, and the cordial 'How do you do?' of two tall boys at the gate, in whom I succeeded in recognizing my baby cousins, grown up, made me aware that something more than sentiment was expected of me. By this

time, my aunt appeared beneath the rustic porch of the 'end door,' and, giving Stephen and Bennie a hasty kiss, I met her extended hand in mine, received a hearty embrace, and, in less than fifteen minutes after, was discussing the bountiful dinner spread before me. The afternoon has been passed principally in answering numerous inquiries about friends at home. My uncle came home from his work at supper time, and joined his exclamations with the rest, at the change three years had made in my appearance. Towards evening, I took a walk, with Henry, upon the river's bank, in the rear of the house; then we had a chat for an hour or two in the parlor; and here I am, in the quiet 'spare chamber,' with its striped home-fashioned carpet, its little snowy-curtained toilette-table, its white-spread bed, its solemn, stiff-backed chairs, which seem to defy one to stir them an inch from their accustomed places, and that Sunday look pervading the whole which makes me walk with softened footfall, and peer cautiously into the depth of the long room, unilluminated by my flickering candle, or the moonbeams which struggle in through the low windows. There is one who ought to share all this with me, whom I left behind in her New Haven home, obliged to retract her promise of coming with me. My parting from her was sad, as, indeed, was all the last week of my stay in the city of elms, — a lingering good-by to the scenes and friends of the summer. I made a little call upon Grandma Stone, at the Park House, as she passed through the city on her way to Lyme; this was the brightest spot of the week. But I have not time to dwell upon the past; the candle expires, and, in dying, points to the bed. Soon, sunk in its downy folds, I sleep; pleasant thoughts, and anticipations of the week to come, flit across my mind as the heavy eyelids close."

Notwithstanding all this anticipated pleasure, the hours dragged toward the close, for she longed to be at home, and her spirits again rose, as she once more entered her beloved Avon. Her relish for home-pleasures never flagged, and, in whatever mood, no other place seemed half so dear. How like a household melody rung out the words which come from her full heart: "Home again, home again! dear and beautiful experience, how many times has it been mine, and each time how increasingly dear! Once more within the pleasant, shaded parsonage, surrounded by those I love best: this is real happiness." Awaking from this ecstatic dream, a few hours after, she adds, "I am weary, but looking forward to long days of soul-rest, heart-rest."

Her cup, however, was never long unmingled; and the reäction from the excitements of the past drew after it a train of melancholic musing. Ere many days had gone by, she writes to Emily: "I am very moody this week. Day before yesterday I was so full of joy, so very light-hearted, that I thought myself more than happy; yesterday was calm, serene, peaceful; to-day is sorrowful. I have felt as if in the fairy home of a dream; reverie has succeeded reverie. Can you wonder that I have been melancholy? All childhood has been my guest, and buried friends, and happinesses that have said 'good-by.' I have stood where those I love have stood before me: attitudes, looks, words, tones, glances long forgotten, have lived again. My own indiscretions, weaknesses, follies, sins have looked me in the face. And later days — O, Emmie! they have had their full share. Bitter cups have been drank again, *and the taste was bitterer at the second draught!* Moments of agitation have been passed through again, without the self-possession which endured them once;

very pleasant scenes have been remembered and longed after; and what had been mostly put out of mind has had a resurrection-day."

The reader who has followed her through these conflicting emotions, will catch a glimpse of her inner life, such as no words but her own could paint.

Soon the sunlight again shone out of the gloom, and how gladly she opened for it the dark corners of her heart! The difference between the light that aids the vision and that which gives warmth to the chilled soul is beautifully expressed in a simple question that occurs in a subsequent letter: "Is there sunlight in your heart, dear Emmie? If so, does it play faintly on the high places, *or reach down deep into the shadowy nooks!*"

Who that has been in darkness and gloom, does not sympathize with this delicious sense of light in the depths of the heart? What healing is there in its blessed beams! Hear the calm, sweet utterances of a wounded spirit again made whole: "The last rays of the first Sabbath sunset in the autumn of '51 are still lingering upon the range of mountains which bounds our eastern horizon. The day has been close and fervid, but the evening is mild, balmy, and delicious. I cannot see from my window the hues of the west, but only their reflection in the opposite sky. The moon is almost at its full, but, at this early hour, wears a pale, golden color. You are looking at it, dear Emmie, and perhaps you may be thinking of a place where there is neither sun nor moon, — a place lighted directly from the Fountain of light. So was I. *There*, ages upon ages hence, I shall walk with you, kneel with you, sing with you. Sometimes I doubt it, but not to-night. I have had troublous weeks, but the voices of

love and faith are loud now. Do I love any thing better than God? Sinner as I am, do not I long after holiness? Has not Christ offered me his salvation, and do not I gladly accept it? Will He suffer any who trust in him to perish? To these questions peace-speaking answers have sprung up in my heart to-day."

The reader will see that this sense of peace is no vagary of an excited imagination, such as sometimes lulls the soul, after a reäction of feeling, to a security fatal to its better life. It has sprung from the light of God's Word, let in to the depths of the soul, by an appropriating faith in Christ. It is the peace promised by the Master to them who love him, — at once a foretaste and an assurance of the blessedness to follow life's weary pilgrimage.

The whole of these autumn days were filled with deep thought, traces of which abound both in her journal and correspondence. Now, it is a description of a journey, which creates "an intolerable longing to travel;" and, as she contrasts the scenes pictured by her poetic imagination with the dull routine of her every-day life, she only schools her heart to submission with the hope, "that there will come a time when my feet shall rest upon the mount of God, and my eyes take in survey the glories of an universe." Chastened by this into present patience, she turns without disgust to her humble lot, and adds, with calm fortitude: "There is for me a plain, practical sphere of duty and influence; in it, with upright endeavor and quiet contentment, I will strive to go, nor seek to attain to things too high for me."

At another time, neither the peace or trust which breathe in these words are at her command, and then comes a sadder strain: "I have passed this afternoon uninterruptedly in sew-

ing, but the multitude of my thoughts consumes me. All, even to the most petty of my faults and the chagrins of my life, come up anew; the bitter remembrance fills my soul with anguish."

Alas! for our sinful nature; its deep-rooted evil is but slowly eradicated; and, as it is plucked from the heart, what sad wounds are made in the fibres to which it clings! It was grace alone that brought her, through those hours of anguish, to a purer life; for it was not morbid sensitiveness that mingled the bitter in the cup, but the struggle of the old native pride after the throne it had lost. Mary was conscious of this, for, with returning comfort, she writes to Leila: "Through struggles of soul, I have been led to feel that my own will *must* yield. O! my dear girl, you can never know what pride has entered into the deep recesses of my heart, and hid itself there, until you know by what a series of processes, with how much anguish and soul-torture the demon was, in part, at least, driven out!"

Amid all these contending emotions, she lost not her relish for the scenes and voices of rural life. We find her often threading her way to the mountain top, or sauntering along the river's bank, or, with pencil and paper, seated under the shade of the pines at Grove Hill, holding communion with the loved and absent, while her soul is strengthened by the healthful ministries around her. On one of those hazy autumn days, so beautiful in New England, she writes from her favorite seat: "I can hear no birds singing here to-day, but there is all that choir of insect minstrels, whose low music is so sweet a lullaby; and a cool soft breeze sways the dark pines, coming nearer and nearer, until it lifts my curls, and fans my cheek, and whispers lovingly in mine ear. I feel more inclined to lay aside my

paper than to fill it; to abandon myself to dreaming. * * * * Yesterday I saw a sweet baby buried. How beautiful, in its coffin, was that pure white face, the lips still colored as in life, the soft brown hair, the rounded arms and hands, so like alabaster, meekly folded and grasping a green leaf. It was put in the ground and covered with earth; that lovely little one, it will never open its blue eyes, or bring the dimples to its cheek, or clap its tiny hands again; never! Dust to dust, ashes to ashes; but there is no need of mourning. The child is cradled in heaven, even on the Saviour's bosom, and angel watchers will train it up for glory."

Mary had been very desirous of spending the winter in New Haven, and attending Prof. Silliman's course of lectures on chemistry and natural philosophy; but she would not tax the family purse with the attendant expenses, and no opening seemed to present itself by which she could at once support herself, and have the necessary leisure to profit by the proposed study. While on a visit to Oxford, near the close of September, she was proffered an opportunity to engage as an assistant teacher in Miss Morse's school, on York Square, New Haven, enabling her at once to gratify one of her dearest wishes, but bringing with it a sense of grave responsibility, which sobered her joy. At the close of the day, which opened this new field of vision, she sits in the deepening twilight with her journal in her lap, and we hear her saying: "The day is waning now. Grandma lies dozing on the sofa. The open hearth-fire sends out its flickering light, and casts broad shadows in the room. The blaze is low, but clear and steady; it speaks of *patient waiting* and *cheerful trust*, but it does not brighten up into *hope-light*. I will put by my writing and think."

CHAPTER X.

Mary entered upon her duties as assistant teacher at Miss Morse's school, in New Haven, on the 29th of September, 1851, nearly three months before her eighteenth birthday. One of her dearest friends had also been engaged as an assistant in the same school, and they enjoyed the privilege of sharing the same room, and were most intimate companions.

Before the first month had passed in this new sphere, she was suddenly summoned to Avon, to the bedside of her mother, who was alarmingly ill. The crisis was soon over, however, and the dear invalid convalescent, so that, after a week's absence, Mary again returned to her duties.

The sessions of the "C. C. C." were once more renewed, all the members being still at New Haven. Mary again took her place in the choir of Centre Church (Rev. Dr. Bacon's), and resumed her class in the Sunday-school; but in vain she sought to reünite all the ties which were broken at the summer parting. There was something very peculiar in her attachments; her first loves never could be replaced. New friends were tenderly loved, when her affection acknowledged them as within its select circle; new scenes made a vivid, and oftentimes a lasting impression on her mind; but neither could take the place sacred to the memory of any she had loved or consecrated in the past. It is not uncommon for school-girls to weep bitterly over the sundering of pleasant friendships, and to pledge their vows amid many tears, that

the sorrow shall be perennial. But the next term fills up the desolate place in the heart, and the grief is forgotten. It was not so with Mary, although her peace of mind would have been greater if such a forgetfulness had been possible. In her heart, the dead joy was buried on the spot it had consecrated while living, and its grave was hallowed ground, upon which no fresh hope might tread. She could not have forgotten, if she would; and such was the constitution of her mind, she would not, if she could, have blotted out the record of the past. The yearnings of her heart to recall the old emotions, as she returned to nearly the same scenes at New Haven, prevented her enjoying the buoyancy of feeling for which she had hoped, but she went resolutely at work to fulfil her prescribed duties, and soon found relief in employment. With what an eager longing did she always hail the dawning of the Sabbath, that day of weariness to so many of the young. "To-morrow," she says, under date of November 1st, "is the blessed, peaceful Sabbath. O! what an anchor to the soul, after a week's tossing and temptations. I am more and more convinced that it is proof of the noblest courage, the most self-forgetting heroism, to live our life aright!"

We have already alluded to her searching self-examinations. These were deepest when there came a cloud between her heart and the light of her father's countenance; but, on every occasion of disagreement with earthly friends, her thoughts took the same course. She was sorrowfully conscious of the reason why there were so few who fully sympathized with her, and seldom laid the blame of any little estrangement upon others. Her journal is full of illustrations of this statement.

Her intensest emotions were not expressed in words, and

she often signalizes the omission of a record in her journal as a period of feeling too deep for utterance. After a blank of this sort, she makes the entry: "I feel that it is wrong to let these days go by unjournalized; yet they leave a record deep in the heart, and will be more often and longer remembered than many of which I have written here."

Her heart was ever most tender when she was suffering, and she was never peevish or ill-tempered under physical prostration. Her recognition of the goodness of God, in hours of pain and sickness, was ready and constant. After a Sabbath of suffering, she writes: "It was lonely and sorrowful to be deprived of so many Sabbath privileges; yet many lessons fell gently on my heart, as I lay here upon my bed, which, if taught me at another time, would have seemed hard and bitter."

The exactness, punctuality, and thoroughness, which characterized her performance of daily duties, were owing, not so much to a habit of order, and a mind which had been well-disciplined in its training, as to an abiding sense of her accountability, for all her actions, to One whose eye was ever upon her. This is shown in almost every page of her record; which, however varied in expression, proves that she acted with a deep sense of responsibility. "Another day," she writes, in view of a November sunset, "is almost dead. Dead! did I say? No; there is a record-book in which its every moment lives!"

Still, it is easier to be a heroine before the gaze of an admiring world than in the battle with life's petty trials; and Mary felt this when her courage, which had borne her bravely through hours of bitter anguish, failed her in quieter scenes, after the excitement of sterner struggles was over. "For

whom," she writes of a dear companion, "I could lay down my life, but for whom (alas! humiliating thought) I have not laid down my selfishness."

The poetical element in her character surrounded her with an atmosphere peculiar to herself; so much was this the case, that one of her young friends remarked to her, "Your life is all a romance, wherever you go!" This union of the poetical and practical is not as unusual, perhaps, as those who recognize only the utility of the latter, are apt to suppose; but it was peculiarly striking in her character. She would take up the pen, while waiting for her class, to say: "The rain has descended in such torrents as to aid an active imagination in picturing the deluge. Here it comes, beating against the window panes in unabated force, bowing the skeleton trees, which, in the absence of their summer drapery, can no longer bend with grace;" and then, as the scholars entered, lay it calmly aside, and drill them thoroughly in the most abstruse arithmetical calculation.

This was a profitable season to Mary, in many respects. She gave excellent satisfaction to Miss Morse, the principal of the school, and acquired fresh aptness in her chosen vocation. The lectures, which had drawn her to the city, were very instructive to one who regarded study both as a duty and a privilege, and furnished her mind with information which she could have acquired, in its fulness, by no other method.

She had occasion, during this residence at New Haven, to bless God for one of his richest mercies. Her beloved companion, to whom her soul was knit as David's to Jonathan, who had been left to struggle away from hope amid distress and darkness, was once more brought back to light and peace,

She records it under date of November 23rd: "This has been, on many accounts, a blessed day. My dear Emma has at last, through struggles, and temptations, and terrible darkness, come to the yielding point; and, as she hopes, given up all to God. Whether this be, as she thinks, for the first time or not, I know it is a matter of endless thanksgiving to Him who has led her to Himself. The Lord Almighty bless and sanctify her; keep her near his side, and be her everlasting portion. And I, too; O has this taught me no lesson? Whose unmerited grace has kept me from despair? Who, despite all my wanderings, has daily led me, by His goodness, to repentance, and has kept alive within me the hope of victory over death and hell? O God, *my* God, what is man, that thou shouldest be mindful of him?"

As Mary did not return to her home until Christmas-day, when the term closed, her eighteenth birthday (December 5th, 1851,) was spent at New Haven. "I sprang from my bed," she writes at an early hour of that day, "just as the morning was growing gray, and, standing before my window, looked out, for the first time on a birthday since my childhood, upon Mt. Carmel, which guards the spot of my nativity." Later in the day she writes, in a subdued strain: "Eighteen years of my probation-time are passed. O! how short, and yet how long! Long in retrospect; short as compared with the Eternal future. How surely they have glided away, and left me only the remembrance. Years of infancy — dim and indistinct; years of childhood — beautiful, melancholy, ideal, unlike childhood; years of youth — O! how shall I describe them — full of struggles, the sufferings, the ecstacies, peculiar to a sensitive temperament; full of romances lived out, of aspirations unsatisfied, of dreams many, — and in all, I trust, of some experi-

ence of a deep and earnest strife after the good, and true, and noble. O! that I could lay down self to-day, and take it up no more for ever; that, henceforth, I could live as one who is to live immortally! The Lord hear my prayer, which goeth not forth from feigned lips!"

CHAPTER XI.

Mary returned to Avon, as we have seen, just in time to greet the dawning of the new year (1852) in her valley home. This was the dearest spot she had ever known; and her heart clung to it with the ties that were never fully severed, until all earthly scenes faded from her sight. But her heavenly Father, in his wise discipline, was chastening her heart, and preparing it for a better home, and thus he weakened her hold of earth that she might live more truly like a pilgrim, and be ready for her final summons.

She had received an intimation, while at New Haven, that the family might be obliged to seek a new resting-place. In spite of the most rigid economy, her father's resources were exhausted, and he felt that he must seek a new field, unless his people would furnish a sum sufficient for his support.

This announcement came upon Mary's heart like the knell of all the earthly joys she had ever known. "O! my dear Avon home," she writes unto her mother, who had briefly hinted at the possibility of a change: "I have thought of it much this day, and wept sorely. How hard it would be to break the ties which bind me to that spot; to see the parsonage, with its clustering vines and green shade-trees, in other possession; to see stranger faces looking out from its windows; to know that stranger footsteps are there; that stranger hands water the garden flowers and train the roses; that other than ourselves sit in each familiar room, walk each pleasant path-

way, linger in every spot, long consecrated to us by many associations! How trying it would be to come and go about the place no more, save as a permitted guest!" Then, schooling her feelings to the lesson so hard to learn, she adds: "But I need not think of this. What matter is it, since we hope we have a house in heaven, which will never change ownership and which is made ready for us. O! may we be sure of a reünion there; then we can endure change and parting and tears for a little while!"

There may be some readers who will wonder at the depth of this local attachment; but those who better understand the character here illustrated, will sympathize with her grief. Sensitive, poetic natures, if peculiarly blessed, are also the more keenly alive to pain. Besides, she was very constant in her attachments, and when she installed the loved image in her heart, she dreaded any change in its lineaments. "I dislike," she wrote on one occasion, "even what are called 'pleasant changes,' in the things I love."

The parsonage was dear to her, not only for all its thronging associations, but also (whose but a poet's heart would have defined such a feeling?) because these associations were hers *alone*, and not mingled with any other family history. In a letter to her cousin Mary, written in view of the uncertainty of the future, she says: "When will you be at liberty to make me a visit? When shall I be at home to receive one? Where will that home be? O Mary! you have never lived eleven happy years in one dear house, where *none other, before you, grew up from childhood to maidenhood,*— where the garden flowers and the rose-vines were those you had planted, trained, and watered; and you do not know what it is to have such a home, and feel that no other can ever be so precious."

We have another glimpse of the shadow of this coming separation in the history of a day, as recorded in her journal: "I seldom passed so quiet a day. I was reading 'Rose Douglass, or the autobiography of a minister's daughter.' Many of Rose's trials I could fully appreciate; some, thank God, I know not from experience as yet. Well may I say, *as yet;* for I, like her, must soon leave this dear and beautiful home, and think of it no longer as mine, but as a stranger's. I could not keep back the tears, as I read her vivid picture of the leave-taking. I walked with her through the bare, deserted rooms, and out into the little garden, and felt how soon this would be reality, instead of imagination, to me. And, alas! sometimes I tremble and grow dizzy, lest I too walk in the shadow of an eclipse, like that which darkened the life of Rose."

This shadow will deepen as our history progresses, and we need not notice it farther, now. Mary commenced anew the study of Greek immediately upon her return, under the tuition of her father, but conned many of her lessons by the bedside of her dear mother. All through the winter, and far into the bright spring, that mother alternated between distressing illness and the weakness of a partial convalescence; so that many, if not most, of the household cares came upon the daughter. These burdens were borne cheerfully, and her heart was lightest when she was most useful.

Labor with the hands, and the routine of household duties, did not, however, absorb her thoughts, even when she was thus occupied. Sometimes she analyzed every thought and emotion, and at others she gave herself up to the quiet enjoyment of a day-dream or a sensation, which she knew would fade or vanish, if questioned. As an apology for the latter, she writes: "I cannot tell why, indeed I want not to tell why;

for giving the reason of a feeling takes it partly away, as multiplying the denominator of a fraction divides its value."

During what she calls "a week of very quiet days," she records meditations and heart-searchings enough to show that, if the surface of the river was calm, the current of life was strong and deep. Now, it is her besetting sin which troubles her; and she forces herself to notice her shortcomings, that she may be more on her guard. "It is not one half-hour since I was betrayed into impatience, on account of some interruption while reading aloud. Where was the fault? In my own hasty spirit?"

At another time, she rebukes her heart for its tiresome pursuit of its own comfort. "I have been thinking what a *fatiguing* thing it is to make one's personal happiness the great aim of life." When heated in the struggle, she would turn for refreshment to her closet, to communion with nature, or to converse by letter with absent friends. "Write to me," she pleads with Leila; "write me soon. Your letters come like a breeze from some cool island, filling the heart with thoughts of quiet and peace."

A friend had given her, with an autograph, the motto, "Be patient; learn to labor and to wait;" and she accepted the injunction so earnestly, as to make it a means of practical usefulness to her in all her after life. She recalled this advice frequently during these days of quiet, unpretending toil. She could extract nectar from the most unpromising cup. Shut up within the house on a rainy day, when her lungs coveted the luxury of the fresh outer air, she writes: "I have sat by the window writing almost all this morning, and my eye has wandered often from my paper to the sky, where I have conned many a lesson. A rainy day — it is to us almost

whatever we please; it takes a hue from the coloring of our own thoughts. If we are practical, what a quiet time for diligent study or busy needlework. If we are dreamy, the patter of the rain-drops lulls us to a deeper vision, and away back to the dear past we glide, and walk the way from childhood up once more, or leap onward to the stirring future, and reap its harvest of labor, joy, and sorrow, while it is yet but seed-time. If we are sad, the pall of our own spirit enlarges itself to overspread nature; the tempest without seems to rise and fall with the tempest within. If we are joyful and hopeful, we forget not that, behind the clouds, a sun is shining as truly as in the brightest day; and we draw the analogy in the spirit's world, and smile, and take fresh courage."

When the search for sweets in unpropitious circumstances resulted in disappointment, she had diviner resources. If the volume of nature was sealed, she turned to the surer word of inspiration, saying to herself, "I must be more independent of external circumstances, and rely on them less for happiness."

She enjoyed during these winter days, with especial delight, the society of Rev. Joel Grant and his family circle at West Avon. Mr. Grant was the minister at West Avon, but three miles from Mary's home, and was especially esteemed by all his brethren of the Congregational churches for his sterling piety and sound practical sense which made him a very useful pastor. Mrs. Grant (the "Sister Abbie" to whom many of Mary's most affectionate letters were addressed) was much beloved by both Mary and her mother. She was older than Mary, but, from her peculiar sprightliness of manner, and frank, generous nature, her society gave a charm to the household circle of which the visitor never wearied. As children were added to the circle, they were dearly beloved for the parent's sake.

And the kindness received from these dear, constant friends, during many years of almost daily intercourse, made one of the brightest pages of Mary's history. Her journal records the most touching memorials of this kindness, and her appreciation of it in her daily devotions. She knew of no higher return for loving ministries than an invocation of grace for those to whom she was thus indebted. Would she bless a friend, she has no language but that of the Christian heart, and she often expresses it in words like these: "God bless you in every hour of your life and step of your journey; wisdom and grace and strength be your daily portion, and our Lord Jesus Christ your guide to the shelter of the Tree of Life."

Those who have had some experience of the many associations connected with the minister's "study," in a country parsonage, will not wonder at the following description, written during these wintry days, at the Saturday evening twilight: "But a calmer language, the medium of a calmer thought, befits better this forerunner of the holy Sabbath. I am sitting, too, just where he, who, to-morrow, if God will, shall proclaim to us the lively oracles, has sat and studied the Divine text-book. Yes, I am here in my father's precious study, where memory fans many a waning light within my soul, and feeds many a smouldering flame. O, could I tell you of all the scenes that have passed here! In this place I have been reproved for childhood's waywardness, have enjoyed all the luxury of dreamy and quiet communion with my own thoughts. Here I was examined for admission to the body of believers; here I have lain, sick and weary, trembling, lest health was gone for ever. To this place I have brought sin-convicted ones, and knelt with them in no vain prayer. Here, too, despite the sacredness of the room, I

have had many a hearty frolic. One such you remember; but 'tis not the only one. I have passed some sleepless nights here, too. But why should I trouble you with such a soliloquy?"

Some of her sweetest thoughts were by her mother's bedside. Her presence was ever grateful to the invalid parent, and her face, radiant with sympathy, was, in the mother's eye, brighter than the sunniest landscape. Let us peep into the world of thought, which sends out such a gleam from its illuminated windows. It is the journal, or "heart-book," as she quaintly calls it, over which her pencil glides softly: "The dear snow-fleece is drawing its veil between me and the outer world. The light in the room is softened for mother's sake, — sick mother, who lies on the lounge amid blankets and cushions. How sorry I am for her aches and her pains! How trying it is to be unable to relieve from suffering those whom we love! Strange! that it should be harder to give them into the arms of God's love, because he will not employ us to dispense his healings! I ought to write a letter to Leila this P. M., but I do not feel in the mood for it. I would like to sit and dream a little, if it were good for me, and build castles on the arrival of the evening mail. I would like, still better, to pay a spiritual visit to each of my friends, and catch them at their work or study or recreation or musing, and be at liberty to read the page just now being filled out upon their heart-book. Yes, indeed I would; but, unfortunately, the union between soul and body is too intimate, and all I can do is, to send out my dove, like Noah's, to make exploring expeditions; and, if Fancy brings back an olive-branch from some with whom she often wages war, I shall be quite satisfied!"

These day-dreams filled up only the hours of vacation.

Household cares had their due attention; and, when not pressed with these, she says: "Greek and embroidery have filled up my day; only one instance of the extremes which daily meet, and walk lovingly side by side."

Sometimes sins distressed her, for her conscience was very tender, and she was still haunted by temptations from without and within. Whenever she was in trouble, however, we have no difficulty in tracing it to the outworkings of a heart, as yet but imperfectly sanctified. "I am lonely and distressed," she records. "I rose with an unusually happy and energetic state of mind, and was much strengthened in morning prayer; but I seem to have lost the good influence in some way, for this afternoon has been poorly improved. In the morning, I studied vigorously; after dinner, I undertook to revise a little poem of mine, and became chafed and fretted in spirit, and the task is still uncompleted."

Ah! thou deceitful heart! Was it not trusting in the "good influence" of the fair morning's promise, instead of the present grace, that should have followed thee through the day, which left thee unarmed to meet the temptation? In bitterness, repent of this self-righteousness, and come humbly back to the only safe shelter!

This impatience with the imperfections of her poetic compositions was a temptation to which she was frequently subject. She wrote prose with such remarkable facility that, when her thoughts would insist on uttering themselves in verse, she was seldom satisfied with the result. Had she lived for longer practice, she would doubtless have had less reason for dissatisfaction, for, in the style to which she was accustomed, it was no effort for her to write. The pen was a talisman that had power to beguile her of many a weary thought.

She speaks of the pleasant exchange of the needle for the pen, "It is so delightful to feel its swift gliding motion over the paper, unfettered by fear of stitches showing through!"

Let no one suppose that these dreamy reveries, or poetic longings, made her life a vain show, filled only with yearnings after an ideal never to be realized. Let us follow her to her Saturday evening closet, and hear the conclusion of a day-dream. It is near the last of these winter-days, and the wind howls without, but there is no chill at the place of prayer. She is, just now, talking with her journal: "I have lived dreamily, yet performed my usual duties with alacrity. My heart is its own constant romance. Perhaps I indulge fancy too much, yet it seems as natural to me as to breathe. On this eve of the blessed Sabbath, O! let me call in my restless thoughts, and hush my soul into a holy peace. Let the calm of the approaching day rest upon me, like a heavenly benediction. Let me take the book of God, and read its blessed lessons, till I catch the spirit of that faith, which sees God's sunshine above the clouds; that Christian courage, which quails not in the battle of life; that glowing zeal, which no waters of adversity can quench; that lowly humility, which walks ever near the cross. Let me kneel in secret, and confess the week's catalogue of sins, and acknowledge the mercy that has been new every morning and fresh every evening. And O, thou Divine Saviour! without thee, the labor will be useless; do thou prepare my heart to keep thy Sabbath day!"

CHAPTER XII.

It is spring once more; Mary's last spring in Avon. We have seen how closely she sympathized with nature; each season awoke its own memories, brought its own teachings, was linked with some portion of her heart-life. The first warm breath of this season (1852) came prematurely in early March, and she writes of it: "O Emmie! have you enjoyed the glory of this day's morning, and are you feeling the beauty of its evening? The first touch of spring seems to rest on every thing; the cloud-hues are softer, the sunlight is more genial, the breath of the wind is balmier, the lilac-buds are swelling. Though I know that black dreary days are between, the heralds of summer are whispering to me, telling me about the fragrance of the first sweet flowers, and the songs of the robin. I feel very happy, and summer memories come thronging upon me from the 'long ago' of childhood, when I lay in the deep grassy yard of my brief Litchfield home, and, looking into the heights of blue above me, forgot to weave the dandelion curls, to the last cool August, spent amid the quiet and beauty of this dear valley." She did not saunter off to meet the spring, with truant feet, forgetful of what some might designate as life's more practical duties. The day whose outgoings were so filled with happy reveries was ushered in as follows: "I rose with the earnest purpose of being practical and energetic. After breakfast, 'set in order,' according to the technical meaning of the term, my own chamber, the dining-

room, and mother's; next occupied two hours in learning and reciting Greek, then baked cake, and ate my dinner at one o'clock."

She often accompanied her father in his parochial visits, and her earnest sympathy was especially grateful to the poorer of the flock. She thus describes a 'baptism on the mountain,' in the home of a most worthy and excellent family; the rite being administered in private, owing to the dangerous illness of one of the infants:

"This forenoon, father was called to the house of a parishioner, three miles distant, to baptize his infant children, and took me with him.

"The family tenant the house on the Mountain estate. Our ride was wild and romantic up the mountain-side, through the snowy fog of the morning, and for about half the distance along the summit of the ridge, was over unbroken snow. I could not help fancying that I was riding over Scottish hills, though a glance at the cedars and pines, which over-arch and fringe the road, taught me better. We found it raining on the mountain-top; still the cottagers were expecting us, and welcomed us with the simple cordiality and respect peculiar to their race; for they are Scotch, — a reality which helped my imagination not a little.

"The ceremony of baptism was solemn and touching; it was administered to twin boys, a fortnight old, the tiniest babies I ever saw. That scene, in a lonely little group, I shall not soon forget. The pale mother in her easy chair, looking on with tearful eyes; the mother's sister, with her quiet, softened manner, as she handed the babes to their father; the strong man, whose lips quivered while he held them in his arms to receive the seal of the covenant; the earnest voice of

the minister, as he pronounced the solemn words of consecration; and my own feelings, as we knelt in prayer, are still vivid in my memory."

How often have conscientious persons, of a romantic temperament, asked themselves such questions as are suggested in the following extract, and found it difficult to answer them to their own satisfaction? "Emmie, do you remember Nathalie's remark to Sister Rose, about keeping 'the sunshine of the heart ever around that cold, stony ruin, Reality?' Is it not wise in a more exalted sense than she means it? Does religion require us to dull the glow which an imaginative spirit is peculiarly apt to cast about every thing? May not such a nature, wisely trained and controlled, directed in its brightest fancies and highest aspirations to the things which pertain to the kingdom of God, be even better adapted, than the more strictly practical, to shed the light of a holy and beautiful cheerfulness around the performance of every duty, however unpleasing or apparently trivial? It is a question I have pondered much of late."

As the sunny days, harbingers of summer, alternated with the cold and sleet peculiar to the New England climate, the remembrance of past bereavements and disappointments, nearly all of which had come with the spring, would wring a burst of anguish from her heart. "Ah! fond but vainly sad remembrances," she would cry, "pressed closer to the heart at every pang they inflict. Mine is a soul, learning patience in the chains of circumstances. O for the country where youth is eternal, and growing wisdom does never bring the heartache!"

At other times she could look up and trust, even in the darkness. She writes to Emmie: "I have been thinking much of the quotation in your letter, 'The shadow creeps, and creeps,

and is always looking over the shoulder of the sunshine.' How true it is; how easily said it is; and yet, many things in this world are like that famous shield of olden story, golden on one side and silver on the other. Now, we might say, shadows are of the earth, not of the sky. Above them all, above even the clouds which cast them, is sunshine pure and radiant. Perhaps these shadows are of our own procuring, caused by something we erect or hold up. If we would away with the shadows, we must see that no work of our hands comes between us and the glorious sunbeams.

"But again; perhaps they are the shadows God's own hand hath cast, because their darkness and coolness favor the task he has set us, or bring back the feverish pulse to its wonted calm beating. If they are *such*, they should be precious shadows to us, for the contrast shall make more delightful to us that land of 'sacred, high, eternal noon.'"

After alluding, at another time, to a season of darkness, she adds: "But generally I keep trustful and hopeful. At any rate, I know I have one dear friend who has travelled this ground as well as I; yes, and found more 'sloughs' in it, perhaps. I feel very secure of your sympathy. Do you ever think how different from any other is the sympathy which *experience* prompts? There may be no more affection with it, but there is a peculiar charm in it, a depth of sincerity and appreciation, which does not lie under the fellow-feeling of one who has not enjoyed or suffered the like." It is to this feeling in our hearts the Great Friend appeals, who suffered in all points, and by every woe which can wring the Christian's heart.

The same thought is expressed in another connection. "Julia is a dear good girl, and I have learned to prize her

very much this winter. I know you would admire her Christian character if you were well acquainted with it. Her tender conscientiousness and deep sincerity often reprove me. The longer I live, the more earnestly I believe that there can be no very deep and lasting friendship, which is unhallowed by Christian fellowship."

It was during this spring that she lost another friend, a young minister, to whom the family were much attached. After alluding pathetically to the last sermon she heard him preach, she adds: "Heaven is growing dearer to me every day; every day I am sick of sin and self. But I lean securely on Jesus; and, though I often grieve him, as often he forgives. I feel that he loves me with an everlasting love, and that he will never leave me nor forsake me. Many a time the language of my heart is, with a new and strange intensity, 'Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon the earth that I desire beside thee?' Every new disclosure of evil in my heart; every hard and weary struggle to resist it; every piercing of the thorns which grow about my life-track, make me long for that better country, where sorrow and sighing, change, sickness, parting, death, and sin, shall be shut out forevermore."

Recalling, in May, an incident which occurred a twelvemonth previous, she exclaims, "How short a year! How filled with importance in so many respects! How strange and dreamy a year; how painfully practical at times; but how golden-hued, as the evening shades fall upon it!"

On the 1st of June, Mary made a brief visit to Oxford, the home of her mother's childhood. As she passed through New Haven, she found Emmie and Lottie waiting at the depôt to catch a moment's converse ere the cars went on. A

smile, the pressure of a friendly hand, or a loving embrace were more to her than to many others; they seemed to hover around her for hours afterward, like a sensible presence, and she notes, in her description of the incident: "A subtle fragrance made the rest of my journey sweet. I did not wish to analyze it; I only knew that I had lacked it before I felt the warm pressure of their lips and arms."

Mary had passed many days of her childhood under the care of her dear grandparents; and, though one chair was now vacant beside the hearthstone, she still enjoyed the quiet and freshness of the scene. The following is the first entry in her journal, the day after her arrival:

"Here, in this little basin, scooped out from the lofty hills by the hand of the Great Artist, the sounds of the humdrum world of business and of pleasure are quite excluded. The twittering of the birds in the orchard-trees, invites us to the poor man's opera, where nothing is demanded to insure the enjoyment but a sensitive soul. This place is beautiful to me; the charm of my dear and pensive childhood lies upon it. The charm of what was an earthly, but is now a heavenly presence, environs the other. O! my dear, dear grandpa! his fervent prayer, his sweet sympathy, his loving smile, his wise and gentle counsel, are lost to me for a lifetime. Death only can restore him to me. Life, with its freshness and beauty may bless me, but it cannot bring back what has passed beyond the veil. I have been to his grave this afternoon. The text engraved upon the tombstone sweetly comforted me, 'I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness.'"

Oxford Centre is surrounded by rugged hills, with patches of fertile soil, wherever the rocky surface will afford it a quiet resting place; and, rough as it is, has even to the eye of the

stranger, much natural beauty. To Mary, it was associated with most hallowed memories, and every feature of its landscape had a charm for her poetical imagination. Writing from the brow of an overlooking hill, she thus describes it: "The picturesque village; the bold, uneven ridges that shut it in, with all their depth and varied hue of foliage; their slopes, checkered with green, waving fields, and dark furrowed ground; the little pond, silvery with the rays of the setting sun, make a beautiful picture. My companions admired it and expressed their admiration, yet there was in them some subtle lack of sympathy with my emotion, which I cannot explain. I am too nice, too fastidious. And yet I know of two persons who would have gazed at it almost silently with me, with only one, earnest glance, or a low word, or a single enthusiastic ejaculation. My dear mother, and my dear Emmie, I wanted you here!"

She was never disgusted with nature in its homeliest form, and this gave value in her eyes to many a simple story, which professional critics condemned as beneath their notice. Speaking of such a book, she says, "Its charm lies in the very naturalness and truthfulness and homeliness of the whole tale."

Her journal is chiefly written in such a style, and many pages which would seem common-place to one of a different temperament, have this charm for a sympathizing reader. There is this exception, however, that, along the commonest thoroughfare of her daily life, we ever and anon discover glimpses of a more exalted vision. Take the page open before us, from which we have just cited the description of the Oxford valley. It is another day, and she has been anxiously watching the unfavorable weather, for her young brother has

driven over from Avon with a message, and is waiting to return:

"The day is cloudy and misty for some time after my waking, and finally the rain tumbles down. Willie hesitates about leaving in such disagreeable circumstances, but, mustering counsel and resolution, at last dodges away between the shower. We all turn weather-watchers during the day, for his dear sake. I sew and sew upon my dress-waist, and finish it in the early evening. Life within my heart is also sombre and shadowed. I quiet myself; no, I *excite* myself, by a long train of thought upon the marvel of that spiritual atmosphere which places those who breathe it above the clouds and the tempests of our changeful sky."

These sombre thoughts came oftenest when her eyes were trying to peer into the future of her earthly pilgrimage, and it may be that she indulged them too much; but she was very quick to school her heart, when the "perhaps" threw its gloomy shadow over present duty. Just before leaving Oxford, she writes: "As I sit in this lonely chamber, my thoughts run forward, with electric speed, to the possibilities of the future. Perhaps I shall never see this hallowed spot again; perhaps, if I do, it will have passed to stranger hands. O! sad, tormenting *perhaps*,—ever thrusting thyself as a guest, invited or no,—hearest thou not whence the voice cometh: 'Take, therefore, no thought of the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

"The stagecoach heaves in sight. I hang for a moment upon grandma's neck, kiss all the dear ones, and whirl away from Oxford. At Seymour, I exchange horse-power for steam, and am soon on my way to New Haven. I lean my head against the car-window, and look out upon the wild scenery, which is lighted up by such gay sunbeams. Now we wind on the very verge of the Naugatuck's precipitous bank, in a line almost perpendicular to the blue river. I feel an adventurous, witching kind of fear. I peep out of the opposite window, and see the bank still towering above me, a steep ridge of rock. I turn back to my first lookout. Beyond the water is a second bluff, wealthy with evergreen beauty. So my eyes flit hither and thither for a while, till the connection between them and my thoughts is broken. I become very quiet, sitting alone and dreamily in my seat. I have searched for the place of my destination before the iron steed is there; and it is not that little green nook which we fly past that brings the swift smile; it is not this dusty sand-plain over which we now rattle that raises a sigh. No; *yonder*, beneath the shadowing elms, scenes and faces, old or prospective, must answer for both."

This letter fully explains itself. Mary spent three or four days at New Haven, the guest of her Aunt Anna, her father's sister, then a widow and living in that city. How thickly the old memories came thronging about her, is shown by the

many pages in her journal devoted to this brief period. Emmie and Lottie were her daily companions, and they visited together many of the old familiar scenes, and poured out their hearts to each other in unrestrained communion. Many of her old pupils came to see her, and hung about her neck, as if they had just unsealed the fountain of their affection. Every tree, every turning of the street, brought back the past with a lifelike reality. Even the sunlight that streamed through the window, in Miss Comstock's parlor, seems to have been eloquent with the same utterances. "The gold light on the carpet spoke softly and earnestly to me. O! how many times I have listened to it before, and it always retained that wondrous power of soothing. How it used to talk to me in the morning, as I first met it there, and at the mellow eventime. How it smiled that Christmas morning, when I couldn't smile at all!"

It was during this brief visit at New Haven that she received from Emmie the first positive announcement of her betrothal to one whom they had both known since her first residence in the city. She does not reply with a light jest or a gay laugh, but folds her silently to her heart, and enters in her daily record, "God bless her evermore. It has long been my daily prayer: this day I lay a new petition beside it, and number another name in that precious list, which is counted over morning and evening."

On the 15th of June, 1852, Mary went to New York, upon the invitation of her maternal uncle, a resident of Brooklyn. The discomforts of a summer ride upon the New Haven railroad are too well known to need lengthy description, and many will recognize the picture:

"The ride is vastly uncomfortable, — dust on my clothing,

dust bronzing my face, dust choking my breath, dust blinding my eyes, like a cataract; dust here, dust there, dust everywhere; with a dry, suffocating heat, which provokes me to open a window, at the risk of sheltering a homeless cinder in my organ of vision; and I arrive, as warm, as soiled, and as tired as is needful for a good picture."

She arrived at the time of the Kossuth excitement, and her heart was thrilled with his wonderful eloquence, and her enthusiasm kindled by his glowing description of his country's wrongs. Still, with an instinctive appreciation of his position and prospects, she pictured his failure in words of prophecy, which have since become history.

Of course she visited Greenwood; and we are tempted to give a brief extract from her record of it, at the risk of wearying those who have heard the changes rung upon this theme, in almost every variety of human utterance:

"I have just returned from beautiful Greenwood, charmed, of course, though perhaps a little less so than I had expected. My first rapt meditations, as I stood by the grave of the Indian girl, and looked down upon the silver lake and the forest beyond, were broken by an untimely exclamation from my companion. I maintained my silence, and was soon lost in reverie again. I looked on all, with the curious eye of a stranger. Others, near me, bent weeping over cherished graves. How great the contrast! In this silent city I held no ownership; no form I once had loved was there crumbling into dust. Ah! I had chosen a sorrowful theme. My heart wandered to other kindred spots, which it could not enter without a throb of pain; and, as I wound along those shaded walks, and paused to look out upon the ocean waves, the gratification of the eye and fancy was almost lost sight of in

deeper musing. The beauty, the bloom, the new life of this month of June, is singularly soothing at Greenwood. These thousand varieties of roses, all expanding to loveliness and perfume, a little while ago were sere and dead, and white with a veil of snow. The imagery now is all hopeful; 'I am the Resurrection and the Life' comes home to the soul with peculiar power.

"The cemetery is vastly more cheerful than Mt. Auburn; and yet I like the somberer ground best. A gentleman asked me, this evening, if to be buried in Greenwood were not 'worth dying for?' Ah! when my body shall need an earthly resting-place, let it not be even in the deepest shades and quietest nooks of that 'city of the dead,' but somewhere more apart from the eye and step of the curious and the indifferent visitor. Let not so many feet hurry heedlessly by it; let not so many eyes look upon it, and never moisten!"

The many objects of interest in the great city were all visited and duly examined; but nature ever claimed her sympathy more than art, and her excursions to various beautiful localities in the vicinity of the metropolis, appear to have given her the highest pleasure. She thus describes her vision from the heights of Hoboken;

"Across the river lay the pile of brick we had left behind us, with all its possessions of wealth and wretchedness, grandeur and filth, its fever of trade, its costly edifices, its nominal princes, its depths of vice, its sorrow-stricken poor, its whirl of fashion, — a world in miniature, —like the great world, a mingling of extremes.

"I turned my eye away from it, far up the broad blue Hudson, where white sails leaned lovingly against the azure sky,

framed in by the dark, green cliffs; and, far down, past bustling Jersey city, to that gate of the open sea, through which, dim and distant, I could discern the outward-bound vessels, as they sailed onward to the pathway of the great deep."

The reader will see, in this, the strong beating of a heart which had little sympathy with artificialities, and could not be captivated by the whirl of a great city. In answer to a question upon this subject, she writes: "Missing here the congenial intercourse with kindred spirits, and the hallowing influence of mountains, forests, fields, and gardens, I rejoice in the experience that the soul has deep, shady nooks within herself, where she may retire; and, shaking off the dust from her outer garments, breathe the free, pure air of a better region, and soothe her fretful throbbing by the side of the river of the water of life, which floweth down to man from the throne of God. If you have imagined, in my letters, any giddy sympathy with what is tinsel and dross, you have, let me say, misapprehended me; think you I could live on lozenges?"

And, to another correspondent, she writes in nearly the same strain: "I am longing for the country now. There is health to my soul in the breath of its breezes, the depth of its shade, the fragrance of its incense-flowers, and the thousand voices which talk to me there on every side. There the fretful and feverish world is easily shut out; and the nobility, the purity, the calm of a better atmosphere, are drawn around the soul, and creep within it. You are in the midst of this, and I am imprisoned by tall brick walls and columns of dust."

Mary had promised herself much pleasure in hearing the celebrated preachers whose praise is in all the churches; but, as her visit was during the usual summer vacation, she was

sorely disappointed. After alluding to her regret in having missed the opportunity of hearing either Dr. Storrs or Mr. Beecher, she thus describes her impressions of Dr. Bethune:

"Yesterday morning I listened to a most excellent sermon from Dr. Bethune, on the text, 'Behold he prayeth.' It was rich in beauty of thought and expression, and full of practical earnestness. Sweet consolation, pungent reproof, heavenly counsel, fell from the speaker's lips by turns; and each were enriched and enforced by many apt, precious, Scripture quotations. None of these impressed my mind more deeply than the words of the royal poet: 'Trust in Him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.'

"Let us follow the dear command. What could be more soothing? Trust in Him at all times,—trust Him while the flush of health and youth are on the cheek,—trust Him when the shadows of evening shall come,—trust Him when gladness lights the eye,—trust Him when weeping dims it,—trust Him when the days of life flow calm and even,—trust Him in the heat and the din of battle,—trust Him while warm hearts beat generously back to ours,—trust Him when none save the Divine heart of infinite love answers our craving for sympathy,—trust Him when our earthly garments begin to unclasp, and we feel the cold spray of the dark river, and all things slip from our grasp as we stand waiting upon the brink,—trust Him, for He shall bring us home, with songs and crowns of rejoicing."

The Scripture quotation, upon which she thus enlarges, clung to her memory most faithfully; for, the day before her return home, she enters in her journal; "Weary of excitement, long-

ing for peace and rest, I gladly fly back to my dearest of homes. To-morrow, to-morrow! O thou to-morrow, the near and the distant, what hast thou in store for me? My weak self, — trust in Him at all times, pour out your heart before Him!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Mary returned to her home, July 7, 1852; and began a resolute search for an opening, through which to enter upon her chosen sphere of labor. She was not yet nineteen, but was far more mature in mind and character than most persons of that age; and her parents did not attempt to dissuade her from the purpose she had formed. Her father's salary was too slender for the support of the family; and, as already stated, his patrimony was exhausted in the service of the Avon parish, and he was about to seek another field of labor. Her brother was acquiring an education, and each year the expenses of his school-life necessarily increased. This was no unforeseen emergency; for several years she had looked forward to such a crisis, and prepared herself to meet it. She already knew something of the ruggedness of the way she had chosen, and she could not subdue her sensitive heart to stoicism; but she still went bravely on. While preparing for the greater self-denial in the distance, she did not fill her hours with present repinings and vain regrets. She knew full well that the only way to prepare for future victory was to fulfil present duty with a patient courage and a cheerful zeal. Writing to Leila, whose future, like hers, was lost amid the shadows that covered the hill-side up which their pilgrim feet must struggle, she says: "I trust you have passed a happy day, in the quiet performance of many a duty. Things which sometimes seem to us plain and uncongenial and useless are not so in reality.

In the eye of God there existeth no such thing as *a trifle*. Whatever he giveth us to do becomes a high and holy duty, worth doing well and bravely. Is it not so? You and I have some thorns in our pathway: an easier road, my dear Leila, might spoil us. Courage, then! Rest will be sweeter after toil."

Alas for the weakness of our humanity! This battle-shout was a little too confident; and the next, only a day later, was in a more subdued strain:

"I am faint-hearted to-night, my Emmie. O that, like a tired child in its mother's arms, I could sink into the arms of Jesus, and lie there to rest. A life before me,—I must enter it, struggling and self-relying, to speak humanly. Alas! I feel a-weary; and I forget, sometimes, that the Everlasting Arms are underneath me still, and that the Unsleeping Eye will watch over me when friends are far away. And the work, the suffering, the endurance! O my own shrinking, erring heart! One passage of the Holy Word comforts me. 'To those who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, and honor, and immortality, eternal life.'"

This was not a cry from the depths, else would not this cheering promise have answered it so speedily. It came, however, from the vale, where there was no exultant joy. The comfort and peace, prefigured by the humble truthfulness in the promise, soon came. In answer to Leila, who had written that the sunlight was as bright in her inner as her outer world, Mary replies:

"It is a blessed thing, dear Leila, this 'sunlight'! God keep it in your heart forever. It is far from night in my own soul; but, did you ever contrast the fresh, dancing light of a morning in May with the soft, mellow ray of an October

evening, stealing upon you through deep, many-colored forest vistas? The sun is the same, but you would not recognize it. Every blade of steel must be tempered ere it is fitted for the battle-field; and, in each trial, whether exclusively my own or endured for others' sake, I feel that God has a design."

The month that followed was one of such excitement, such alternations of hope and disappointment, while she was seeking an avenue of usefulness, that she could not bring her pen to execute its office, and her journal was all untouched. The question was at last decided, and she opens a new volume, with this modest preface:

"Thoughts far too vague for other ken than mine,
And subtle feelings I alone divine,
And inmost views of what I see without,
And hopes, whose basis I myself may doubt,
And fears that to another follies seem,
And all the soul's deep yearning, and wild dream,
And her strange fancies, light as summer cloud,—
All sorrows underneath which I am bowed,
All joys that make my heart leap like the rill,
Or, like a river, flow full, deep, and still,
Shall find, whene'er they choose, within this book
A hiding-place, where none save me may look!"

The interval which preceded this entry we cannot better describe than in the after record which her own pen made of it. We omit only a few minor details:

"Before commencing my usual order of daily record, it seems to me desirable to go back a few weeks of my life, and notice some events, which are to me quite important. In July last, I became engaged to take charge of a school in Montgomery, N. Y.; but, through some misunderstanding on the part of my employer, the contract was broken ere the

time arrived for leaving home, so that for several weeks my course was all undecided. At that time, I received a visit from Emmie. In the midst of it, a letter came from Uncle David, summoning me to New York to meet a Mr. D——, from Baltimore, who was in search of a teacher. I was obliged to go alone; but, circumstances all proving favorable, I accomplished the journey, and formed an agreement to teach in Baltimore. I went to New York on Saturday, and returned the following Monday. After a brief visit with Emmie, at Manchester, I had but a little more than a week in which to prepare for my new residence.

"Such is the *scheme* of those weeks. To fill it out would be utterly impossible. My poor heart was in continual struggles and tears and watchings, yet I appeared outwardly controlled and cheerful. Besides the pain of parting from those I love, and going afar to a city in which I knew not a single human face, I had the sorrow of feeling that I should not return again to my Avon home, and of bidding a long farewell to our friends, the Grants, who leave for Illinois the next month. There were, also, minor trials, of which the time has gone by to speak, but which took a deep hold upon me, and have not yet all relinquished their grasp. The bitterness of that sorrow I can never forget. I thank my God that he led me very tenderly through it, and did indeed set my foot upon a rock.

"Amid the many mercies I have to record, not the least is the gift of a new friendship. It is nearly two months since I received a complimentary note from 'Helen Irving,' the editress of the Ladies' Wreath. It was called forth by the appearance of a little poem from my pen, entitled, 'The First Time.' This note opened a correspondence between us, each

retaining for a while her *nomme de plume.* In so little time, the interest at first excited, had warmed into a dear affection, and disguises were laid aside. Yet, with Miss Phillips' permission, the name by which I first knew her, — the name of Helen — will dwell oftener and more sweetly on my lips than 'Anna.'"

Mary left home for Baltimore on the 3d of September. She had engaged as principal English teacher in Mr. D——s boarding and day school, at a salary of $300 per annum, together with a home in his family. Her first missive home was commenced in the cars, while scarcely out of sight of the Avon valley, and is so characteristic, that we extract the opening page:

"Canal Railroad, September 3d, 1852.

"Dear Father and Mother, —We have just left Plainville depôt, and are whirling along with such a swift, irregular motion, that all my letters must look like those unsuccessful attempts to imitate the elementary copy of 'hooks,' which I remember long ago, back in my dear childhood's school-days. Nevertheless, I am happy to take out pencil and paper to beguile the way, and to commence thus early that correspondence which must be our solace during a long separation.

"This trial of parting from you has weighed heavily upon me for so long a time, — has been so often wept over 'in secret places,' that the whole force of it did not fall upon me this morning, and I felt in some measure prepared to meet it. I was, indeed, very sad, and it was hard to keep back the tears as much as I did; yet I did not have the sinking feeling which I have sometimes experienced. My spirit is *steeped* in courage and patience; why should it not be? The noblest and the sweetest motives urge me to be strong. The cry of

my heart is unto God, — 'Show me the way wherein I should walk, for I lift up mine eyes unto thee.' And He never disappoints the soul that waits on him; none of them that trust in the Lord shall be desolate.

"I expect to work hard, to lay myself out for my pupils, to meet the wishes of my employers, and thus to add my mite of pecuniary ability to the family treasury."

She had all along taught her heart to respect the injunction, "to labor and to wait;" and, now that she is setting out in her work, it is pleasant to note that she does not falter, and that she enters the field with the high resolve still upon her lips. On the steamboat, with the scene of her labors almost in sight, she continues her 'pencillings by the way': "I notice, as we pass near the shore, that the maples are beginning to put on their autumn dress; this reminds me of days and months to come, — of the long year before me, and, of life. I hear a cry in my heart, sad, yet earnest, 'I will learn to labor — yea, if it must be so — to *wait*.'"

CHAPTER XV.

Mary's first day in Baltimore was the Christian Sabbath. Peacefully its light dawned upon her in her new home, and she was much interested in the preaching of Rev. Dr. Backus, whose church the family attended. But the holy atmosphere to which she had been accustomed on this blessed day was wanting; and, pining for sympathy, she could only turn to her closet, and pour out her thoughts before God. The French teachers, Mons. and Mme. B., were pleasant companions, but were both Roman Catholics, and lived much by themselves. Mary's first impression of the tone of piety in the family may be gathered from the following extract taken from the first letter written to the home circle, on the evening of her first Lord's day at Baltimore:

"If I ever felt shut up to the necessity of a heart-communion with my heavenly Father, without much aid from what is external, I do to-day. Again and again I have cried, 'My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.' Sad enough I am to feel that there is little of the atmosphere of spiritual Christianity in this new home. There has been no family worship yet, and a very brief blessing asked at the table is the only thing savoring of religion. The talk at dinner was about the old scholars and their different peculiarities; the number of people at the Springs; the time when they would return; the mention of the last ball at Newport; and about a man who attaches himself to no denom-

ination, but is a 'universal Christian,' and much admired as a preacher. O mother, mother, God give me grace to live in this place!"

But it was not alone on the Sabbath that she missed the healthful influences of the home circle; and she soon came to regard the rest and quiet of that day as a welcome treasure, in contrast with the less grateful atmosphere which prevailed during the week. We extract in this connection part of her first letter to Leila, as it gives a glimpse of her surroundings in her new home.

"Baltimore, Sept. 6, 1852.

"My Dear Leila,—"When I have said these three words, I have told you all,—the true affection, the deep gratitude, and the unfailing constancy of my heart toward you.

"To you first, after my parents, I offer greeting, and the earliest hour which my duties and my strength allow I seize for you. I am seated in a lonely little room, in the third story of this large house. One narrow beam of sunshine streams through the almost closed shutters, and falls upon the blue and white counterpane of my single bed, and, farther on, touches aslant the face of a dark-stained wardrobe. A wash-stand, a *petite* dressing-table, my trunks, and two wooden chairs, stand upon the bare oak floor. This state of things, which looked to me quite comfortless on Saturday night when I arrived, has grown to seem very cheerful now; and here, if God spares my life, how warm, how quick, will be my heart-throbs!

"The particulars of my journey I presume you will learn from mother, ere this reaches you. The most beautiful part of the way, to me, was after I took the last line of boats down

the river. It was just at the going down of the sun, and I kneeled upon the rich cushions before a stern window of the cabin, and kept my position for more than an hour, watching the glory in sky and wave. By-and-by the day faded, and

"'The stars sat, one by one,
Each on his golden throne.'

"Then my soul, in its exceeding mournfulness, in its great yearning after what is lost, was comforted from heaven; and the prayer, that had been offered so many, many times during the day, from a fainting and agonized spirit, went up once more, calmly, sweetly, consolingly. Ah! dearest, have you known what it is to cry to God, and cry again, with the heart full, yet feel in answer only the echo of your own words, your own sighs? And have you known what it is, *at last*, to hear the voice of comfort, to fall upon the Saviour's bosom, to feel the Everlasting Arms beneath, *to rest*, in the sense of heavenly acceptance and guardianship?

"So did I then; and, worn out mentally and bodily, I lay down, with my shawl for a pillow, and, pressing that sense of safety to my heart, fell asleep.

"When I awoke, we were nearing the wharf at Baltimore, and it was half-past ten o'clock. We reached this home at eleven, and I was very kindly received by Mrs. D——.

"The school opened this morning, and I have spent most of the day in arranging classes. It will be at least a week before we shall be settled. Almost all of the girls I have seen have pretty faces, and I have not yet seen an ill-disposed one among them. * * * *

"I always look forward with so much pleasure to my Sabbaths, when I am absent from home,—I mean peculiarly so,

because I do not have in the family those glimpses of Sunday through the week, which visit us at the dear parsonage. O Leila, my love, I shall be much tried and tempted here. God give me more grace!"

The labor of the school was far greater than she had expected. Accustomed to the steady discipline and excellent order of New England private schools, she was not at all prepared for the physical labor necessary to establish some degree of system before any instruction could be given with advantage. Among those pursuing the same studies in one class there were no two at the same lesson; and the government of the school had been sadly neglected by some of her predecessors. With great tact, untiring industry, unwearied patience, and a steady aim at one definite result, she succeeded in bringing order out of this chaos, very much to the satisfaction of Mr. D——, and without weakening her hold upon the affections of her pupils. But the effort overtaxed her powers. In a letter to her mother, after recounting her labors, her discouragements at the beginning, and her success, she adds: "But O, mother, it is harder than any work I ever imagined!"

Her situation in Baltimore was trying in many respects. In addition to the labors described, many of which she would not have encountered in a school which had been under previous good management, and besides all the want of congenial society, — a deprivation keenly felt by one of her peculiar temperament, — there was the distance from home and from most of the associations of her early years. She felt "shut out from the country." This implied something more than the absence of green fields and natural landscapes. There was something which made her heart say, "The country seems very far away from Baltimore."

She soon became very much attached to her pupils. During the first week of her service, she wrote of them: "The girls are all very respectful to me, and many of them so soon give me loving glances out of their beautiful eyes. I am not in the least boastful, and, I am sure, not too sanguine; but I do hope not to receive a rude or impudent word from any of them. Some of them are very winning, and I love them already."

This feeling was soon reciprocated, and the prophecy noted was literally fulfilled. The girls soon learned to love their faithful, sympathizing teacher; and among the more intelligent, her very faithfulness, a little irksome at first, soon endeared her all the more to them. The little tokens of this loving confidence were multiplied, and became very precious to her. The rose-buds carefully selected and brought to her fresh with the dew of morning; the kiss patiently waited for at noon; the strife as to who should bring her a book, or show her some trifling attention; the earnest request of a dozen at once, for the seat nearest to her at recitation, — all showed that these professions of attachment came from the heart.

There was much consolation to her in these tokens of affection; but her heart, separated from those who knew something of its depths, was yearning for a sympathy which the affectionate caresses of children could not supply. This want of her soul, and her constant care that no manifestation of it should chill the growing attachment of her pupils, are thus touchingly alluded to in a letter to her mother:

"Alas! the children, whom I always try to meet with a patient temper and an unclouded face, never pass my outer threshold. They see not the heart-struggles, the heart-

failures, the few heart-successes; they know not how my very soul often turns into prayer for strength, for wisdom, and for hope!"

This prayer was not the vain cry of a despairing heart, but the earnest petition of a soul which knew the Source of strength, and sought it, not so much for the mere comfort of its possession, as for its help in the performance of life's daily duties. When was it ever denied to such a spirit? And so we read, in the same letter, a little farther on: "Yet I am thankful that, little by little, day by day, I can see that my strife is not in vain; that the life within grows deeper, rises higher, with every throb. When I look back upon the way by which I have gradually been led to more lofty views of that which is real and eternal, I wonder; and it seems to me that, just now, I should not be much benefited by what the world calls 'an easy life.' It has been in trial-paths that I have taken most onward steps. I fear that my best impulses and highest purposes would be *drowned* in a calm and smiling sea. I am glad, however, that this is no subject for my choice."

We have seen that Mary entered upon her duties with a lofty courage, and a steady purpose to allow no weakness of her heart to interfere with their faithful performance. While she sought for strength only through Divine grace, she was sustained; but the confidence thus gained soon relapsed into self-reliance, and from the grasp of this broken reed she was left to fall into the depths, that she might be taught again to look upward for light. If any other tried and tempted heart has thus suffered without finding a way out of the thick darkness, let this plaintive voice direct their stumbling feet. It speaks from the pages of her diary:

"To my task, to-night, I bring a sad and weary heart,—so weary, that it is impatient of even this light employment; so sad, that it sends to my eyes the overflowing tears. Where is the courageous hope and the high resolve which have not once before slackened since I entered upon this new life? Plain enough it is, that they are fled, and, to my self-accusing spirit, the reason is equally plain.

"This afternoon, as I sat a second time in the sanctuary, with the mellow light of the declining sun softly radiating about me, and the solemn tones of the preacher on my ear, I found space to reflect; and, with the consciousness of sin, came a sorrow too deep to be easily shaken off. I did, indeed, return to my chamber, to fall upon my knees and cry unto God for his forgiveness. I do, indeed, feel that He has heard me; yet the sadness still remains, freshened whenever I think how *could* I forsake the only source of comfort open unto me, when my spirit is pressed by trials which need a more than human strength and wisdom to meet?"

CHAPTER XVI.

Faithfulness to her many duties wearied both body and mind; but these trials Mary had anticipated, and such weariness never led to despondency. She first refreshed her mind from the wells of comfort whose depths were never exhausted; and, the moment the fresh tide of feeling banished the sorer heart-throbs, mere physical prostration was forgotten, and the soul revelled in another atmosphere. Let us look in upon her, at the close of her school-hours, upon the afternoon of a day in September. She is still sitting in the school-room, with one hand upon her weary head, the other guiding the pen over the pages of her daily record. If we are near enough, we may copy the soliloquy:

"My head aches, as I think how these walls echoed to-day, and shall echo to-morrow, the confused murmurings of fifty tongues, and these desks, now empty and prim, be filled with as many restless and noisy children. And yet I did not find it, this morning, an impossible task to teach with patience and gentleness, so I will not despair about what is to come."

The soul, thus rebuked for its fearfulness of the to-morrow, for its faint-heartedness under the burden, was still unsatisfied, and she takes it to task more severely:

"O you sad and restless soul! Don't you feel ashamed not to be happy, now, in the bright morning of your youth? Come! spring above the clouds and bathe in pure sunlight. See! it is shining, glad and changeless for you. Struggle

on! What if you are lonely, and faint, and burdened? The journey is short, and the end thereof an endless glory.

"There are many wayside flowers, too, to pluck, — loves and friendships, and hours of happy thoughts, and pleasant hopes, and green laurels. Look about, and weave thee a wreath, and dry up thy tears. Think of the beautiful landscape thou art passing by upon thy road, and, above all, think of the meeting thou art coming to with Infinite Beauty and Infinite Goodness, with perfect rest and perfect pleasure, with all thy dearest treasures, where there is no shadow of parting, forever."

She needed all the consolation and courage and hope which these lofty considerations were fitted to give. How different from the ideal struggle of her youthful dreams, came the stern reality! With all the romance with which her heart ever invested life's commonest scenes, she could not always shake off a painful sense of its burdens; but, even then, she could look through all, with her eye steadily fixed on the closing scene. She did not rebelliously refuse the cup because it was not unmingled sweetness.

"There is no effervescence of the wine of life to-day: pure and rich I hope it is, but it does not sparkle in the cup. There seems to settle upon me such a sense of what lies between me and the last dream, if my day be a long one, as touches every nerve of the soul; and, if they do not all quiver, it is because the hand of the Comforter hath been laid upon me. My heart is so full that, through all the school exercises, the tears were, by a strong effort, restrained within the eyelids. They are not bitter, nor indeed very sorrowful, tears; for God knows that my resolution is, by patient continuance in well-doing, to 'strive for glory and honor and immortality.'

"I never imagined that life could seem to me as it does now. I feel no distaste for the practical duties, or the daily pleasures, of my lot; but I cannot become absorbed in them, or forget any, while realizing how soon they will cease, — how binding upon me is the obligation to fulfil in them all the great, high ends of this probation."

Notwithstanding these occasional shadows, the soul, thus strengthened, often rejoiced in a clearer light, and she was generally cheerful and contented in her daily employment. Whenever relieved from the pressure of present obligation, her heart very naturally went out after the dear ones at home; but this did not make her moody or dissatisfied with her sphere of toil.

"Dearest mother," she writes, in a postscript to her weekly letter, "I cannot refrain from saying a little more to you this night. The evening is gloriously moonlit. My window and blinds are thrown wide open; and it is because the beauty of the night so touches my very self that I must speak to you. I do not feel, just now, that we are far apart. Why is it that the light of day is never such a link between separated friends as the light of night? The sun seems to shine in a sort of general, indiscriminate manner; while we think of the moon as more exclusive, looking directly into our eyes, and the eyes we love. I have taken a grand, long walk this afternoon, and have entertained a great many happy thoughts. I wonder sometimes why I indulge any sad ones, when there is so much prepared every day for my joy."

We have had before us the shadow and the moonlight; a little farther on it is broad day, and we can almost catch a glimpse of the dancing sunbeams.

"Thanks to you, dear mother, for ever stirring my heart to

some sweet and right feeling by your 'word in season.' It seems to me *now* that I can never forget my lesson of gratitude to our heavenly Father; but my poor heart, I know, is always wandering out of the way, so I will try to keep a faithful watch. The glow of the morning is very fresh on my spirit to-day. I feel as I did last winter, 'it is a pleasant thing to live and be young.' I don't think there is any harm in it, either, for youth is a gift of God, to be enjoyed as much as any other; and the feeling I now indulge in is not at all saddened by the recollection that the body will grow old.

"O no, I never will grow old!
Though years on years roll by,
And silver o'er my dark brown hair,
And dim my laughing eye,
They shall not shrivel up my soul,
Nor dim the glance of love
My heart casts on this world of ours,
Or lifts to that above.'"

Mary had been well instructed in music, and to a pleasant voice united considerable taste and skill; but, for reasons which those who sympathize the most closely with her will thoroughly understand, she seldom gave expression to her deepest emotions in song. She could not express her passions or affections in set words and phrases; and, although willing at all times to gratify her friends at their request, and often sitting down to the piano as a pastime, she seldom found relief in it for the disquiet of her soul. To use her own words, she "had less confidence in her musical abilities than in any other." But she loved music; and to the performance of a master her spirit bowed, as if its own chords had been swept

by an unseen hand. Referring to the execution of a "Religioso Adagio," on the violin, at a concert she attended, she writes: "There was a whole soul-experience, a whole life-progress in the piece, that moved me to tears. The simple prayer of the child, the gay gladness of an unburdened heart, the fervor of the enthusiast, the gentle sigh of sadness, the deep, passionate gloom of wo, the faint groan of a prostrate spirit, the earnest struggles of mature life, the quiet and somewhat mournful peace of the subdued and patient sufferer, the sublime strain of one departing to glory, — these, and more, infinitely more, which I cannot express, were embodied there. I bowed to the touch of that electric power which seems a messenger of God to move the heart of man."

Notwithstanding this intensity of feeling, which is thought by many to be peculiarly the gift of a southern clime, Mary still clung to rugged New England with a first love that nothing could quench. While October came to her, in Baltimore, with balmy breath and azure skies, cold winds were sweeping over the northern hills; but her spirit seemed more attuned to their wild song than to the soft vespers of her autumn lullabies. Writing to Miss. Phillips, who shrank, in her home near the stormy coast, from the cutting blast, she says:

"You dread the winter, my love. The atmosphere of those towns on the Massachusetts coast is intensely cold compared with the sheltered valleys of the interior. But a New England climate for me, after all, dear Helen. Those who love me call me an Italian, and I seek not to deny the southern fire in my veins; but I will not lose my birthright. I am a child of the North, still. I love her wild winds and roaring seas; I love the battle of her storms; I love her keen, piercing frost, and the glitter of her shorter sunlight on the iced earth

and forest. If ever my soul rises to a queenly might, it is in the glorious winter-time, when, by some innate sympathy with the stern strength of nature, she shakes off her trammels, and rushes on to bear down the obstacles which wall her from the desired goal.

"And the nights, the winter nights! O, surely, we would rather be frozen than give them up. They will bear comparison with the balmiest summer. In the months of heat and bloom, the earth has her play-spell, as it were, and every thing allures us to a dreamy ease; but in the remainder of the year, all the secret voices which whisper to us tell of action, urge to action. Is it not so?

"And yet, how positively I have been speaking. It may not be so to you, even though it is to me. Your spirit has the hue of a sunny sky, and the fragrance of a thousand flowers, and the melody of the woods; and even its sadness, like the summer shower, draws a rainbow after it. So God keep it ever, and make your life a long September, melting, when its autumn comes, into that Paradisean beauty which knows no earthly measurement or change.

"And for me, the same God give me conduct through the winter, help me meet the storm with an unquailing eye, or hide me when its might is too severe, and keep all my goings, that my feet slip not in icy paths. Then, indeed, will this heart be ready for an eternal spring."

CHAPTER XVII.

The dullest, prosiest place, to common eyes, was lighted up with a glory for Mary's keener vision; and, from the window of her cheerless room, she saw rarer landscapes than ever painter fastened upon the glowing canvas. Let us look in upon her, on this October afternoon, as she sits with her little drawing-case in her lap, writing to her mother.

"I am seated by the open window of my room, which, happily, is opposite a little gap in the block facing me; so that I have the view of a small court, green with grass, and box, and young fruit-trees, and, beyond these, the dear sunset-clouds, seen through the screen of a tall, slender maple. I turn my head a little to the north, and my eye takes in the cathedral, already familiar to you, with its heaven-directed crosses, and its yard, shaded by the weeping willow. Here I stand every night, about ten o'clock, talking to the moon and stars, sending messages to you, and receiving spirit-answers, through the stillness and paleness of evening.

"But I forget, — it is not evening now, and I am not *enwrappered* gazing into the sky, but all dressed for the afternoon (after the fashion of this vain world), cool, in this morning-glory muslin with thin white sleeves, just telling you it is October by this gay plaided sack, which helps a simple velvet to conceal the bare brunette neck. Now can you not see me? If not, then the object of this sublime description still stretches away unattained into the dim distance."

It was natural for such a loving heart to cling too closely to earthly friends, and look to them for that comfort which can only come from a deeper fountain. Often God hid his face from her, when she thus withdrew her trust from him, in order that she might give him her whole heart. To her mother, she writes:

"I have been pretty low in spirits this week, until to-day. This morning, or perhaps last evening, I managed to get the better of my depression. I believe I had been looking too much to your words to comfort me; and I felt, at last, the necessity of a surer consolation. To seek this with the whole heart, you know, is to find."

If there were ever an excuse for leaning on a human lover, Mary might well have been pardoned for reposing such trust in her mother, for that mother had been her dearest, most constant, truest earthly friend. A day or two before, she had written of her, to her new correspondent:

"Dear Helen, I want very much to have you know my mother. If you love me at all, you would love her very much, for she has trained all that there is good in me. O, her deep, rich, wise affection embraces me, present or absent. She is to me as a second life. I have not a thought concealed from her. We know each other so perfectly, that, hundreds of times, eye answers eye, and thought responds to thought, without any medium of speech. O how many times, my heart all unstrung, have I turned to my precious mother, and rested in her love. She reads me as quickly and easily as you will this page; and it seems to me that I could not live without this constant appreciation. Mamma is not quite twenty years older than myself; so that she is better fitted to be both sister and mother."

It was during this October that Mary heard of Leila's con-

secration to the cause of missions, and that she had resolved to spend her life among the Choctaws. Although this arrangement was not consummated, and the dear friend entered upon her sacred duties in a still more distant field, yet it was the first time her heart had fully realized the trial of such a separation. At first, she gave vent to a burst of grief; wildly demanding "if God requires such a sacrifice of the affections?" Then she struggles, "with a long thought-time, over her bad self," until faith is triumphant, and she sits down and writes a cheerful and encouraging letter to Leila; adding, in her diary, "O, how much better to comfort and strengthen her in doing right, than weakly to sit down and complain of my own share in the trial!" She felt the trial none the less keenly, because she saw the Wisdom which inflicted it, and meekly kissed the uplifted Hand. Her loves were so few, that any change or anguish that came to them inflicted upon her a pang as keen. She says, in a random sentence in her diary, the fuller of meaning because so isolated, "My heart has never moved down to Baltimore."

Just now, it was divided between the home valley and that little group from its farthest limit, who were following the setting sun to enter upon a new field in the distant west. The Grants had left the West Avon parsonage, twin village with her dear home, as already noticed. Each step of their journey is as sad to her as a funeral march, it announces such a sorrowful disruption of so many tender ties.

"My heart," she writes in her journal, "is faint in its very depths, just now, with thoughts of the dear friends who have started on their westward journey. O! is it true that they have really gone? I can think so vividly of the empty rooms in that deserted parsonage, about which the autumn

wind is sighing in the pines. O! the aches, the sore aches in my heart will not be soothed, when I remember that I shall see there, no more, those who made that humble home an Eden to me. I can only hoard that dear happiness of the past among my jealously guarded treasures; I can only live again in dreams, what reality shall never renew."

This "heart-ache" lasted several days, but was at length partially relieved by a flood of tears, she had tried in vain to shed when the grief first pressed upon her. Those who have coveted this luxury, sometimes without success, will readily sympathize with the following brief allusion: "The 'crying spell,' courted for many days, needed no wooing when it came at last; but a shower of tears kissed my cheek like a willing bride."

One of Mary's privileges, during the period of her residence in Baltimore, was the free use of the library at the Athenæum, where she found in books a charm for many a lonely hour. She began to analyze her own powers, as she pored over the productions of genius in the past, and to ask why she, too, might not stand among these gifted ones, and utter something worthy to live after her. To her mother, first and only, she hints this desire, which almost grew into a purpose, and would, doubtless, have been fulfilled if her years had been prolonged. "Within myself," she writes, "day by day, desire and confidence increase with regard to literary pursuits." She felt that she had not done herself any justice in her writings, hitherto published, and she had a yearning after an ideal excellence toward which she was making no tardy progress. She had no leisure time in Baltimore for such exertion, and accomplished little with her pen, except

her correspondence with her friends. She says to her mother: "I could write something worthier of praise than I have done, I am sure, if I had the time, and the necessary privacy. But the future and the unknown I leave in Providential hands. If I understand myself, I am willing to be and to do what God appoints."

There is, in this connection, a sad foreboding, which strikes us now almost like prophecy. In alluding to her inclination towards literary pursuits, she adds: "To nobody but you, dear mother, could I speak this hope. Your smile, if sceptical, will not be cold; and, if my hope fails, your thought, in after years resting upon it, will judge (O, how kindly!) and think, perhaps, it might have been realized in another clime, beneath another sky!"

She would have uttered this only to her mother's ear, — that mother, who understood her heart so well! Even her father, tender, faithful, considerate, and kind as he ever was to her, could not enter into every shade of thought, and read each look and tone, and minister to the need of her craving spirit, in the place of this, her best earthly friend. How touchingly this is expressed in the following extract:

"I am half sorry that father had the first and solitary reading of those long letters of mine to you. He replies to me, 'What struggles of heart, what wings of fancy, what staggerings of faith you have to record,' — as if he, at least, *wondered* at my experience. I cannot explain why, (I do almost adore my father,) and yet, in all the living world, there is no touch I can bear close upon my shrinking soul but yours. O God in heaven, spare you to me, my mother, my mother!"

She suffered but little, when among strangers, with "home-

sickness," as the expression is ordinarily understood; but that inexpressible longing for communion with the absent, which is so hard to be denied, threw a shadow over many of her thoughtful hours. Her fancy aided her much in escaping from the bitterness of this separation from the home circle; for with its help she could defy both space and time. How vividly the home scene was present to her thoughts, as she wrote the following, — it occurs near the close of a letter of *twenty* pages:

"While I have been pursuing this letter, with sundry interruptions, the sunlight has faded from the window, the rose has paled in the sky of the west, and softly and dreamily, one by one, creep in the solemn shadows, and bring, with a strength indescribable to one who has not felt it, the yearning for friends, — the longing for home.

"As I sit here in this far chamber, upon which your eyes have never rested, and look out on the coming night, through the dimness and over the distance, I see you, my beloved ones! I see you circling the cheerful tea-table, — you, dear father, with your warm, unbent look resting on the face opposite; you, dear mother, raising the well-creamed cup, with that smile of yours, which diffuses gladness just like an atmosphere; you, my darling, bright, restless boy, prating away of school exploits, and wayside news. O Willie! my Willie! on your dear face may never seal of sorrow set; may no withering care trace early silver threads in your crown of chestnut hair. My precious brother! would that my puny arm could secure you a good and happy life.

"The pleasant glances go round, and the fresh, earnest chat flows on; the whilom hungry student begins to be appetiteless, and the tea-cups are empty. The fire chimes in

its low singing voice, and now, I still think, an eye falls upon the vacant place where another chair used to stand, and a remembrance flies to the absent daughter of the house. Bless you for it! I know that your loving recollections cannot leave me out of mind!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Those who have followed this simple narrative from its beginning, will not fail to notice the maturity and strength of soul which she rapidly acquired during this residence at Baltimore. The extracts just given were all penned during the first six weeks of her absence from home; but they show that she was leading an intenser life. She felt every rude shock in the rough way she was pursuing; but each one gave her a firmer tread, and a more resolute faith. When the trial came, instead of sinking beneath the burden, she accepted it, as part of a wise discipline, and thus profited by the lesson, however severe. She did not steel her heart stoically against suffering, or keep back the tears which every fresh wound sent to her overflowing eyes; but she learned to look up, even through the greatest dimness of vision, and see a Father's hand directing every allotment of her way. Her mother was quick to detect the least sadness in the tone of her letters, and this was a fresh inducement for her to cultivate a cheerful spirit. That mother was at this time undergoing much suffering, mental and physical. How close the mutual sympathy may be gathered from the following extract from a letter, which was begun during the first rain-storm of the season:

"Your yesterday's letter, dear mother, was very sombre, to come from one who always contrives to fling a brightness for other eyes on every shady place. It will not do for us to be cast down. I feel how dear is the one great hope, which

reaches forward to the better country; and I have other hopes, too, such as any young, ardent heart will have, in the gloomiest day. I expect much happiness, even in this world. I can look at to-morrow, and sing a courageous song, and take a light step, as well as put on an armor of endurance.

"And here, just as if to encourage the brave feeling, our Father's sunshine smiles out of a rifted cloud, and caresses this page, and the head which bends above it. Isn't this a beautiful promise-token? My heart, that has kept steadily up to a becoming standard of happiness all day, is ready to *dance*, now that the storm is over. The clouds are each moment becoming still more broken, and there is a patch of golden sky in the west. How precious is a little thing to the heart, sometimes!

"I am so sorry for your ailments of body, and all your cares and trials of soul. God give you his strength, my beloved mother, without which there is only weakness in the mightiest. * * * * .

"It were hard, indeed, for me to be any thing less than a comfort to you; but I am obliged to admit some unwelcome convictions upon this point. Be assured that I am very happy now, and prospered, as I have all along been, in the performance of duty. It is, I trust, greatly for my benefit to be situated just as I am. I do not say this in a vague sort of way, but I really mean it. If I improve this discipline, I shall grow more earnest and strong, and less selfish, than I fear I should in my precious New England home."

The gayety of heart is here a little colored, to soothe the anxiety of her mother, but it was not assumed. The secret of her life, throughout these months of toil, is admirably summed up by herself in a single sentence:

"I have so much to thank God for, that it would be wicked to be sad; and so much to think, and feel, and act, that it would be impossible (it seems to me) to be frivolous."

She had a quick, warm sympathy with childhood. "The scholars," she writes to her father, "do obey me, and *love me still;* the consummation so devoutly to be wished. I have struggled hard, and with some suffering, to gain this hold upon them; but the success is worth more than all the toil."

Persons of her sensitive temperament feel the magnetic attraction or repulsion which makes their choice of friends seem, to common eyes, like the veriest caprice. Some complained that they could not understand her and were at times almost persuaded that she was cold and heartless. To others, her heart opened as a door on willing hinges to one who has the key, and all her wealth of affection rewarded the access. To Miss Phillips, whose love met at once an answer and reward, she writes: "My love bounded to meet the first word you ever addressed to me; my heart recognized something it had waited for eighteen years, and throbbed with the consciousness of your identity with one of its images."

Mary was not easily flattered, unless the incense was delicately offered. Coarse praise, or a noisy tribute of admiration, only provoked her disgust. Alluding to some attempts to excite her vanity, in a letter to her mother, she adds: "A glance, looking to be answered in my eye intelligently and sympathetically, or an attitude of earnest listening to what I said, has flattered me a great deal more deeply, many a time. Some slight thing like this hits the mark, when a clumsier arrow falls short."

The last day of autumn finds her still toiling cheerfully "five and a half hours each day in school; patiently travelling

through a desert of history, arithmetic, Latin grammar, etc., and presiding over the study of the few boarders, out of school-hours;" and welcoming the quiet of the late evening, in her own little chamber. She speaks of the day as summer-like: "The departing season glances back, to say another adieu, and to strengthen and heighten the image of beauty she leaves in our hearts."

November came in with sour and biting winds; and, on its second day, she writes: "We are having dismal weather at present, and I am just in the position to grow *blue*." After reciting formally *eight* other reasons for being sad, she thus concludes the argument: "Now, have I not good and sufficient cause for a regular, desperate fit of melancholy? Would not any young lady, at mature eighteen, be expected to indulge, upon such grounds? Do you not imagine me, at this very moment, sitting with a face a cubit long, all draped in streaming tears, all set round with dishevelled ringlets, which float unheeded, 'beautiful, even in their confusion?' Alas, alas! that I must dissolve the affecting picture. I am the possessor of as bright a face, as cloudless eyes, as well-ordered locks, as at any time of my life. I do, positively and energetically, *decline to be miserable*. My follies I repent of; my anxieties I give up to One better able to bear them; the lesser troubles, which grate away the spice of life by littles, I set my feet upon; and, mounting upward, win a light bosom.

"As to the seasons of weeping over which you tenderly lament, dearest mother, pray give me the enjoyment once in a while. What member of the illustrious ranks of girlhood does not claim these as her special right? I am well, and strong, and thriving, and happy, and heart-whole; what do you want more, except that I should grow *better?*"

The ringing music of this disclaimer of sadness has the old childhood-tone; and the following, written to her mother a few days later, although a little less buoyant, is in harmony with it:

"Father thinks of me rightly as a *child* still, a child *always* toward you both, within the walls of home. There the spirit throws off its new dress of womanhood, and feels, O how sweetly! the old freedom, the old lightness. Yet, to the world, to strangers, — I am sad when I think of it, — I seem a maiden grown. The idea strikes me strangely, sometimes, as I feel the consciousness of responsibility and care connected with my station here. Within myself, I receive half-wonderingly the deference that is paid me. I love going away from it all, to shut behind me the door of my little room (which has music in its closing hinges), and come back again in fancy to a younger girlhood, and a less thoughtful life."

With this child-like freshness of thought and feeling, came the old longing for the gift of ready poetic utterance, and a struggling consciousness that this power lay somewhere within her reach, and might yet come at her call. To Helen she writes: "I cannot describe to you how I feel, of late, — the life within widening, deepening, and growing clear. Thoughts, and fancies, and themes of song come to me like winged visitants, often when my mental powers are busy with prosy things; and seem not of me, but a gift from without."

And to her mother, under the same date, she incloses a few lines on the sudden death of a sister of her dear Lucy Yale, written, as she says, amid the press of severer duties, both to show her sympathy and to gratify the impulse of her own heart, and adds: "I am certain, if I had the leisure, I could compose with much greater freedom and ease than ever be-

fore. A thousand strains of song seem floating in my soul, which might be prisoned on paper, were there time."

There occurs in a letter, written about the same date as the above, an allusion to the lights and shadows of life in the parsonage, which will be read with peculiar interest by those who have wept over the scenes so vividly portrayed in "Shady Side." Few persons of her age were ever so well fitted to form a just estimate upon this subject, and hers is worth recording, as tending to throw light upon a pathway which there is reason to fear has been too much shadowed:

"You were busy, in your last letter, dear E., in conjuring up *obscurities;* you have a marvellous talent for it; but ah! you cannot hide yourself. They who give their lives to the spread of the gospel can never occupy an insignificant post. Theirs is a commanding place in the Christian army, and so it looks to God, and to his people, however it may look to them which oppose him.

"The ministry has, as you say, many peculiar trials, which are as 'a thorn in the side'; but I know full well the 'sunny side,' and that is, O how beautiful! I speak not only of its higher comforts and joys, but even of those which are limited to this life. There are the deep, grateful affection of many hearts among the flock, and the free, cordial, sympathizing intercourse with professional friends. Then, too, in the case of country ministers, who are much shut out from congenial society, there is such delightful closeness in the home-bond as I believe few other families experience. Sometimes, in view of dark days, through which my beloved ones have passed, or are passing, I forget myself, and grow bitter; but I always repent it afterward. It may seem to you strange, as well as you know me, and as often as you have heard me

'deliver my opinions' upon such subjects, if I should tell you that, were I ever to love and be wedded, I would choose that my life-companion should be a country pastor. Yet, truly and seriously, that is my secret preference. I speak of it only to show you that my thorough familiarity with a minister's life, and that of his family, has not made me desirous of ceasing to share it; but I turn to it from every other with the same fond feeling that 'Rose Douglass' experienced."

CHAPTER XIX.

"December 5, 1852.

"CHILDHOOD opens into womanhood. In its door I stand to-day, looking backward upon green valleys and pleasant streams, forward to mountains which tower above, to shifting billows, to skies of intenser hue. Nineteen years ago this day, in the shelter of Connecticut's Mt. Carmel, I awoke to existence; and fond hearts, which welcomed my infant breath, have watched me with the dearest of human love and tenderness to the present hour. Nineteen years! they seem a long time to me, I can measure them by such changes, and so many, within myself. As my thoughts traverse them again, how beautiful do they all appear, — the sweet, dreaming child-years, so safe in the protection of a home where every influence helped me toward goodness; the free and golden girlhood, whose meridian I have reached. God has given me a cup of joy which is not yet fully drained.

"But, since my last birth-day, the hand of change, which lies so heavily on many a spirit, has touched mine also. I well remember the gray of that morning, twelve months ago, when, suddenly breaking loose from dreams, I sprang to my window, with the words upon my lips, 'Eighteen! eighteen!'

"*That* window looked upon the massy and purple front of old West Rock; *this* window before me faces the dome and turrets of Baltimore Cathedral. *That* morning, Emmie's arm encircled me, and her loving wishes met the ear, on which

these strange matin-bells are falling now. *Then*, fancy and feeling and hope, in brilliant confusion, blent their charms in the web of the future. *To-day*, the earnest thoughts of life thicken around me; every thing has an intenser look, and the halo-mist is gone. I behold the way, I see the end, I gird myself for the journey. The older heart is richer, and deeper, and more resolved, but ah! more subdued and chastened, too, than the younger.

"The Lord hath led me by a wondrous and a strange path during the year that is gone. Through deep waters he has brought me to stand upon this firm ground which my feet are now pressing, and to lift unto him the hallelujah which I raise this day. Passing over this threshold of my nineteenth natal morning, I pause to cry unto him for might of soul to meet the future."

This soliloquy from Mary's journal is more descriptive of her thoughts and feelings, more illustrative of her character, than any thing which could come from another pen. Under the same date she utters many of the same thoughts to her mother, but there is an intensity of affection in the utterance which tempts us to give an additional extract:

"The child you have guarded through the helplessness of infancy and the waywardness of youth, numbers to-day her nineteenth year. If it be a reward to her mother that 'her children rise up and call her blessed,' then there is joy for you. My affection overflows toward father and brother, but to-day, next to my God, I thank and love my mother. Looking back adown the vista of the past, I see how my life has revolved about you as a centre; how, from my earliest remembrance, you have continually moulded my nature, and influenced alike, action, word, and thought.

"Every thing in me which is good or admirable I owe to you. You trained and biased my intellect and taste; you kept me from becoming an idle dreamer, and a hater of philosophical studies; you gave me my earnest, practical views of life. You, dear mother, first taught me a love for what is gentle and meek, you have ever softened my too fiery spirit. And more, my mother: I perceive now how, all my childhood up, your instructions and kind pleadings drew me always toward a Saviour's love, till I yielded to its blessed power.

"Since I have grown to girlhood, you have been (how few daughters can say it!) my most sympathizing and intimate friend. Especially within the past year have you corrected so many hasty judgments, restrained so many wild impulses, strengthened so many desponding hopes, that I feel as if this were, somehow, a separate debt of gratitude."

There is more in the same vein, but this will give an idea of the spirit that pervades the whole. Well might a mother feel that she was blessed in such a child!

Mary had now passed her first quarter-day, and received her salary promptly. Reserving enough for her merest exigences, she remitted the remainder to her father, begging him to use it for the family expenses, and in educating Willie, as if it were part of his own salary. "I wish it to be considered yours," she writes, "just as much as if it did not first pass through my hands."

The year 1853 dawned upon her amid the pressing duties of her teacher-life. On its first day, she addresses Leila as follows:

"To write to you is always a spiritual refreshment; a cooling draught, which a soul, ardent and fevered as mine, turns to with inexpressible relief. There lingers about the page which

comes from or even goes to you, a certain soothing air of your presence. Dear Leila, when the dusty struggles of this world are over, it seems to me that the death-calm will be sweet!

"The year 1852, the dear and precious year, is gone to its returnless bourne. You and I doubtless have shed more tears over the *old*, than smiles on the *new*, thus far; yet here, with pen and heart, I pledge you wishes for the future, — which, if they have in them less of mirth than once, have not less of gladness or sincerity."

This was the language of a true Christian, a tried warrior, a faithful friend. There is no shrinking from the trials to come, but there is much thankfulness for the mercies past; no indecorous haste to greet the new and the unknown, but a secret longing after the rest which shall follow the final victory.

In the same cheerful and courageous strain she writes to the troubled household group at home. They were now walking on the "shady side" of their pilgrim pathway, the pastor having already fully determined to seek a new field, but the future being to him as yet all dark and uncertain. The mother had just finished and sent to the publisher the work whose name we have quoted, but its success was yet undecided.

"Let me congratulate you first, dear mother, upon the close of your long task. I am so impatient to see the book, and annoyed that I stand only the same chance with thousands of other and more careless people! I doubt not of its success, and you must bravely steel yourself to meet the promiscuous criticism which it will probably receive, sure all the while that it is reaching and moving the great popular heart."

This was as literally fulfilled as if the prophecy had come

from a higher inspiration than the daughter's loving appreciation of the mother's genius and judgment. Another, written a few days after, was not less signally verified. "Do not let dear, dear father despond. All will come out safely and brightly; so keep your hope and courage up, *for I see the sunshine and the rainbows.*"

How much need they had at the parsonage for such cheerful words, such interpretations of the future, those alone can know whose own way has been so hedged up that they must walk alone by faith and not by sight. Here is another in a still more playful strain, which succeeded the above, and came just in time to set their hearts a glow of a bleak January night:

"I take my pen in an unusually happy frame of mind, induced by many little causes, such, you know, as make up the sum of existence. Well, there is a white beauty on every thing without, — a real ice-crust formed in the busy night; and now the snow, the snow, the dear, dear snow, is coming down, soft and pure as if it began its fall in heaven, to cover up the ugly brown of the roofs, and the uglier red of the pavements; and how can my heart be very dark when Nature has put on such a light dress? If such an old lady as she can come out in feathers, I surely had better be excused from weeds! And you think, 'Mary, dear, this is nonsense sufficient?' O no, I was mistaken; you don't think so; you say, 'Ah! let the poor child run on, — no doubt she does it seldom enough, — let her dip her pen in the froth of the ink, if she likes: we will bear with it!'

"Yes, to be sure you will, for you have the bravest and kindest of those brave kind hearts which belong to beloved New England, the land where may God give me to live and to die; the land whose winters, glorious on her mountain-sides

and river-valleys, are worth, each one, a hundred thousand summers fragrant with the flowers of the South; whose hearths glow bright as the free and generous spirit of her ons; whose air is yet tell-tale of the old heroic days, w n en were earnest, and open, and true, and women were ery inch women!"

How soon was this merry heart saddened, and the sensitive spirit made to quiver again, with a fresh sorrow! While she was writing the above, Lottie's elder sister, so lately a bride, was passing away from earth. Her letter to Lottie, although written hastily, ere the first burst of grief was fairly over, and while she was only intent upon comforting her beloved friend, is so full of tender consolation, that we are tempted to copy it entire.

"BALTIMORE, January 13, 1853.

"LOTTIE, DEAR LOTTIE,—Was grief ever meant to be written of, with the cold pen, upon the cold paper? My sympathies for you in this great sorrow, eclipsing the brightness and hushing the music of life, are such as only gathering tears can speak, are such as you could only bear to feel through the silent pressure of my clasping arms; and the tenderest words seem harsh, now, unsoftened by a broken voice. My constant prayer commends you, as the sole hope, unto Him who hath pronounced that heavenly benediction, 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.'

"Our Father hath taken your beloved one unto the country of the angels. O, if any but God did inflict such wounds, they were beyond healing. But, in the wildest darkness of grief, when we refuse to look at lesser alleviations, there is one consciousness before which the soul bows itself,—this is

fr the hand of a Friend who loves us more fondly and wisely than any other in the universe.

"You will feel, dearest, how unbecoming it is for a stranger to grief like yours even to breathe of its bitterness; how impossible to realize the difficulty of tasting a cordial. Alas! I know that the heart must come back a thousand weary times from its search after rest, to cry, —

> "'Thou art gone hence; our light is flown,
> Our beautiful, that seemed too much our own
> Ever to die.
> Thou tak'st our summer hence; the light, the tone,
> The music of our being, all in one,
> Depart with thee!'

"The happiness of the past, rushing like a lava-tide over the present, sweeps away the feeble barriers of that calm which had just begun to build within.

"Heaven is bright, but our hearthstone, O how dark! There is one more seraph, but there is one less child. She is singing to her harp of glory, but we are weeping. She hath never more to taste bereavement and the grave, but we must drink again of the bitter cup. So doth the heart hover between its two voices, quivering with every modulation, as none but the Infinite can understand or ease.

"The very Prince of Peace rest you upon his bosom, and, by his own gentle teaching, lead you to think of that sweet sister as never lost, but parted only for a little while from your eye and kiss, — as still unchanged in her happy home, loving you as dearly, remembering you as frequently, as ever your fondness could wish; coming to you as the minister of heavenly mercies; waiting for your departure from this land of shadows;

watching when you shall enter the land of perfect light, and welcoming you, after these few flying years are over, to be blessed forever in heaven. There, and only there, every sorrow of the soul shall die eternally. The God of Israel guide you, my own dear Lottie, and be your strength and portion.

"Believe me, in every change of life, your sympathizing

"MARY."

CHAPTER XX.

THERE is a question which will tremble, unuttered, on many a lip, as the reader bends over these pages; and some who have followed the pilgrim through light and shadow, over the rugged mountain and along the flowery vale, will long to ask if she had no heart-struggles of a kind not here recorded,—no budding hopes of wedded life shadowed or blighted. The answer is not difficult, and its truth rests on the fullest evidence. No human love came between her and her mother's heart. There were some, perhaps many, who would fain have wooed, and her love was not unsought by those whom even partial friends might have considered worthy of success; but, just before her nineteenth birth-day, she could say, "Thankful am I that my romance does not run in the wedding line; thankful am I that, free as the winds of heaven, I own no ties save blessed friendships and dear home affections." And, a month or two after, in reply to the badinage of a friend, she writes: "Brighter and brighter within grows the high ideal, yet looked at less often than once, because dimmer and dimmer grows the faith that it will ever be clothed in reality for me."

Every one must be struck with her intense love of the beautiful in nature, as shown in all her writings; but this love, instead of crowding holier thoughts from her heart, always seemed, when intensest, to lead her into a diviner presence. She looks out upon a closing day, above which the sky is

beautifully blue, and her quick devotion adds: "It looks not far up to heaven through the crystal!"

From the bare schoolroom in Baltimore, she could see more beauties through the uncurtained window than many find in the loveliest landscape. At the close of one of the last days in January (1853), she writes to her mother:

"The window, opposite which I am sitting, looks off to the 'old town,' separated from us by an arm of the bay. A soft rosiness hangs over it, — the kiss of the sunset, — imparting a beauty to what in itself is dull and uninteresting. It is like the past of life, mellowed by the distance, and colored through the medium of years. Nature has a better alphabet for our hearts than the Phenician. She expresses feelings that we cannot put in words.

"Now the light is growing more dim, and the mist of the low ground rises between me and the far horizon. Steadily the shades are gathering together into night, — our twilights are almost briefer than at home, it seems to me. There is low gentle music in the room beneath me; it chimes in with the hour. The tears gather softly in my eyes as I listen to it. I think of many an evening, when I sat where I shall never sit again, in the shadow of the twilight, and touched the familiar keys, and sang some old familiar air, while *thou* listenedst at the open door, and the light air wafted in the scents of summer. Other fingers than mine are mistress of those keys now, and I do not regret it; yet I just allow one little sigh, for that old piano was very dear.

"The darkness is deeper, and the outlines of objects without mingle in indistinct gray."

And perchance the memory of that piano, sold at her own earnest request, to supply some family necessities which her

father's limited income could not reach, sent a deeper dimness to the eyes and added fresh sadness to the fading twilight.

A day or two later (February 3), her heart again bounds with fresh delight.

"My darling Mamma, we are having a spring here; breathing an air, soft and moist and warm as April, dwelling under a sky of the most delicate blue, which, just now, is flowered o'er with little saffron clouds. This is one of my rosy days. I knew it when I woke and watched for the first tiny glimmer of sunshine to fall on the wall.

"Why is it that sometimes without any apology of natural circumstances, the pulse of the heart quickens consciously into a livelier happiness? The steps which at another time seem long and weary, are bounded over with that elastic tread which scarce touches the ground. The hours that another day move by, hanging their forlorn heads, look up smilingly into our face and fling us flowers. The gladness within, shining out, lights up every dark corner; flowing out, sweeps away every ugly sight.

> "'O life is full, O life is deep!
> O Earth is fair to see,—
> A beautiful and blessed place,
> For it holdeth love and thee!'

"It is still, at times, the old story, 'a pleasant thing to live and be young,' and no grave questioning face shall make me give up the motto. Don't read this rhapsody to any body, because any one but you would think it a sort of a *rave*, you know!"

There is but little 'gossip' in any of Mary's letters; many sweet pictures of household scenes,— many snatches of pleas-

antry, — more records of life's earnest experiences, — much of the outbreakings of affection and sympathy, — but little to wound, and nothing for mischief. She was too intense for trifling, too conscientious for idle tattling. Alluding to reports which a friend had informed her were in circulation regarding the probable marriage of a bereaved husband with a sister of his deceased wife, she exclaims indignantly:

"At any rate, dear E., it is *brutal* for society to begin its heartless speculations so early! Ere yet above that dead wife's sweet face the upturned mould has lost its freshness, while yet husband and sister have not awaked from the first crush of grief, is it possible that there are people who can coolly give the one away to the other, overlooking that dark wave which separates them, — that bright spirit which, bending from above, links them still by the old unchanged relation? Ah! verily, one might think *there is no reverence on the earth, even for sorrow!*"

While lingering over these days of toil and trial in Baltimore, we must not forget that which filled the greatest portion of the hours with comfort, if not with gladness, — the mercy of God in Christ. Up to the date we have now reached (February 6th, 1853), Mary had been in Baltimore five months, and had written, as she incidentally mentions, over one hundred letters to various friends, a large part of them to her kindred at home. Some of these covered several sheets, and there is not one of them which would not be found interesting and instructive. We have given a sentence, here and there, as illustrative of her character and experience; but, of course, amid such a mass of manuscript, by far the greater portion is omitted. In these, are many touching expressions of religious feeling, which are omitted, because they cannot well be abbre-

viated, and a brief extract, without the connection, would often destroy the tone of the record. Enough is given, however, to show that she lived near unto God, that she spent much time every day in the study of his word, and in private devotion, and that her faith and hope grew stronger and brighter with each day's experience. Here is a record of one of the later hours of the day of rest:

"My dear Mother, if you were here, up in this little room, we would put our arms around each other, and have a long conversation about so many things! And I do not believe the briefest part of it would be about that precious home to which, I trust, we are journeying, and where we shall meet to live with each other eternally; about our Saviour, who conducts us thither, and his everlasting love.

"I have been reading to-day those chapters of John's Gospel, from the restoring of Lazarus to life, and onward. Ah! often as I have read that account of the last days and last words of Jesus, never do I go over it, but it seems more divinely tender and beautiful than before. It appears to me that here we come nearer that side of our Redeemer's nature which is like our own, than anywhere else in the whole gospel. His human heart, in its wonderful sorrow and affection, shades our eyes from the Deity at which we cannot look and live; and when he draws us to him, saying, 'As the Father hath loved me, even so have I loved you,' the whole soul melts at his feet in a passionate answering of repentance and devotion. The words, uttered centuries ago, drop upon the heart as if from living lips; and for a while, at least, it seems reality that neither 'life nor death, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'"

Sometimes, in the midst of her deepest sadness or most earnest struggles, came some sweet text, or the verse of a hymn, to comfort or encourage her. She says in her journal: "Very weary, and well nigh distracted, I sat in the midst of my school, this morning, and felt just that moment like giving up all in despair. The spirit of impatience, which I had put down, struggled afresh for the victory. Then, of a sudden, came to my mind that one line, —

"'Cheerful we tread the desert through,' —

and I felt my courage rise again. Here, in the wilderness, I must fight my way along."

As we turn the pages of her journal, to make the above extract, we find that the next day's record is the last entry. Through several years, with but short intervals, she had confided her thoughts and feelings and hopes to these silent friends. Here, in the midst of the fourth volume, the record ceases. It was doubtless an intimation of failing physical strength, although not a word is uttered in regard to it. She had obtained a piece of drugget to cover a portion of the bare floor in her little room, but she had no fire in it throughout the whole winter. To be much alone was a necessity of her existence; and the school-room, shared out of school-hours with four young ladies who boarded in the family, did not give her the seclusion necessary to her comfort. Mr. and Mrs. D—— always treated her with respect, if not with affectionate confidence, and she uttered no complaints; but her cheerless room, her only solitude during a long winter's evening, was such a contrast to the home wherein she had been reared, that she must have felt it keenly; and her friends believe that the chill of that unheated apartment first planted

the seeds of that fatal disease which took her from earth in the morning of her life.

The last words of her journal, penned just as she had parted from a friend who was going to her mother's home, are so prophetic, and descriptive of all that yet remains of her history, that we cannot forbear copying them:

"I am a little sad, now that the dark, lonely night has fallen, and my friend has gone in that direction whither my heart is ever moving, while I am left behind. I will not say that the great wandering tears all stay at home, within. No, some of them run races over my cheek; yet, after all, I shall go to bed a happy child, for I have some bright spots in the future to look at, and they are not very far ahead."

CHAPTER XXI.

The changed tone of Mary's letters to some of her friends to whom she wrote only at considerable intervals, — changed, because dictated by a chastened spirit, — led one to ask her if "a winter at the South" had not altered her views of life. She replied, at once: "'A winter at the South' *has* changed me in some respects, yet perhaps not more than this year of deeper thought and feeling would have done anywhere. I have learned to think differently of the world, less gaily of the future, more earnestly of the truth, and, believe me, more devotedly of those I love."

In March, Mary had a brief vacation, and improved the opportunity to spend a few days at home, a kind friend having offered her this great joy, and paid the entire expenses of her journey. She returned to Baltimore, bringing a volume of "Shady Side" with her. The book had attracted much attention, and her mother had been severely pained by the harsh censures of those who were determined on applying its portraitures to themselves, and still protested against the truthfulness of the likeness. Who, outside of this narrow circle of cavillers, will not coincide with the justice of the following?

"I am thinking much of you, and of your troubles about 'Shady Side.' I am confident that you have done a good work, and Providence will perfect that which concerneth it. Do not let the anger of unreasonable men, or the criticism of cold-hearted ones, give you pain. I believe that, rising above all

clamors, will be heard the voice of sympathy and generous indignation from the great mass of truly Christian people. We will trust this, like every thing else, in the keeping of the Almighty Hand. He will surely give you, in due season, the reward of those who speak the truth and that only, in meekness and sincerity, breasting a sinful and perverse world."

How wonderfully has this been verified by the almost unanimous approval of the Christian world!

A little way back, we copied a letter of condolence to Lottie, upon the death of her married sister, who had left a young babe to Lottie's care, and gone sweetly to her rest. A letter from Emmie, received in April, so won upon Mary's sympathy, that she tries once more to comfort her afflicted friend. Who, but one who had herself passed through deep experiences, could so tenderly sympathize with a stricken spirit; or, without seeming obtrusive of counsel, so wisely direct it to the true fountain of consolation?—

"Baltimore, April 13, 1853.

"Dearest Lottie, — It is near the sunsetting of an afternoon, soft and fragrant as our New England June. The low white clouds, the pale rose of the west, the odors of the young buds, and the soft, grieving wind, combine in a soothing beauty which steals over my heart, as I wish it could over yours. There is a voice of gentleness in the day, which falls tenderly on the inward sense, and a prophecy of bloom and warmth, silently advancing to meet us, although we cannot hear their tread or see them come. God will take care of the summer, will bring back the birds, and lift up to the sun again the buried flowers. Do you not believe he will, dear Lottie?

"I have been *afraid* to write you,—may I say it without

wounding you, love? Only afraid, lest my touch upon the trembling chords of your life be, involuntarily, a rude one; yet how can I longer restrain the impulse which cries out toward you?

"You will let me say how tenderly I love you,—how, kneeling morning and night in this little, solitary room, so far off, I never leave your dear name out of my prayer. When my heart aches, many times, with the vain and intense longing to *do* something for you, I go to Jesus, and tell him the desire. If he answers, and gives you of his comforts, how far sweeter is it than all earthly ministries!

"Surely in the morning gladness it is pleasant to sing together, but when do we draw *closest?* Ah! in the *night-time*, when the darkness surrounds us, we lose each other if we stand afar. In grief, the chain between us grows shorter, and every link is more fully charged with the electric current. So it is, that, having always loved you fervently and truly, I do so now more consciously from hour to hour.

"Dear Emma writes me to-day that she has been to see you, and that you are 'almost sick.' My poor Lottie, our Father heal you in body and in spirit. I hope this beautiful waking spring will be an angel of good to you.

"Kiss the little darling for me; Emmie says she is beautiful. God love her.

"Have you heard from Leila? Do you know that our beloved has given away her heart, and the pledge of her hand, to a missionary elect for India? The chosen one is Rev. William Barker; he sails next autumn, or, at the latest possibility, the spring following. Does it not seem utterly impossible of realization? My brain is dizzy, and my heart full of tears, in trying to make it seem *true*. What is there left un-

touched by the hand of change? Only one thing, — the Rock of Ages."

From these extracts, it is easy to see that Mary was always afflicted in the affliction of her friends. To her mother she says: "I have no dear friend for whom I have not suffered much. My heart was in deep waters last night, but to-day I am trying to trust in overruling Love. If the darkest hour heralds the dawn, I think my morning is near at hand, *though no streaks of red shine in the east.*"

Ah! there were deeper waters and a thicker night for thee, young pilgrim, before the bursting light of the everlasting morning.

In the midst of the blackest night or the deepest tempest, she never seemed to lose her trust in the Wisdom which controlled the disturbing elements. "It cannot be" (we hear her voice in the pauses of the howling winds) "that sunshine is good for my development; else why should I go in spirit from storm to storm?"

She was quick to learn the blessed truth that poring over one's own sorrows is not the best balm for their sting; and that the fountain of healing or strength is not found in the depths of selfish grief. "Many a time," she writes, "when my heart is cold and stupid in petition for itself, it has been warmed and softened by pleading for others." This is the secret talisman for the church, as well as for private Christians. Waste not, O sluggish heart, thine energies upon thyself, but break forth in acts of kindness to others, and in resolute service to the Master. Beating one's own limbs will not set the heart a-glow, like an hour of earnest toil in the field.

Nothing passed over Mary's heart without leaving its memento; and thus her memory was filled with ever-thronging

shapes. After recounting some of these to Emily, she exclaims: "O the by-gone days, the forever by-gone! As I look at them, they melt into one soft moonlight remembrance; a beauty and a sadness, veiled in mist."

There is one touching allusion to the parish troubles, which was written hastily, when the hearts of the minister's family were sore and bleeding, under what they felt to be unkind treatment from those for whom they had so cheerfully labored; and Mary, amid her distant toils, sympathized strongly with the home-feeling. In writing to Leila, she says: "With respect to the excitement among our people, and the crisis it has reached, I need say little, for you understand it even better than I do. I have tried to uproot every angry and vindictive feeling, and patiently, forgivingly, humbly, commit the matter unto the Lord. Months may not bring eyes to a blind people, but years will; and, when the objects of their persecution are far away, laboring on a new soil, or lying in a distant grave, then the seeds sown in the past shall spring up, and bear fruit; and, in the hearts of those now unjust and cruel, shall rise up a sad, remorseful memory. God will take care of the end."

It was amid these storms that the poetry, "Life has taken another round," was written.

Early in May, Leila — whose betrothal is noticed in a letter to Lottie a few pages back — was married in the church at Avon, and Mary could not resist the impulse to be present on the occasion, as, according to the arrangements then made, it would be her only opportunity of seeing this beloved friend before she sailed for India. She accordingly went from Baltimore to Avon in a single day and night, and returned after the Sabbath with almost equal dispatch. Her charge to the bridegroom will be found among her collected articles at the

close of this volume. The letters written to Leila, both before and after the wedding, are full of tenderness; but they cover many pages, and we are reluctantly compelled to omit them. In the latter, after alluding to the checkered history of some who were treading life's pathway with them, she exclaims:

"O life, how strange it is! to one, a journey, a victory, or defeat; to another, an encampment by green and pleasant banks. O love, how full of mystery is it! to one a crowning, a glory, a bloom; to another, sorrow, bitterness, and frost; to yet another, only a dim dream waited for in the distant future!"

The time drew near for her to leave Baltimore, the last term of the year being nearly closed. Mrs. D—— had left, to visit her family friends in Great Britain, and Miss Malone, a lady of gentle manners and great kindness of heart, had taken her place and presided over the domestic duties of the establishment. From this good lady, who was a member of the Methodist church, and whose piety was at once cheerful and glowing, Mary received so many grateful attentions, so much unobtrusive kindness, that she never ceased to remember her with sincere affection.

Mary was worn down with the arduous labors of the year. Those who teach in a day-school, where their duties end with the afternoon session, cannot realize how greatly the burden is increased by any care, however light, extending through the day. Alluding to the prospect of an engagement on a different footing in another school, she writes: "I look almost with envy on the privilege of going away entirely from the scenes of labor out of school-hours. In a boarding-school, the work is never finished and the care never shifted."

She longed to return to Avon, although the thought that it

was to be her *home* no longer, robbed that return of half its sweetness. And yet, the charm of precious scenes was not the sort of instinct which many call "strong local attachment." None knew better than she, the mysterious links that bound these places to her heart. "Ah!" she exclaims, "how quickly altered are scenes and places the most beloved, by the absence of that which glorified them!"

And as she thinks of returning, how sadly her heart shivers with the chill of that coming desolation.

"When I return," she writes to Emmie, "it will be to dismantle our parsonage, to tear away from the old beloved spot a thousand tendrils, which it seems to me will break in severing, and never twine again elsewhere. I feel as if I were standing on a narrow bridge leading from the past to the future, which forbids to cross with me a great multitude of pleasant memories."

To Helen she had written many times of her father's intention to separate from his people; but, after the act was consummated, she sought in vain for words to express her emotion. "Have I written you," she says sadly, "since my father's dismissal from Avon? It took place last Tuesday; the dissolution of the pastoral bond, however, dates from July 1st. The reality, whose shadow has hung about me so long, at last enters my heart, and brings with it a regret which time may soften, but can never remove."

To another friend she writes: "How soon will my precious childhood's home be dismantled and desolate, vocal only with far-off echoes of happy voices, all removed; and my favorite spots and old loves, sacred to memory,—a tablet written close with the story of an ended life!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Mary returned to Avon about the first of July, 1853, but the charm of her home was gone, for the family were already making arrangements for removal. She visited her old and favorite haunts with a sad heart, like one who attends at the death-bed of a friend. Those who saw her at this period represent her as haunted with an ever-watchful sorrow, which swept its shadow over her face even when it was wreathed in smiles. But her journal is closed, and she could not utter a word out of her full heart, even to her intimate correspondents. One day, a week after she returned, she penned a hasty letter to "Sister Abby,"—who, it will be remembered, left the West Avon parsonage for a residence in Lockport, Illinois,—from which we take the following extract:

"I long to see you with an intensity that makes the heart ache. It is so difficult to *write* to you now of the many, many things which I wish you to know and to feel with me. From amid this tempest of feeling within, and this multitude of scenes without, how shall I make my feeble words bear to you all their mighty freight?

"I have just come in from a beautiful ride, a ride to West Avon; and the old sights, the old paths have set many chords quivering. Some little changes there are about the dear old parsonage: it seems to me that the spirit of the place is evidently changed. I thought perhaps that I was taking a

last look, as we passed it in the sad, soft twilight, and my eyes gathered every feature into a picture for memory. Alas, the strange want within which cried out for you!

"I looked earnestly and separately at the windows, half hoping to see Johnnie's golden head, and your beloved face, but all was apparently still and vacant. The doors were closed, and no token of cheerful presence showed itself from within. I longed to stop; and yet, on wiser thought, I would not enter the altered home, I would not disturb the old image as combined with yours. * * * *

"I came home very weary, dear sister, in *body* and at *heart*. I call myself at *home* once more; but over the sweetness and the blessedness of the words hangs a dark, fixed shadow. You, who know all, are not in need of explanations. I realize that your heart will beat very close to mine through these farewell days. My dear, dear Mrs. Grant, O! once to put my arms about your neck, and weep there, would do your sister Mary a world of good.

"Father and mother are now absent at North Stonington, Conn., and it is nearly settled that there will be our future home. I am sure that mother will write you all needful and important particulars, therefore I need not insert them here.

"I do not, as you probably suppose, return to Baltimore any more. I have several applications to teach in various quarters, but my future is yet all undecided."

This might well be called "a season of farewells," for, a week later, Mary was called to say the last adieu to Leila, who, with her husband, set sail for their missionary field at Ahmednugger, in India. The following letter was just in time to reach the ship before it left port:

"Avon, Friday eve, July 13, 1853.

"Mine own Beloved, — As I take my pen to begin that correspondence, henceforth to be our only intercourse, O how swiftly come the mindful tears!

"That shadowed day has risen and set, — the day of farewells which saw us part. There lingers with me yet the last sweet words, the feeling of your kisses and tears upon my upturned face, the last, last close pressure of our hands, as the retreating train separated us. I felt, when you were gone, for a moment, almost as if I had lost you by death, and the whole storm of sorrow, all day withheld, burst upon my heart. We returned to the Daguerrean rooms, and there, where I breathed the very air you had just left, we sat waiting for our pictures. I looked at the sofa we had occupied together, the window where we had stood; all spoke a volume of you, every object intensified the realization of your absence. In this hour of soul-bitterness there was only one comfort: He, who hath wrought this, is 'our God forever and ever;' he will be our guide, even unto death; he will receive us into glory.

"Leila, my dearest one, Jesus, our Saviour, show you the path which is marked by his foot-prints, hallowed by his sufferings, and ended, by his death, in an everlasting home. He can be with you always, everywhere; he can understand you entirely and continually. No ocean, or desert, or danger, can lie between you and him. His familiar and infinitely tender look reaches you where all else is new and strange. Your hand can never be unclasped from his, whatever else it must let go. When all sweet home-music is hushed in your ear, his voice will sound there still, saying, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love.' Be strong in the word of his

grace, which is able to keep you from falling. He has called, and you have answered, 'I go cheerfully.' What better pledge can you have he is your elder Brother and gracious Friend? To Him, as the only sweet and sure repose, I commend you, daily 'making mention of you always in my prayers.'

"I know you will see the traces of my weariness in what I write to-night. I have not grown rested after our last day. I shall be well again soon, so do not be anxious.

"To-day I have been alone with dear mother for the first time since I came home, which seems very precious to me. This afternoon we visited at Mr. C.'s; I tried to be cheerful, and to make cheerfulness, but succeeded ill. Too many chords were quivering in my heart to allow my usual demeanor. 'This is a time when adieus thicken on every hand.'

"I send you, dear Leila, as I promised, my parting offering to you; may it soothe and somewhat comfort you when bosomed on the billows. And now, my dear 'child,' that we are separated for our lives, do not think any differently of your Mary from what you have been accustomed to do. I will still be to you, in my own thought, all the same, and that forevermore,—the same in love, in confidence, in appreciation, in faithfulness. However long distance may prevent you from receiving even a poor assurance of this upon paper, never cease to believe it so. Day by day, week by week, year by year, while I live, I shall carry you in my heart, as I have ever done.

"O, how vain is the effort to *prepare* the heart for such a parting as ours! However we might have looked at it in the light of the future, when it becomes a present reality, we find

that we knew not its dimensions, that we had not calculated how deep a shadow it must throw upon our path. My darling, God keep you, and bring us to see each other's face in peace, by the light of that place which needeth neither sun nor moon.

"Till then, your MARY."

The above bears, as is stated in it, the traces of weariness, and this was something more than the languor caused by the weight of sorrow. Mary was not "well again soon;" she was never fully restored to health. In a letter written to Mrs. Grant, two weeks later, is the first definite mention, in any of her correspondence, of the disease which finally proved fatal. We make a brief extract, which also brings vividly before us "the dismantling of the parsonage," to which she had alluded in a former letter.

"MY SISTER ABBY,—The rich sunlight of the afternoon is streaming through these uncurtained windows, upon naked walls, bare floors, and rough, half-laden boxes. Three tired individuals are taking a lunch and a respite. I, being one of them, choose to recreate in the manner evident to you; so I have established myself in the sofa-chair, in the room which used to be our pleasant parlor, with a book, paper, pen, and a little inkstand, all in my lap; which description, I am sure, will make apology for any irregular movements of the hand upon the page.

"O, how much, a thousand times how much, is there to say to you; but I am in a state of chaos, mentally, physically, and locally, so do not expect much coherency from me. Your letter, dear sister, was read with some tears. *I cannot come to you*,—no, indeed I cannot. Even were my father and mother willing, under any circumstances, my health is hardly

equal to it now. You know I do not like to acknowledge illness; but my evasion of the truth would be impossible. I have a troublesome cough, commenced in Baltimore, and grown worse since my return. Mother thinks I have a little fever every afternoon, and all who love me are urgent that I should 'take care of' myself, — a new and hard lesson for me to learn. Yet I am trying, and I hope, by-and-by, a good many weeks hence, to be well again. *Some moments bring to me sadder anticipations;* but, we can trust our Father in heaven."

The family left the Avon parsonage on Saturday, the 6th of August. If Mary's health had been less feeble, she would have left on record an eloquent farewell to each 'of her familiars' in that lovely valley. Nothing, however, can be more touching than the following, from a little note written to Anna, while resting at the seaside on the way to North Stonington:

"We left our home on Saturday afternoon. The rain had fallen with violence all the day; tears dropped on us from the ivy above the door; tears from the young maples at the gate, as we turned away from the little parsonage, and looked back through its desolate windows into the closed and empty rooms. Just as we left the village, the blessed sunbeams darted out, and sent their living mists up to kiss the forehead of the mountain, — so the last look of 'Monte-Video' fell on my heart like a smile. A prophet-light seemed to shine out of the old over the new! Weary and sick, and spirit-worn, I took it as one of Heaven's comforting ministers.

"We are now on the way to a people who wait for us with affectionate welcomings, where we hope to build a little nest of peace and quiet. Father is to be installed next

Wednesday: we must be at Stonington the Monday before. You don't know how I dread meeting strangers when I am so stupid!

"I am staying for a few days with dear friends here in Madison, by the sea-side, and living the laziest life!—rising about nine o'clock, breakfasting and dining on oysters at twelve; amusing myself with medicines every few hours, and lolling in easy-chairs, when I do not lie upon the bed. A very enervating mode of existence, is it not? I should be ashamed of it, if I could do any better; but my cough is very troublesome, and I cannot even crawl down to this glorious beach, a few yards from the house. I can only look at the bright blue Sound, and the lazy sloops that scarcely move in this breathless weather. Like theirs, 'my sails flap idly 'gainst the mast of my intent.'"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mary reached North Stonington the second week in August, 1853, and her father was duly installed over the Congregational Church in that town, two days after their arrival. The fatigue of the journey, and the excitement connected with the greeting of so many new acquaintances, produced a slight reaction, and she became weaker than ever. Her friends had denied her the privilege of correspondence, in the belief that it over-taxed her strength; but her dear friend, Mrs. Grant, had lost a darling babe, her sweet Mary, and the invalid begged a sheet of note paper on which to write a few words of condolence. In that she says, "I have ceased putting my arms around anybody now; those whom I have, at times, held up, must change places with me."

In the same note, and indeed in all of her letters from North Stonington, she speaks most gratefully of the kindness of that dear people, — a kindness which met her with a welcome born of the heart, and which followed her without abatement through all her subsequent residence, even to the last sad duty that mortal can fulfil to mortal. On the 23d of August, she writes to Miss Phillips:

"Let me tell you about my surroundings. As you pass down the principal street of this pleasant village, there stands, just at a turn where a sober brook comes purling from the meadows, a substantial, closely-shaded mansion, built in the spirit of forty years ago. Two most ambitious evergreens

monopolize the narrow front yard, and stretch their cones with a Babel-like intention toward the sky. Within, the old and new blend charmingly; quiet, airy rooms, wearing the solid look of the great corner-beams and heavy mouldings, yet luxurious with modern comforts. You will find me in one of the large 'front chambers,' open to the east and south. I am sitting indolently in the extreme of an easy-chair, all alone.

"Can you think of me, and are you ready now to ask why I am not in that young parsonage across the brook? Because, my dearest, we have not yet been able, amid our cares and the incompleteness of our new residence, to become established in our own house. We are still the guests of the people, at their urgent desire and our urgent necessity.

"If you knew that my dear mother is in Boston to-day, perhaps you would feel as much nearer to me as I do to you. She left us, this morning, to make a hurried visit to the furniture warerooms of that good city. Father and Willie are 'distributing' themselves among our friends here, in order to satisfy the many claims; but I, being an invalid, am absolved from such fatiguing duties, and indulged in remaining at this one home. *Home!* did I say? Ah! that was too sacred a word, — and yet I could almost, *almost* use it, in gratitude for such kind and tender and unremitting care as I am receiving. O, it goes down to the depths of my weary heart, the almost parental love of these strangers; and I wonder that so sweet a gift should have lain in wait for poor undeserving me!

"You will want to know about my health, dear Anna. Do I not seem better to you in this letter than the last? I trust I am recovering slowly; I hardly dare to hope so, at times. My cough is not as violent; the syrup prescribed by a kind friend has benefited me; but I still have my afternoon

rise of fever, which seems naturally endowed with an obstinate disposition.

"I feel usually pretty cheerful, whether I look onward along the vista of fair human years, or upward through the deep blue of this summer sky, to the 'shining gates.' Our Father in heaven will make all things right and beautiful in his time.

* * * * * * *

"You ask me, love, when I shall send another poem to 'The Era.' I was not sure 'The Era' wanted another; and, indeed, I am not sure I shall ever write one again. My fancies are diseased, I believe, — they come and go, the strangest, singing, winged things, since my illness. If I could have coaxed a pencil and paper out of the hard heart of medical and maternal supervision, when I was in New Haven, I might have sent you one of my *weird* specimens. But I was utterly prevented from committing any such folly. * * * *

"Next week we hope to be fully arranged at the parsonage; and, as soon as I hear from you, I will try to write again, and give you a description in earnest of the new resting-place."

Her most alarming symptoms had not been reported even to her intimate correspondents, as she could not bear to create any unnecessary anxiety in their hearts; but, in answer to a very earnest request from Emmie, she wrote more frankly.

"I have grown weak so rapidly since I came here, that the use of the pen has been denied me; and now I am on ten minutes' allowance, and can only write you briefly.

"I have the nicest and wisest of doctors, the tenderest nursing; and if wishes, and prayers, and loving assiduities could make me well again, I were now the healthiest girl in Christendom. But 'that ugly cough' has no intention to part from me lightly; it keeps hold steadily, day by day, night by night.

If there ever comes a bright time, when it and I shall sever company, I shall feel, in the fulness of my heart, that our Father's mercy took me from under the very shadow of the gates of death, — where I am *waiting*, dear Emily, looking on the freshness and the beauty of life, leaning toward all the blessedness of human love, and the greatness of human hope, yet knowing that life and love and hope, so far as they are mortal, may soon be far behind me!"

"Pray for me, darling, — take these words gently, and be not too grieved: there is still, so far as earthly eyes see, a narrow little path back to health and renewed life. I love to think I am climbing it, because health is gladness, and life is *very dear*.

"My Doctor Palmer spoke more cheerfully to-day; he is very candid, and will not give false encouragement, I think. He forbids my talking much, and, as he left, said, 'We will have you so you can talk a great deal, by-and-by, I hope.'

"I wanted to tell you of the inexpressible kindness of the new friends, with whom I have staid nearly a fortnight (we only came to the parsonage on Saturday); but there is no room, and little ability. Do you remember a talk 'we three' had in your parlor one July night? Dear Emmie, I shrink to cast *that first deep shadow* over you; God forbid it, if it be his will. He watches us, and cares for us; I commend us all to him, with an humble trust in the name of Jesus. Our Father give you gladness, my darling, and many fragrant years."

She would not shadow the days of her friends by depriving them of all hope of her recovery, and therefore wrote all the encouragement she could conscientiously give, reserving, as far as possible, the deeper tints in the prospect. To one of

the wisest and truest of her friends, she poured out her heart more fully upon this subject than even to her own family friends. We copy nearly the whole of a note penned to her under date of September 5, as it shows her state of mind far more clearly than it could be given in any language of our own:

"Monday eve, Sept. 5, 1851.

"O ABBY, MY DEAREST SISTER,—Your letter to mother has just reached us, and opened in my heart a fountain of tears, deeper and bitterer than I knew was there.

"Is it so, that I shall not see you again in this sweet life? I am afraid it is; others have some hope for me, I have little for myself, *very little*. I stand where I can look in at the gate of the dark valley; if I ever come up again, it will seem to me *wonderfully* merciful. Sometimes I tremble about that which is beyond; how can such a poor, miserable sinner as I be one of God's beloved? Then, again, the way seems clear and beautiful and sure to heaven, and I feel glad to go.

"Last night, the Sabbath sunset was glorious,—purple and gold and azure beneath. As I sat and watched it, with the quiet, sweet feeling that our Father spread for me the beautiful sight, it seemed so *easy* to go right up those golden stairs to the Eternal City, and be at rest! Yet I had my mother in my arms, and wanted to take her, too; *there* was an earthward link; and the heart, once turning thatwise, felt so many others, felt the separation from my few most intimate friends, from the hopes and activities of my young life. God only knows the issue to come. His will, yes, my darling sister, his blessed, perfect will be done. If he sees it best to take me away, he can fill the place I should leave empty in one household, and in a few devoted hearts.

"Pray for me, dear Abby, as earnestly as you can; pray that, if it be possible, this cup may pass from me. I long, from day to day, to be cheerfully pleasant, to give honor to the Saviour in every word and way; and, if Death is waiting for me, to meet it, serenely trustful, with full assurance of my welcome home. * * * *

"I have poured out my whole soul to you, dearest; I couldn't help it. Do write me. The Lord comfort you, and be merciful to us all.

"Evermore yours, MARY."

Those who have lost a dear friend from their side by pulmonic consumption, know well the insidious character of the disease, and the crushing anxiety attending the frequent alternations of hope and fear, as the symptoms change from day to day. The foregoing letter was written during the downward swing of the pendulum; here is an extract from one, a week later, after the depths were passed:

"NORTH STONINGTON, Sept. 12, 1853.

"MY DEAREST EMMA,—I have lived, since I wrote you, O, how long! I have passed such days as can never be forgotten, or *regretted.* Can you imagine what it is to come face to face with Death, the strong angel, and feel his close grasp upon you, waiting the signal to sunder soul from body?—to give up every little, lingering hope of life, and meet, in the anxious smile of beloved ones, clearer than in tears, the secret fear and the burden of sorrow, yet, in all this, *to be at peace,* resting gladly in the Almighty Father's will, looking, with a sweet sense of safety, down the path to the dark river, and beyond to the 'fields of living green'?

"This has been my experience, darling, and now, that

almost miraculously a new hope is born in this household, and life seems spread out before me again, and the dear eyes that wept not for grief are moistened with joy and gratitude, I can scarcely believe it real. Those symptoms (so alarming to a consumptive), the hectic fever and raising of blood, have left me, it may be to return again after a temporary respite. We hope not; but the signs of my most deceitful disease are little to be trusted. My good doctor said, 'You are better, greatly better than I expected, — on the up-hill side;' but, as he said, it is far easier to go down than up. Be assured, dear Emmie, which ever way I go, I am happy; it is wonderful to me that I am, but the grace of God is given to me freely for the asking."

This mercy of God to Mary during the most trying periods of her last illness, is one of the sweetest memories left to her friends, and has ever been to them a cause of devout thanksgiving; and this the more, because her life was not one that flowed on calmly as a peaceful river through a flowery vale. Her intensity of thought and feeling, her keen sensibility, her earnest longings after the unattained, had ever urged her beyond the limit of a quiet, serene composure of soul, and, as she often said, made the storm and tempest necessary to her strength and growth. But, as in nature, the stream which is nursed in the hills, fed by the storm, lashed into commotion as it sweeps through the mountain-gorge, chafes and foams along its rocky bed, leaps from basin to basin, and pours in an impetuous flood down to the plain, when it reaches its fulness, flows under the broad sunshine, without a ripple on its surface, into the still sea, — so the tumult of doubt and distressing gloom, and moan of anguish, which we have marked in her earlier pathway, or heard from the thick

darkness of her previous conflicts, all gave place, as Mary approached the end of her pilgrimage, to that sweet peace which, in such an hour, is only the gift of God.

In a letter of condolence to Lottie, upon the death of her sister's child, written on the 24th September, she says: "Since I wrote to Emmie, I have been better, and worse, and better again: amid these alternations of disease, when hope and fear are thrown in even balance, I find it hard to keep a tranquil heart." And yet, her serenity was so great that it was a marvel to all of her friends. We have all seen or heard of sick-rooms, where the patient sufferer, given over of friends, waited calmly for the last hour; or where, amid torturing pain, the soul cried out for release, or rejoiced that the suffering was nearly over; but what more cheerful trust, amid the distressing alternations of a changeful disease, what sweeter voice of patient cheerfulness, ever came from a couch where hope and fear lay in an even balance, than we find in the following note, under date of September 25?—

"My beloved Emmie,—It is somewhat a peril for me to use the pen; yet, with so much of comfort in my poor body, it seems to me I must answer your last note. The afternoon sun falls softly aslant the western windows of this pleasant little nursery; and so deeply shaded are they that there is no light to put out the glow of the dear wood-fire on the hearth. I am sitting before the bright inside glow, watching the little flames curl upward, looking into the heart of the brilliant coals, and now and then at the outer rim of pale dead ashes. * *

"Darling, again, after a rest upon the bed, I take this inefficient pen. You say that 'We shall be happy, again as we have been in the past!' O, how tenderly do I recall, in the quietude of a sick room, the years that once were mine, — the

eighteen cherished years gone to their graves, with all their history of a beating human heart, and its changing world. O! how fondly have I reviewed their thousand scenes, — pleasures too fair to live longer than the rainbow, and like it pendant on the clouds; soberer joys and deeper, that shone long and faithfully; hours of social gladness; hours of talk with the voices of the sky, and mountains, and woods, and streams. How have I traced the lineaments of faces that grew cold and faded in the midst of the years! O Emmie, '*as we have been*' — can it be?

"One thing you must teach yourself, my darling, or you may regret it, — not to say any more that I 'shall certainly get well;' don't *feel*, dear Emmie, that I 'must get well.' Could you spend one day with me, I think you would only say, '*I hope*,' — I think you would pray, 'if it be *possible!*' Since my little note to you, I have relapsed somewhat into my old ways. For twenty-four hours I was under the dominion of a burning heat, which left me more prostrated than I had previously been since my illness. I am gradually getting back to my usual strength as an invalid. Dr. P. says, if I can wear out this fever, he thinks the cough will gradually subside; at present, the scales hang almost evenly in the balance. We have nothing to do but to wait: God give us grace for it. If you and I are not to spend more sweet days in this world together, we hope we shall in the new earth, beneath the new heavens, which shall never pass away, and where no inhabitant shall say, 'I am sick.'

"Write me often, for your letter is like a sunbeam in a dark room. Be cheerful, my dearest, — not one good thing will our God withhold from them that love him.

"In all sincerity, your happy and loving MARY."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THROUGHOUT all the following winter (1853–4) her disease kept alive in the hearts of her friends a constant succession of hopes and fears, changing oftener than the fickle sky, — bright mornings were followed by a gloomy overcast meridian, and a sullen, stormy nightfall; or, misty, threatening daybreaks, by a balmy afternoon, and a golden, many-hued sunset. Instead of the mammoth sheets she used to fill, in her correspondence with her friends, we find a few brief notes, full of the sweetness of a sanctified heart, revealing the dreamy life she led, "just under heaven's bright gate." It was during this winter that she composed the piece entitled "*Mors Moras Nectens*," which will be found among her poems in the latter part of this volume. As her physical vigor wasted, her soul seemed to reach the depth of its poetic fulness, but her friends denied her the use of the pen, so that most of these beautiful visions were unrecorded. A touching prayer she sent after Leila "on the deep," was written previously, just after the sad farewell. The first letter from Leila was received in the autumn, by a vessel which spoke the missionary ship on its passage to India; and it did much to cheer the invalid.

During all the sad changes of her disease, she thoughtfully concealed many of her most distressing pains, and was grateful for every cheerful word and loving smile. In return for a beautiful letter from Emily, she replies:

"That was a kind letter, darling, as soothing to me as rest

is to the weary, as song is to the sad. It was like a prolonged caress: it had the sweetness of your lip and eye lingering in it. I was confident, before, that you loved me, and were very sorry for my sorrow. But there are times when it is not enough to know that the water lies clear and abundant in the basin, — when we must needs have the jet opened and the fountain playing, to satisfy our fever.

"It is generous in you to say that I am 'a blessing' to you *now*, in these my days of helplessness and suffering. I sometimes feel, painfully, that I can no longer be to my friends even the small comfort and pleasure which I was once. It is one of my most earnest prayers to God, that no shadow may fall from my face on theirs, no clouds above my sick room throw a gloom across their path; that, if I must die, He would make my life radiant and cheerful to the end, leaving only a happy memory!"

Blessed be His name, this prayer was answered; and the light of those closing days has left an after radiance which dispelled the darkness even from the tomb. Like the lingering twilight beneath a polar sky, which fades not into night, it shall brighten into the dawning glory of the eternal morning.

We have seen with what varied emotions she ever greeted her birthdays, — at one time with the bounding joy of a gay, happy heart, at another with the sober thoughtfulness of one who was conscious that each year added its indelible record to the history soon to be sealed up to the final judgment. The 5th of December, 1853, found her upon the couch, a suffering invalid, and we have no record of the memories, the hopes, the fears which filled its hours as they went slowly by. In a letter written to Anna a week after, during

an interval of comparative comfort and freedom from pain, she thus alludes to it: "Since I wrote you last, I have passed my twentieth birth-day. Does it seem true that all the dear 'teens are gone? But the twenties are a richer race; womanhood brings a deeper life than girlhood; I will not yet begin to look back and regret!"

The new year was greeted, also, with fewer written salutations than any she had passed since childhood. The only memento of its date is a letter to Lottie, for whose grief, in the bereavement already alluded to, her warm heart is full of earnest sympathy. We annex an extract:

"My precious Lottie, — May this new year soften your severe sorrows, and fill your heart with blessed comforts. There are times, in every history, when days that have been anniversaries of joy, quicken and deepen the currents of grief, — we see their suns rise and set through mournful tears. Because I feel that your heart is aching to-day, I must speak to you, and tell you I have wept and prayed for you, my dear, lonely Lottie. Yet, for one thing thank God: you have angel ministries that were wanting a year ago! * * *

"I remember you daily and tenderly; and, when the heavenly home seems nearest to me, I often think what gladness is waiting there for you!

"Four months ago, dear Lottie, I believed these winter snows would spread over my last low place of rest. I dared not hope to be still a dweller on this dear earth, which blesses me with so much love and beauty. One year ago, how little did I expect to be a helpless invalid, retaining life with a trembling hold; I could scarcely have comprehended, then, the thanksgiving which I offer now. So swiftly and surprisingly

does change follow change; so closely do life and death mingle their elements in the shifting scene."

The letters of her loving friends were a great comfort to her during the confinement of the winter. To Anna she says: "I cannot tell you what a luxury your letters are to me, your loving, charming letters. Whenever I open one, out flies a nightingale, and nestles in my opened heart, and trills there softly all day, so that my soul has come to be full of your singing birds!"

The air of the winter had been very severe, and Mary looked with intense longing for the spring, whose balmy breath is ever so grateful to the diseased lungs. Her brother, although a mere boy, had been asked to teach a school in a neighboring town, and was far more successful than many with older heads, having given entire satisfaction to his patrons. Her mother's health was feeble, and she was also worn down with watching and anxiety, but she kept up a cheerful countenance, that the home of the dear invalid might be unclouded. Her father, while faithful to his people, seemed to lead a double life, bearing his only daughter on his heart by day and night, and never weary of making sacrifices for her comfort. The people of the village were ever most kind and considerate; without being obtrusive, they were continually watchful of opportunities to testify their loving sympathy. Nothing that loving hearts or gentle hands could do for the sufferer was left untried; but the gift of healing was delayed, and the chill winds of the season aggravated the disease.

By the advice of her physician, she determined to meet the spring half-way. Her maternal uncle was living at Brooklyn, Long Island, and was urgent that she should come at least as far south as that city. She could go readily by boat from

Stonington, and, if not injured by the journey, could rest there a while, and go on to Philadelphia. This plan was adopted, and she reached Brooklyn at the close of the first week in March. She suffered but little by the fatigues of the way. Dr. Palmer, who resided at Stonington, thoughtfully and kindly proffered her his own carriage, and took her, after the ride of eight miles, to his own house, to wait for the boat. "Our passage," she writes from Brooklyn, "was unusually quiet. I suffered from a high fever till after midnight, but found sweet rest during the morning watches. The boat came in between five and six, A. M., and found New York in tears; we took a close carriage for my uncle's, in Brooklyn, where we are now delightfully located."

The weather was unusually favorable, and she gained something in strength during the first few days. Under date of March 12th, she says: "The sky is fair and blue as May skies are, and the red buds of the maple have perceptibly swelled since I came. I think I am better than usual in this summer-like air."

That Mary was not as sanguine in regard to the future as some of her friends, is very evident. In a letter to her cousin Mary, written soon after her arrival at Brooklyn, she says at the close: "To-day is certainly the rosiest we have had this spring. This warm, blessed sunshine goes down into the shadowy places of the heart, carrying with it a thought of our Father's love. Sometimes I have faith in the summer air to heal me; *oftener I expect otherwise.* It is very sweet to feel that God is over all blessed forever."

With a few days of still warmer weather came fresh courage, and she writes to Emma: "O, I wish I could express to you how delightful is our infant spring in Brooklyn! The

sunshine is radiant and soft, the air a breath from the balmy south, the deep sky opens up so far towards heaven. I cannot tell you how the new blood begins to fill my veins; how, to-day, my lungs cease to pant and heave, and the dull pain in my head is ashamed to stay. I have taken an hour's ride, the very sweetest ride in my whole life. I have now returned, and am lying on a lounge in uncle's library, with a book in my hand, and not a single weary pain has crept upon me."

The reader must not suppose that, through all these trials and sufferings, Mary preserved, on every occasion, the temper and spirit of a saint. She often alluded to inward conflicts, and struggles with temptation for the victory is never completed until we reach the farther bank of the river; but these struggles led her to cling more closely to her only strength and hope. Alluding to some of these trials, she says, in a confidential note to her mother: "The lessons of the world are grown hard to me, for I have not breathed its atmosphere these many months. But all is good and sweet and wise in the end, I rest sure; and, if I can grow pure and gentle and noble in every trial, shall we not bless our heavenly Father for every one? I try, I do *try* to bear all things with a heavenly temper; but I fail!"

Her mother had taken her to Brooklyn, and returned, leaving her in the care of her uncle and aunt, who, with her maternal grandmother, spared no pains to make her comfortable. Every thing which could tempt her appetite was procured for the table, and a thoughtful care followed her every moment. She had not, at this time, any appearance of illness to the eye of a stranger. Her form had lost a little of its fulness, and her complexion had bleached to a purer whiteness; but she was not at all emaciated, and the paleness of

her full, rounded cheeks, seemed but a natural contrast to the dark clustering curls which partially shaded them.

Her mother went down to Brooklyn again on the 6th of April, and on the 13th, she and Mary journeyed to Philadelphia. Some dear friends had arranged a quiet boarding-place for the invalids, and they staid until the first week in May. While in Philadelphia, Mary received much attention, and mentions in her letters, with grateful affection, Grace Greenwood and her husband (the twain then newly married, and very happy as groom and bride), and Mr. and Mrs. Plumley.

To an afflicted friend, who had feared to write to her of her own griefs, lest the demand upon her sympathy should be too pressing, she replies, describing the afflictions that she herself had suffered, and adding:

"You feared to talk to me of sorrow, and I think it possible you will fear less after I once clearly say to you, 'I have suffered.'

"Grief enriches life as no other element can; enriches, more than all, that essence of life, the love of God. In the deep thought of my soul, when her perceptions are clearest, I give thanks for every bitterness I have tasted. For trials present and to come, one must beg strength; but for trials past, one can sometimes sing praises."

During the first week in May, the invalids again turned northward, and, after spending another day or two in Brooklyn, returned to their home in North Stonington.

CHAPTER XXV.

Mary was but little benefited by her excursion, although she seemed stronger on her return, and enjoyed a better appetite: the troublesome cough still clung to her, and the hectic flush came and went, as usual.

Soon after her return, she received the sad intelligence of the dangerous illness of Rev. Mr. Yale, already alluded to, whose daughter Lucy had been one of her dearest companions. Ever yearning with sympathy for her sorrowing friends, she essayed, even in her weakness, to write a few words of comfort. We copy the most of it, not because it compares favorably in literary excellence with many which she wrote while in health, but because it was nearly the last of her voluminous correspondence, only two more letters completing the list.

"North Stonington, May 22, 1854.

"My beloved Lucy,—I am not fit this afternoon to hold a pen, yet I have waited in vain for a time of strength, and I cannot longer delay to pour out my tears to you. We received, on Friday last, the afflictive news of your father's sickness and danger; and, though I have been unable to express my sympathy, I have scarce forgotten you one waking hour. O, was I not one of you? another sister, a cherished daughter?—and the darkness that lies on my adopted home falls heavily, too, on me. What shall we do, Lucy? The Lord our God strengthen us!

"I have thought and talked of you more than usual, since

our return from Philadelphia, a week ago, and have said, often, how beautiful your home must look in the awakening spring, and longed to be there, little thinking what presence was hovering near you. *Now*, over the green slope of yard, and the early flowers, and the sweet-scented shrubs, and the great trees feathery with young leaves and throbbing with the songs of young birds, falls a shadow so dark, a stillness so deep, that I cannot look or listen, but only with blinded eyes cry, 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from us.'

"And when I come to you in spirit, I pass sorrowfully up the grassy path, and in at the side door, beneath the swaying branches, and, in the silent house, I clasp my hands, and wait, like you, watching for the day-dawn. O, if it break not in this world, how bright will it be beyond!

"The circle of those I love is at present a circle of the sorrowing; and, when I see so many beloved ones treading the path of trial, I hardly venture to say, 'Lord, remove from *me* this burden.' The past two years have taught us both to suffer, dear Lucy. We have both stood in the close presence of Death, — you, beside the bed of the beloved, to watch the last breath; and I, in the near anticipation of that hour when human ministries should be needful to me no more. Which gives the most conscious and thrilling and solemn knowledge, no heart that has not tried both can judge. O, how great a thing to LIVE, sometimes; how sorrowful, even to agony. May we not say to each other in heaven, how blessed a thing?"

Her last letter to Lottie, the last but one she ever wrote, describes her weakness, less painful than in the early spring, but rendering her "stupid, and inclined to sleep," and closes—

a fitting close to a long and affectionate correspondence — with this simple sentence:

"My Lottie, good-by. O, fold me in your arms, and love me, and I will be yours as long as I live!"

This note to Lottie was written on the 25th of May; for several days she had been unusually drowsy, and this was followed by a season of darkness,—not that which hides the light of heaven from one who is in the depths, but more like a stupor which comes upon the soul but half awake to the realities of life, when it struggles as if in bonds it has not the strength to throw off. On the 9th of June, she sat in the back parlor of the parsonage, waiting for her mother to retire to the adjoining bed-room for her regular afternoon siesta. Her face seemed unusually animated, and her mother delayed her departure until playfully urged to leave her alone. She retired, but left the door partly open, so that she could see her daughter's countenance. Never had it been inspired with such a glow. She seemed to have drawn near to the Celestial City, until the light from its radiant glory fell upon her, and was reflected from her face. She sat as if totally unconscious of what was passing around her, and listening to some enchanting strain, now first audible to her sensitive ear. Her mother could not sleep, and lay watching this beaming face, which changed its expression only as a half-smile, like a fresh sunshine, broke over it.

At last the mother spoke; but Mary, half-playfully, half-seriously, held up a warning finger, as if beseeching her not to break the spell. Watching her more closely, her mother saw that she had a sheet of paper in her lap, and that she now began to move her pencil over the page, as if trying to recall the strains of some half-remembered song. When she had

finished, she threw her arms about her mother's neck, and wept glad tears, and almost sang for joy. The darkness, the stupor, the bonds, had all been lifted from her soul, and she had once more come back to light and peace. She never passed another meridian on earth; and the glad, exultant song she had just penned became a sweet solace to her friends, so like was it to the shout of victory. It is given among the selections at the close of the volume, but we cannot forbear inserting it here:

"Soul of mine,
Mourning in darkness thicker than the night,
With claspéd hands before an empty shrine,
Give thanks; the heaven hath opened; there is light!

"Rich and fair,
Glories of nature home return to me:
The calm serene that fills the violet air,
The wondrous shading of the distant sea.

"Full and sweet,
On wings more light than ever spanned the air,
That wondrous incense, for the altar meet,
Descends once more unto my poet-share.

"Bright and grand,
Old pictures show, which, in my sad despair,
I said, with aching heart and nerveless hand,
God had denied to my beseeching prayer.

"Soft and slow,
Through all the chambers of my weary soul,
I hear the blessed music come and go,
And the low measures thrill me as they roll.

"Soul of mine,
Shine in the light that breaks upon thee pure;
Give back an answering flash! the gem is thine;
Sing, and thy song shall teach thee *to endure!*"

The following morning, the fatal 10th of June, was one of the brightest of the whole year; it was the clear shining of the sun after rain, and the air was filled with the fragrance of opening flowers. Mary had rested sweetly, and rose in unusual spirits, the light in her soul irradiating her countenance and sparkling from her eye. Her step had not been so elastic for months, and the graceful bound with which she crossed the parlor threshold was noticed by her mother with a thrill of joy, as it seemed a fresh promise of returning vigor. She breakfasted with the family, eating with uncommon relish, and the table was enlivened with cheerful and happy conversation. The family worship on that morning was unusually spiritual and refreshing. The Scripture which came in course was in II. Timothy, 4th chapter; and, as each one read aloud in turn, there came to Mary the 7th and 8th verses, which she read with an expression that sent a thrill to the hearts of all.

7. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith:

8. "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

Her mother afterwards observed, in alluding to that morning scene, that "it was sweet and affectionate and heavenly enough to grace the closing day of a life so beautiful."

Her physician came about nine o'clock, and she sat down by his side in the parlor, and conversed nearly an hour with him, at first in relation to her disease, and afterwards upon miscellaneous topics. About half-past ten o'clock her father proposed a ride, to which she assented, and he left the house to procure a horse and carriage. During his absence, she

took a book, and, as her mother went up stairs with the girl, to superintend some domestic arrangement, Mary sat upon the sofa, absorbed in her reading. A few minutes after, her mother heard her cough twice or thrice, and, fancying that the cough sounded strangely, she ran down immediately. Mary was not in the parlor, and her mother followed her into the bed-room, which opened out of it, and there beheld her daughter bending above the basin upon the washstand, with the blood streaming from her lips. She had ruptured a vessel in her lungs, and was breathing with great difficulty. Her mother caught her in her arms, when Mary inquired, with strange calmness, "Mother, what will the end be?" — "I cannot tell, my daughter," was the reply; "but trust in Jesus, he will do all things well."

Mary was helped to the bedside, a neighbor within hearing was summoned, and every thing possible was done for her relief; but in vain. The crimson tide still poured from her lips, and she soon felt faint. Her father drove up with the carriage; a messenger was dispatched to recall the physician, who had been gone a half-hour; and anxious friends essayed to arrest the fatal hemorrhage. Her mother whispered to know if Jesus was near and precious in that trying hour, and a swift pressure of the hand, a loving glance from that dark eye, ere yet it assumed the glassy fixedness of the final change, made a sure and intelligent response. Within less than fifteen minutes from the first alarm, the pulse was still, and all was over.

When the physician returned, he said that no human skill could have prolonged her life, after the bleeding commenced, although, but for the rupture of this vessel, she would probably have lived another year or two, perhaps longer, and grad-

ually sunk, after weary days of pain and weakness, into the welcome tomb.

O, how kind was He, who had resolved to recall the treasure he had lent, to spare her, and the friends whose hearts were so closely bound to hers, the sad and bitter anguish of such a lingering death! He took the flower in its bloom, ere a hue had faded, nay, while the morning dew was yet fresh upon it, to wear it in his own bosom.

We have stated that Mary was not at all emaciated, and that her countenance bore, to the eye of a stranger, but few traces of disease. After death, the expression of her face was peculiarly striking. It seemed lifted and brightened into a serene beauty; there was a look of majesty about the brow, as if the soul, brought suddenly to the near view of things beyond the veil, had at the very last made a mighty effort to grasp the grandeurs of the approaching scene, and left upon its tenement, at the moment of parting, the assurance of its triumphant victory.

But we need not sit in communion with the beloved dust. It looks, indeed, as if a whisper might wake it again to life, with the song of triumph still upon its lips; but the mother's face has bent in anguish above it, and called it by names that would once have thrilled the heart, but there was no voice or answer.

Friends, near and remote, gathered to the funeral, which took place on Monday afternoon, the 12th of June. The services were held in the church, which was crowded with a tearful assemblage. Several clergymen were present, of whom three were invited to officiate on the occasion.

The dear form was laid, by tender hands, in a beautiful spot beneath a spreading oak in the village cemetery. Beloved

young companions, who had known her only in these later months of comparative helplessness, but who had nevertheless learned to love her, gathered about the vaulted grave, and sang, with voices the more touching from their very tremulousness, the following beautiful hymn:

"O, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

"Their bodies in the ground
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

"Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

"With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,—
Our praises and our tears."

There rises from the head of that simple mound, a beautiful marble slab, designed with rare taste, containing this inscription, written by her mother:

OUR MARY,
CHILD OF GENIUS AND OF SONG,
CHILD, TOO, OF GOD.
HE SPARED HER TO US TWENTY SWEET YEARS,
THEN TOOK HER TO HIMSELF,
JUNE 10, 1854.
HIS WILL BE DONE.

WE FOLLOW SOON.

And, now that the dear dust is hidden from our sight, why linger we still beside the closed grave? Is it not because we are conscious of a PRESENCE, something not buried in the tomb; something more, even, than the fragrance of a sweet memory; a BRIGHTNESS, that fades not, though the sun has set, but will live to bless the world, — live evermore?

POEMS.

POEMS.

SHADOWS.

The sunlight never beameth bright
  Upon the gladsome earth,
But forest dark, or mountain height,
  Must give a shadow birth.

Yet, that which veils the blessed light
  Is nearer heaven than we;
And views, perhaps with clearer sight,
  Why this should always be.

One lesson here we daily learn:
  However bright our way,
Across its track, at every turn,
  Will noiseless shadows stray.

Some are so very broad and deep
  That we forget the sun;
And some so gently o'er us creep,
  They blend with light in one.

There is one land, and only one,
  Where shadows never fall, —
Where reigns a bright and endless noon, —
  For God gives light to all.

December 23, 1851.

MY HEART.

I HAVE a heart, a *loving* heart,
For those I call my own;
From out its depths quick answers start,
To true affection's tone.
It lavishes its store of gold
Upon the chosen few:
This heart of mine shall ne'er grow cold,
My chosen ones, to *you*.

I have a heart, a *cold, proud* heart
For those who would unlock
This hidden casket's inmost part,
Its brightest gems to mock.
This heart, in polished outward mien,
Can veil what it may feel,
And not to wisest ken, I ween,
By word or look reveal.

I have a heart, so quickly stirred
To pleasure or to pain,
That oft the slightest little word
Will send through every vein
The rushing blood; or silent look,
Withdrawn as soon as given,
Will stand inscribed in memory's book
To life's remotest even.

I have a heart, *too warm* a heart,
For Nature, everywhere;
A heart that cannot words impart
To thoughts all glowing there.
I love the singing-birds of spring;
The summer, with its flowers;
But most, the year's sad autumning,—
I love all lovely hours.

I have a heart, a wayward heart,
Which daily goes astray,—
Doth daily from the right depart,
And lose the upward way.
O! that this heart were safe within
The pearly gates above,
Safe from temptation, pure from sin,
And blest in perfect love!

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING FROM THE "HOUSEHOLD WALLS."

O! MARVEL not that our voice we raise,
As another year comes round,
To swell the chorus of happy lays,
Which our echoing sides rebound.
The New Year's morn, the glad New Year's morn,
'Tis a merry festal time;
We welcome it in at early dawn,
With joyous, heartfelt chime.

We watched the scenes of a twelvemonth flown;
We saw the dramas that passed,
As they glided by us, one by one,
In pictures dissolving fast.
We gazed on your smiles, we gazed on tears,
In hours of sadness and joy;
We heard all the parents' hopes and fears
For their darling girl and boy.

We have marked you each, apart, alone,
Or gathered as now you stand,
Unbereft by the months that have flown,
A united household band.

We have shared your joy, have shared your grief,
For seven long happy years:
In storms, how oft was it our relief
To shed on your heads our tears!

Then marvel not that our voice we raise,
As another year comes round,
To swell the chorus of happy lays,
Which our echoing sides rebound.
The New-Year's morn, the glad New-Year's morn,
'Tis a merry festal time;
We welcome it in at early dawn,
With joyous, heartfelt chime.

WITH AN AUTOGRAPH, TO LOTTIE.

Ah! who in hours of sorrow
A poet's pen can borrow,
And wield with power,
Save those who from on high
The gift of minstrelsy
Claim as their dower?

Mine is an humble portion,
A drop in life's vast ocean,
I have no lyre;
Then vainly to rehearse
My inner thoughts, in verse,
Should I aspire.

O! what a dim revealing
Of the deep spirit's feeling
Are human words;
As if one's ear but caught
The far-off echo brought
From the heart's chords.

But, soul to soul unfolding,
A deep communion holding,
We language find.
Through Nature's kindly aid,
And silence vocal made,
Mind meeteth mind.

So, why, in idle prating,
The past's dear scenes relating,
Or sad to-day,
Should I essay to tell
How much this word *Farewell*
Bends to its sway?

A brighter light dawns o'er us;
We see in heaven, before us,
A purer speech,
Its harmonies entire;
The universe's choir
Our souls shall teach.

FOR THE "C. C. C."

AT A FAREWELL MEETING.

No cloud is gathering in the deep blue sky,
No blight is on the opening flowers,
The birds still carol in the bowers,—
It is no time to speak the word, *Good-by*.

Yet on our hearts there falls a twilight shade,
And Nature's tones, gay to the glad,
Are to our ears as low and sad
As if each sound some mournful music made.

For every hour upon the soul will crowd
A thought of all our pleasures past,
A thought that this must be the last
Dear union to our "Choral" band allowed.

When first we met, that well-remembered time,
A happy spell was on each soul;
We lightly bowed to its control,
Our spirits mingled in harmonious chime.

To *one* we gave the sceptre in her hand,
Her of the winning face and mien;
Say, has she wisely ruled as queen,
And gained obedience from a loyal band?

To *one* our hearts we yielded up in trust;
O, has her gentle watch been true?
Has she proved firm, and cautious, too,
And is not one of all her treasures lost?

Our scribe — has she fulfilled the appointed task?
Who, with her deep and earnest eye,
Our hidden feelings can espy,
And answer questions ere the lips can ask.

And her for whom a double sphere we found, —
How faithful does *her* record look
Upon the pages of a book,
Whose clasps in future years shall be unbound!

Four hearts respond, — their pulses beat as one,
Their answers vibrate back again
Along the "telegraphic chain,"
And to each soul the yea or nay is known.

We've met in many a loved, familiar room,
To some by earlier scenes made dear,
Where memories of the past could cheer,
When present thoughts had wrapped the soul in gloom.

We've met beneath the arching roof of heaven,
Away from human sound or sight,
And drank in all the deep delight
By Nature to her loving children given.

We've met in mirthfulness untamed and wild,
When, for our choral minstrelsy,
Rang out the laugh, as glad and free
As from the lips of any joyous child.

We've met in sadness, when the starting tear,
Which trembled in some downcast eye,
Has waked a ready sympathy,
And made us feel, when sorrowful, how dear

A faithful friend; how rare the treasure, too,
Anew we daily, hourly learn,
And, with a deeper fondness, turn
From all the changeful to the tried and true.

Thus *have* we met. No more, in shady bowers,
In social hall, or trysting-place,
Shall we exchange the glad embrace,
Or join our circle at the appointed hour.

The tears are in our hearts. We cannot sing,
Yet silently we all will raise
To God our gratitude and praise;
For his parental kindness, thanks we bring.

Our Father's blessing rest on every head,
Go with us wheresoe'er we go;
Our cloud and pillar be, to show
The path in which his will would have us tread.

That path the eye which traced it only sees:
Within the valley it may lie,
Or many a precipice pass by, —
Or long or short, we wait God's high decrees.

In life our spirits never shall divide,
United by a living faith;
And when, across the stream of death,
Our souls are landed on the heavenly side,

This parting-time, in our new joy, shall seem
As passing showers in rainbow light,
Or as the darkness of the night,
When softly melting in the morning's beam.

Once more, let our resounding chorus swell.
How often will the full refrain
Be echoed by each lonely strain, —
This last dear harmony, — this sad *Farewell!*

THE FIRST TIME.

There is a dawn to every thing we know,
A budding, ere the perfect blossoms show,
An Alpha in the heart's experiencing,
A flight begun upon an untried wing.
Initial lessons! e'en when more is known,
They have a sweet and bitter all their own.
Initial hours! no after hours can throw
Such lights and shadows o'er the way we go;
Not of all others, they the best or worst, —
This halo circles them: *they were the first.*

The hour when first we left our early home,
Mid stranger faces, stranger scenes to roam,
The busy world seemed lonely, wide, and cold;
At night we missed the shelter of the fold;
By day we wondered if there might be found,
Amid the crowd of gladsome faces round,

One heart so sad and weary as our own;
And that poor heart was ever answering, "None."
We had not learned so early to espy
A sorrow lurking in the gayest eye.
Time may have sternly taught us how to bear
Our grief, with none its heavy load to share.
For passing trials we may have no tears,
And yet may weep that *first* of vanished years.

What kindling joy within our spirits burned,
When to our household band we first returned;
And, once again, within the well-loved place,
A Mother clasped us in her close embrace,
A Father's kiss upon our brow was set,
A Sister's cheek with glistening welcome wet,
Affection's pride glowed in a Brother's eye,
And every shade of grief made haste to fly.
So melts away some mellow strain of song,
Which in the spirit is reëchoed long;
But, as the mem'ry plays it o'er and o'er,
Each time 'tis mellower music than before.
So lingers oft the golden sky of day,
When the last sunbeam long hath passed away.

The sight our curious, eager eyes first caught
Of some fair spot, long in the fancy sought, —
Some bustling mart, our childhood ached to see,
Whose heroes or whose belles we fain would be, —
Or quiet town, beneath whose "classic shade"
The plots of half our youthful dreams were laid:
This moved and thrilled us with electric power,
And hallowed in our hearts that first glad hour.

The time when first we saw some cherished face,
The words we spoke, the tones, the looks, the place,
Within the soul's vast picture-hall they stand,
Vivid, as fresh from some great artist's hand.

These fadeless lines no dust of Time shall spot,—
E'en Death's dark waves their colors cannot blot.
The first swift stroke that bowed some cherished head,
And laid a much-loved form beside the dead,—
That closed the lips our own were wont to press,
And sealed the eyes in leaden heaviness,
And laid the earthy clods and turf above
The vacant temple of the soul we love,—
Though Death may since have taken from our side
A dearer friend, and left a wound more wide,
There was a bitterness came brimming up,
We ne'er have tasted since that *first* full cup;
An aching sense that we must meet the fate
Of loss and grief repeated, soon or late;
That now the Archer will not long forbear,
Since once his cruel arrow did not spare.

O! "*the first time,*"—these simple words will start
To deepest feeling many a careless heart,
As with a powerful hand, unbid, they roll
Strains of long-silent music o'er the soul!

WITH AN AUTOGRAPH.—TO EMMIE.

Let other friends, who know and love thee well,
Of happy hours and gladsome meetings tell;
With earnest wishes paint thy future fair,
Or build thee golden palaces in air;
Let all whose hearts have loved and cherished thee
Bring at thy call a leaf for memory,—
But ask *me* not. Within that spirit-book,
Upon whose page no eye save thine may look,
My name is written many a time, I ween,
With thousand varied stories wove between;

And, if it be more blessed far to give
The heart's exhaustless wealth than to receive,
Then, 'mid the many bitter cups below,
One draught of sweetness will be mine, I know.
God bless thee, darling! deep and firm and true
The love that daily breathes this prayer for you.

THE BOUQUET.

Upon a joyous bridal eve,
A dark-eyed girl did gaily wear,
Inwoven with the myrtle leaf,
A knot of roses bright and fair.

One eye (and not one eye alone)
Saw, in the rosebud's blooming grace,
A likeness to the maiden's own,
A floral portrait of her face.

One sought of her the fair bouquet,
Its nameless charms to call his own.
"It was not made to give away,"
She archly said, in look and tone.

Right winsomely his cause he plead,
But truly counted not the cost,—
For every earnest word he said
Was so much zeal and logic lost.

The *will*, at last, on either side,
Impelled each quick and firm reply;
The two, well mated in their pride,
Unyielding, let the sweet flowers die.

* * * * * *

The months of bloom and beauty passed,
The Frost King laid his chilly hand
On garden-beds. Time saw, at last,
The maiden penitential stand.

But now her gift could only be
The type of what it might have been;
Like painted pictures of the sea,
Or gilded dust, for morning's sheen.

Alas! the story is not new.
How often, in our wasteful hours,
We lose the beautiful, the true,
And rest content with *paper flowers*.

AN AFTER STRAIN.

[WRITTEN A YEAR OR MORE AFTER THE FOREGOING.]

Life has taken another round;
Our tinsel flowers are faded now,—
About the giver's thoughtful brow
The buds of opening joys are wound,
And quiet, in her dreaming eyes,
Sit gentler beauties than of old;
Her smile hath caught a look which lies
On meadows sunlit into gold.

Life has taken another round,
And fresher flowers, from *other* hand,
Perchance the winner's care demand,—
Young "roses" with young "myrtle" bound,—
Richer in fragrance than the gift
"Repentant" fingers dared to send;
Whose petals other burden lift
Than tardy kindness from a friend.

Life has taken another round,
And boats that glided prow by prow
Are sad, and widely sundered now:
Some linger in the quiet Sound,
And some on stranger waters ride,
And one, alone, upon its way,
Borne onward by the imperious tide,
Welcomes a rougher billow's spray.

Life has taken another round,
And, in its strangely shifting sky,
The wrestling clouds and sunshine fly,
And weird-like shadows check the ground.
The muse, that once in sportive strain
Told careless tales of fun and flowers,
Touches my graver pen again
With lessons of intenser hours.

Life has taken another round,—
I sing as one upon the sea,
Watching the waves rise heavily,
Hearing the storm-winds gather sound,
While brightly through the uncertain night,
Across the wave, a star shines calm,
And safely towards its growing light
The pilot steers, with steady arm.

OUR WREATH.

WRITTEN FOR "THE LADIES' WREATH," EDITED BY HELEN IRVING.

We have a wreath of many flowers,
And very graceful twining,
Where wildwood dells and garden bowers
Are divers charms combining.

The iris, gay and proud, is here,
Whose petals fairies meet on,
And pink and mignionette appear,
The coronal to sweeten.

The myrtle, with its leaf of green,
From month to month unfailing;
And patient violets are seen,
Their incense-breath exhaling.

The woodbine and the jasmine wind,
Their wish to climb resigning,
In lowlier flowers, companions find,
And think not of repining.

The arbor vitæ with its stem
Supports the blossoms tender;
The pale star-flowers of Bethlehem
Their tithe of beauty render.

The roses, some with wealth of red,
Full opened to their centres,
And some, more pale, whose sheltered bed
The sunlight rarely enters.

Just in the center of the wreath
There blooms a lily royal,
And every flower her rule beneath
Is to our Helen loyal.

A CENTENNIAL HYMN.*

1

A HUNDRED YEARS of Time have rolled
On, toward Eternity's vast sea,
Since the first members of this fold
Gathered, O Lord, to worship thee.

* Sung at the Centennial Commemoration of the First Church in Avon, Ct.

2

He who then led thy people's prayer
A crown of life is wearing now;
And they, who sang in spirit there,
Before the throne in glory bow.

3

All who within thy temple met,
And heard the message of thy grace,
Have their eternal portion set;
Each fills his own appointed place.

4

Thou, God, in wisdom dost arrange
The lot of every living thing;
Thou, God, alone dost never change,
The fleeing ages own thee King.

5

Within the hollow of thy hand
Thy people ever dwell secure;
In Thee, their mighty foes withstand,
And find a refuge strong and sure.

6

Through all the swiftly passing years,
In darkest hours of sorrow's night,
His children's cry our Father hears,
And sends them beams of heavenly light.

7

Thy name, O Lord, we bless to-day,
Thou art thy Church's constant trust;
Guide *us* within the narrow way,
Till dust shall be returned to dust.

8

Then may *we* join the choir above,
Their wondrous anthem learn to know,
And the full glory of that love
We see reflected here below.

9

As years depart, and centuries flee,
Glad praises still thy people pay;
An incense-cloud we waft to thee,—
Grace, mercy, peace, we ask to-day.

A JULY AFTERNOON AT COLD SPRING.

Out from the dusty town, away,
Where creeps the fevered light of day
Through shady vistas, golden green,
And cools itself before 'tis seen;
Beside a river, winding still,
As up some deeply-wooded hill,
Cloud-shadows glide; or in the night
Through all her sea of starry light
Sails on serene the poet's moon,—
There, one long summer afternoon,
I missed a while the toil and pain,—
Each day of life renewed again.

Before me lifted up its crest
The rocky cliff, its forehead drest
With evergreen, worn like a crown,
To blazon all its old renown,
And prophesy undying fame,
While earth shall give her mountains name.
When my poor memory shall rust,
My spirit's temple turn to dust,

Proud watcher! thou shalt sentinel the spot
Where I have lived, and loved, and been forgot.
Poor heart! why art thou shrinking back
From following on the well-worn track
So many feet before have trod?
One shall remember thee — THY GOD.

The rock and river, — as my look
Studied these leaves in Nature's book,
I read a world of pleasant thought;
Some lessons sober, as I ought,
And some less grave, though not less true.
O, hours like these, the bright, the few,
Why fly upon so fleet a wing?
Why shake your sand-glass while we sing?
Ah! then I felt a very child, —
Not laughing, frolicsome, and wild;
Not such does real childhood seem
To me. It is a long, sweet dream,
Half-sad, half-joyous, beautiful
As some old painting, where the light
And shade are blent to witch the sight.
I thought I was a child, and they
Who sat beside me on that day
Were children, too. A while we walked
With sauntering step, then sat and talked
Beneath some deeper shade, wise words,
And trifling, — just the very words
Which dwelt upon the tongue
With easy grace, — and laughed and sung.
My sister's dark eyes brightly shone,
And in her smile and in her tone
Out flashed the buoyant joy of heart,
Which made my own pulse quicker start;

And in my brother's eye of blue
The happiness was glowing, too.
One moment, then, a vain regret
That this day's sun must ever set,
Reigned in my heart. The very next,
A little sermon from a text,
Which bids us evermore "rejoice,"
Fell on my ear in gentle voice:
"Back to the hillside track of life!
Gird on the armor, meet the strife,
But in thy heart of hearts, O keep
The freshness of thy youth, — O keep
Its fervor and its gladness free
From all the dust that stains thee outwardly."

The last dear, slanting, golden line
Bounded that pleasant day's decline;
And *we*, O! shall we e'er again
Be happy as we three were then?
Perchance the future hath in store
For us the pleasant meeting still,
The social converse, and the fill
Of quiet pleasure; yet the years
Must work their changes, and the tears
Will follow smiles; so shadowy fears
Press on my heart. But, come what may,
There is a bright eternal day,
Where clouds and tempests never rise, —
There is a rest beyond the skies, —
Thank God! at last, a Paradise.

LOVE'S MESSENGERS.

"Let my love follow after and abide with you, for *it will wing its way to you* of its own accord." — *From a dear friend, personally unknown.*

The night is starry in the sky,
And gray upon the river,
Save where on high the moonbeams lie,
Or in the waters quiver.

O, see! our boat is riding brave,
Along her pathway foaming;
But I, alas! with every wave,
Farther from home am roaming.

No blessed voices in my ear
"Good-night" are softly saying;
Upon my cheek, where lies a tear,
No lips the kiss are laying.

God's angels are around me still,
His arms beneath me reaching, —
But O! my human spirit will
Keep human love beseeching.

Father above! — ah, now I feel
My inner vision waking;
Thou sendest ministers to heal
The heart so sore with aching.

They come, these winged shapes of love,
From those I leave behind me;
True as the olive-bearing dove,
They rest not till they find me.

Silent with happiness, I bow
To meet their touch caressing;
Some hover close above me now,
Some to my arms are pressing.

One nestles to my very heart,—
Ah, wing of silver whiteness!
I know whose messenger *thou* art,
Whose smile hath lent *thee* brightness.

Thou, too, dear bird, whose patient flight
Hath borne a promised token,
Come near, and tell me all, to-night,
Those far-off lips have spoken:

Come, tell me if a *dark* eye flashed
In thine, this eve, at parting;
Or from an *azure*, clear, was dashed
One blessed tear-drop starting.

Come, and unlade thy burden rare,
"Love following, love abiding";
Thy freight shall rest, a life's dear care,
My heart the treasure hiding.

O! round the giver's unknown face,
With tenderness of longing,
My yearning thoughts do speed apace,
My gladsome dreams are thronging.

And welcome, *all* ye loving wings,
That soothe my hour of sorrow;
Your song to-night a blessing brings,
And leaves one for the morrow.

Thanks to the distant and the dear,
Who sent you on your mission,
And thanks to Him who sped you here,
To do his blest volition.

TO POESY.

O Poesy, my love, am I beloved of thee?
Bend thy proud eyes a moment down, and answer me.
The tiniest bloom wins color from the regal sun,—
Hast thou no beam to tinge my paleness, shining one?
The moon, for whom ten thousand starry vigils wake,
Stoops her imperial brow to kiss the humblest lake:
Wilt thou not touch the cold lips of my soul, that show
How her poor life, in watching thee, forgets to flow?
Thy voice enwrapped me in the dreams of infant days,
I, wakening in my darkened cradle, heard thy lays;
And, wandering through the lilies of my childhood years,
I sought thee everywhere, with passion-breathing tears:
I ran upon the spicy hills where orchards grow,
I chased the shallow waters dancing far below,
I softly stole to hear thine organ in the woods,
And held my breath, as drowning in thy music-floods.
When the replenished wine flowed full in summer veins,
When morning turned to gold the winter's frozen rains,
When primal flowers sat bashful by the coaxing streams,
Or autumn held me in her lap, bound soft with dreams,
Thy call was floating to me from the upper air.
I rose in haste to follow thee, I knew not where,
Or weary laid me in the long embracing grass,
Trusting in yon fair azure I might see thee pass;
But life led early from that playful idleness,
And Sorrow deepened all its springs with her caress,
And Gladness rarer swelled her tide in breast and brain;
While, in the newness of a fuller joy or pain,
Thy wondrous voice descending nigh me spake so clear,
My heart, with trembling, answered, "Spirit, thou art here!"
And slowly, as before the greatness of the sun,
Returning newly where the eastern mountains run,

The clouds roll up their purple front with golden hem,
Till blaze the jewels of the royal diadem,—
So rose thy veil, and on me burst thy presence bright.
I fell in dazzled trance, and slid from noon to night;
Awaking, quick I lifted doubting lids and spied
Thy softened lustre cast in rainbows at my side,
While close above me, in the still, transparent air,
Thy beauteous wings of strength lay poised like moonbeams fair.
There still abiding, grave and sweet, I see thee stand,
Yet seek in vain to touch the radiance of thy hand,
And vainly seek to win the glances of thine eyes,
That, ever turning upward, pierce the distant skies.
Why didst thou draw me with that old mysterious call?
Why teach me, waiting now, before thy feet to fall,
And bid me crave of thee my bravest earthly good,
Above the fond hopes that crown sweet maidenhood,
If thou wilt never clasp to thine my beating heart,
And make me of thy grand immortal soul a part?
Bend thy proud eyes a moment down, and answer me,—
O, Poesy, my love, am I beloved of thee?

IN MEMORY OF MARY E. YALE,

Daughter of Rev. Cyrus Yale, of New Hartford, Ct., who died suddenly, soon after the marriage of her Twin Sister.

The earth hath opened, and on her warm breast
Taken her child to slumber soft and deep;
The heaven hath opened, and its bowers of rest
Have robbed the hearth where weary mourners weep.

The hearth which rang but now with marriage-lays,
When lightsome tones, that linked the wishes fair,
Were silver propheeies of happy days,
And all the distance seemed a summer air.

When those sweet lips, unclosing never more,
Gave out rich notes of music, and those eyes,
No more on us their violet light to pour,
Shed tenderness already of the skies.

When that dear heart, which never more shall beat,
Swelled with a sister's tender love and pride,
Heaved with its load of hopes and yearnings sweet,
Melted in tears of parting o'er the bride.

Twin lives, that in one hour began to live,
Played with the same gay butterflies and flowers,
Drank the clear waters girlhood pleasures give,
Shared holy thoughts, and griefs, and sunlight hours.

These Autumn winds have parted, like two leaves
Hung by one stem, when Spring smiled on the trees;
Now, one lies low and withered 'neath the eaves,
The other, rose and gold, floats in the breeze.

One heart hath wed with life and noble love,
One heart with death, the messenger of God;
She hath put on her festal robe above,
And left her earthly dress beneath the clod.

So early on that fairest orange flower
We twine the cypress, in our blinding tears;
Beside the altar and the bridal dower,
The grave, the bier, the funeral wreath appears.

O ye, whose love had nurtured her from ill,
To blossom into gentlest womanhood,
Her angel-presence shall o'erlook you still;
God will not all take back his gift of good.

Within your happy house one vacant place
Shall sadden those that gather, morn and night,
And, day by day, the old familiar ways
Recall a vanished smile, a lost delight.

But God hath comfortings, and your dark grief
In time shall brighten with the rise of stars,
Unlike the day-dawn, yet a calm relief
To eyes with which the gayer sunshine wars.

Years shall roll on with others, Age shall come
To frost the glossy auburn tress with white,
And Change shall lay her fingers on your home,
And touch the child bestowed in bridal rite;

But o'er our lost one, God hath early breathed
The youth eternal that his angels wear:
Forever in her morning beauty wreathed,
He gave her no chill eventide to bear.

And in all hearts that loved her buried face,
The mighty stereotype of Death hath set
A fadeless vision of that girlhood grace
And woman-bloom, in one soft picture met.

All things that are of heaven do not change,
All things of earth are rolling like the wave,
All that our eye embraces in its range
Melts at our touch into a waiting grave.

Our flowers, rejoicing with the morning sun,
Sigh out their sweet life when the noon is high;
Our oaks, the glory of their greenness on,
In the night thunder-tempest fallen lie;

Our bird, that sang so spiritually clear,
Grows still and droops, in our caressing hands;
Our rock, whereon we leaned without a fear,
Before our eyes sinks in the desert sands.

And, God be praised! we shall have done ere long
With this kaleidoscope we turn in tears;
In the alone Immutable and Strong,
We trust our gladness for the endless years.

Soon He shall give *us* sleep as he hath *her*,
And, waking glad with His beatified,
And heaven's diviner life in us shall stir,
When mortal lips but say that we have "died.'

WITH AN AUTOGRAPH.—TO LEILA.

Like the valley-lily's bloom,
Fragrant, pure, and passing fair,
Is thy presence, love, to me,
Shedding sweetness everywhere.

Like the morning, stepping o'er
Eastern hills, with dewy feet,
Is thy welcome, love, to me,
In its freshness, when we meet.

Like the starry light above
To the eyes that watch it here,
Shines thy truth, my love, on me,
Changeless, perfect, silver-clear.

Like the harp, whose richest tone
Answers every breath of air,
Thine affection is to me,—
Wealth of music, deep and rare.

Like the rainbow, all complete,
Wreath of heaven, to earth let down,
Is thy prayer, my love, for me,
Arch of hope, and promise-crown.

As their leaves the lily-bells,
So my heart enfoldeth thine;
So round my very soul I twine
Thy precious love, O clinging vine.
As our world unto the star
Shineth back with faithful light,
So, faithful to thee, day and night,
My spirit's truth keeps starry bright.
As the harp to sister-harp
Giveth back the faintest lay,
So trembleth on my lip alway
An echo to thy chords at play.
As the holy arch of peace
Tells the heart its fears are vain,
So, when my hope is on the wane,
Does my thought, in weakness, reaching
To thy clasped hands, beseeching,
Nerve me for life's work again!

TO MY MOTHER.

A HUSH of sweetness falls upon my soul,
As when great organ-waves of music roll
Across the ear, and all that sea of sound,
At once in deeper sea of silence drowned,
There breaks one heavenly voice, serene and calm,
Chanting the clear words of a holy psalm:
For in the stillness of my heart I hear
Thy name, dear mother, and I feel thee near.
Hast noted on a darkened sky at night
Some pitying star in solitude shine bright?
Hast heard a bird-note wafted to the sky
When coldly on the branches snow-leaves lie?

Hast seen the frost with silver pencil weave
Fair shapes of beauty, on a bitter eve?
Then may'st thou guess how, in each hour of ill,
Thy love can lighten, cheer, embellish, still.
Thy love, that fondly clasps me everywhere,
And follows on my step like vital air;
That with my maddest fault or folly bears,
And in reproof a tender halo wears.

With rapid wing my eager memory speeds
Along our past of life, and easy reads
The story of my walk from childhood up,
Quaffing, each day, this blessed nectar-cup.
Even in infancy, my step had flown,
With baby secrets, to thy arms alone:
And, later, to thine open ear I brought
The student's pride of new-awakened thought;
The subtle reasoning, hard to understand;
The petty wound, gashed by a careless hand;
The hope indulged in vain; the nervous fear;
The dim aspiring for a future year, —
All these, and thousands unremembered yet,
To thee I bore, full oft with eyelid wet,
And thou didst never hear with idle smile,
Or turn impatient from my lip, the while.
But, in thine eye's beloved hazel light,
I saw reflect my rule of wrong and right,
Saw always sympathy, nor ever found
A feeling or a thought thou couldst not sound.

Girlhood begun, still on thy heart I lean,
Nor would I ever hence my spirit wean.
Restless, from all the shifting world I see,
I turn, content, to trust anew in thee.
Thy school hath taught an early dreamer how
To bend a cheerful shoulder to the plough.

Thy care, a step too quick and proud hath led
To seek a gentler and a humbler tread;
Thy counsel, armed against the rougher touch
A nature that still daily feels too much.
Thy blest appreciation to this hour
A hope hath nursed, that, somewhere, yet shall flower.
Thy prayer, I know, at rise and set of day
Procures me angel-guardians on my way.
A sister's equal love I never knew;
Thou hast been mother, thou my sister, too.
Above one book together we have bent;
In walk at eve, upon each other leant.
I in thine ear have whispered little tales,
Maidens to maidens speak, when daylight pales.
With thine, my pulses sad or joyful beat;
With thee, I bow before the mercy-seat.

Afar from thee, the weary months move on,
With half their beauty and their freshness gone.
I miss thy presence through the altered day:
Thine eyes, responsive to whate'er I say,—
Thine eyes, that answer mine, and need no speech,
But read me, deeper than the lips can reach;
Thy touch upon the curls above my brow,
That wander uncaressed by any now;
Thy voice, softening to music in my ear,
The name, the household name, I never hear.
O tell me not that I must love thee less,
To shun an idolizing tenderness!
As well command the lily, that it make
Less low obeisance to the parent lake;
As well forbid the dewdrop on the grass,
So bright to sparkle when the sunbeams pass!
Thou art my summer, thou my rose of life,
And every hour with thoughts of thee is rife.

Within the love that circleth all in all,
A mother's is the outer-ring. I fall
Before my God, and, on my bended knee,
Mother, with happy tears, I bless his name for thee!

THE LAST TIME.

O, STRANGE Omegas of the human heart!
Goals of the past, whence altered futures start,
Ye shed a moonlight on our perished bliss,
More tender than possession's sunny kiss;
Ye lift to grandeur what was dull before,
And glorify the life that is no more.
Naught is so trivial, in our careless eyes,
But wears a something sacred when it dies;
Whate'er is beautiful, whate'er is great,
Departing, gathers richer bloom and state.
Like trembling balances of vesper-bells,
When the cool night-wind every echo swells,
Falls on my ear, in soft yet solemn chime,
The music of that time,—*the last dear time.*
The last, the last! O, words whose very tone
Blends a full choir of memories deep, in one,
How are ye fragrant with fair blossoms dead,
And dewy with sad tears, baptismal shed!

We go from out the place where once we dwelt,
From those old altars where our childhood knelt,
From that safe roof which, full a score of years,
Shut out this world of struggles and of fears.
With lingering steps we pass the chambers through,
With earnest looks, to take the final view;

Pausing beside each window long,
Humming unconscious the familiar song,
Till some loud footstep in the empty halls
Recalls the sense to these ungarnished walls;
And slowly, with the exile's sinking heart,
Room after room we traverse, and depart.
The vines are massy o'er the closing door;
Our maples grander than the spring before;
The roses set the garden in a glow;
The little brook runs singing just below;
Down the wide street a single spire shows white
In the dark trees that wrap the church from sight;
And, on yon mountain, all the sloping length
Of woods are waving in their summer strength;
And the smooth stretch of fields that lie between
Is wrought in blocks of golden-brown and green.
Adieu, adieu! the year is in its prime,
Yet look we on thee so, *the last sweet time*.

We, who love well, doth Providence divide
By deeps of distance, swelling ocean-wide.
They leave us, with whose spirits, thread by thread,
Ourselves are woven; we must learn to tread
Our separate paths, with desolated feet,
Up to that land where all the pilgrims meet;
To yearn for absent lips and eyes in vain;
To wait till Heaven shall give them back again.
Once more, around the dear and faithful hearth
That echoed voices of a buried mirth,
We meet, our human hearts all inly stirred
By tears, to hallow each the parting word.
The last sweet time — O! mighty plunge of sound,
That whirls the current of our life around,
And drives along the gulf of years before,
A wave to break upon th' eternal shore!

We shut great drops of sorrow from our eyes,
And crush the breath that rises thick with sighs,
And win faint smiles to flit upon the lip,
As light on streams where swinging willows dip,
Sweet as the glory of a dying day,
And farewells, floating exquisitely calm,
Go down the distance, like a tender psalm.

Some bird of Paradise within our breast
Is struggling, fluttering, rising from its nest.
We dream of fame, and every glory-blast
Deceitful sounds, to mock us when 'tis past.
We dream of happiness, and lo! the cloud
Of sorrow mantles o'er us like a shroud;
While bright and fair upon the days before
Shine out our prophecies of joy no more;
But cold and gray, adown the waiting years,
The shadow of our hasteniug grief appears.
We dream of love, and spirits dark as night
Bend o'er us whitened in her stolen light.
The soul is worthless where we thought to trust;
The past has come for burial, dust to dust,—
Sweet fancies, tones of harmony, and bloom
That leaves a desert in its vacant room.
Yet, waking from this dream, whate'er its name,
We wonder whence the dear illusion came,
And vainly clasp it fast, with moistened eyes,
To call it *true* a moment, ere it flies.
One last sad moment,—there are hours of bliss
We linger on less eagerly than this.

Years roll their changes with a rapid wheel,
New features on the olden landscape steal.
Life is a drama, and each separate act
Distinctly closes with a tragic tact!

Life is a poem, and each chapter o'er,
Sealed once, can never be reöpened more!
Silent and solemn at the pause we stand,
And turn the leaf with an unsteady hand.
To-day, about us hangs a memory vast,
Familiar joys and duties, flying fast;
Old griefs, whose depth the spirit has explored,
And round whose wounds the heavenly balm is poured;
Dear walks and pleasant scenes, the love of youth,
And circling friends, unsullied in their truth.
To-morrow turns us on the common wide,
And brings a thousand chances, all untried;
A stranger life, a thought of homelessness,
An ache which only God can soothe and bless.
Ye flitting moments, linger as ye go,
And onward pass, with thoughtful step and slow;
Press closer yet, thou dear, thou blessed Past!
One more farewell embrace,—it is the last.

The last! brief words, that gather back the pain
Of many a sadness on the heart again;
The seal of all most bright and fair below,
The murmur of life's waters as they flow,
The mortal curse, reflected everywhere.
In heaven alone there is some blessed air
Which shuts out change, and, with its holy kiss,
Insures an immortality of bliss.

A WEDDING LAY.

The morning of the year has come,
And violets ope their dreaming eyes
To gaze upon awaking skies,
And hear the bees' returning hum.

The lily-buds have burst apart,
  The roses feel their life renew;
  Thinking thou wert a lily, too,
The vital breath has touched thy heart.

And, like to quaint and fairy flowers,
  A sudden miracle of sweet,
  Thy bud and bloom together meet
Beneath an April sun and showers.

Thy love is loved of nature, so
  That all the gladness of her tone
  Echoes the gladness of thine own,
And all her waters smoother flow.

And on this day, thy bridal day,
  The happy robins do but care
  To wheel together, in the air,
And purely trill a marriage-lay.

Yet on the meadows waxing green,
  The *tears* lay, quiet, yester-eve,
  And such compelling cause to grieve
Beneath our joy, there works unseen.

I should be with thee, dearest, now,
  To fold thy trembling hand in mine,
  Ere yet we seek the solemn shrine,
To drop my tears upon thy brow.

Yet, though my tears are dropped afar,
  My spirit wanders where thou art;
  True soul, from thee I never part,
Whatever wave of distance bar.

I see the golden afternoon
  Lie softly on the feathery leaves,
  Unfolding where the sacred eaves
Shine with the slow-declining sun.

I see, within that temple old,
From whence my steps have wandered wide,
Just where the holy aisles divide,
There falls a slanting ray of gold.

It falls aslant the waiting twain,
Who tremble with their bridal vow;
And on the humble altar now
It lays the costly, burnished stain.

A hush is in the solemn room,
And fainter grows the golden light,
And silence ends the sacred rite,
And over all there comes a gloom.

I know that priestly lips have blessed;
I know that friends are crowding nigh;
I know the bridegroom standeth by,
With moistened look, and swelling breast.

Yet now mine eye through dimming tears
Sees one, alone, of all the band:
I only feel where thou dost stand
And look into the coming years.

I hear no other sound beside
The fuller beating of thy heart;
All thoughts from out one centre start,
I only feel, thou art *a bride!*

My darling, take my spirit-kiss,
The first upon thy wedded cheek;
And let thine eyes' deep azure speak
The promise of an after-bliss.

O, let me know thy full content,
And I will hold thee back no more,—
Divinely called from that far shore
Whereon thy heavenly eyes are bent.

My heart with tears is filling, love:
God give an angel, strong and calm,
To take thee on his radiant arm,
And keep thee till we meet above!

A RHYMING LETTER TO ALICE, FROM COUSIN DEL.

[WRITTEN FOR "THE LITTLE PILGRIM."]

My dear Cousin Alice, — The sunshine is gay,
And Charlie and Willie are out at their play;
Our nice little parlor is cosy and still,
Dear Mother sits hemming my pretty new frill;
E'en my little gray kitten, with running about
In the wildest of frolics, has tired herself out,
And she lies on the hearth, all cunningly curled,
As grave as the quietest puss in the world.
So indulge, dearest Alice, a chattering strain,
For I've nothing to trouble my pen or my brain.
O, my heart is glad for the bright winter-time,
And the musical swell of the sleigh-bells' chime,
Such a gleeful meaning in every sound,
And the silver fairness that covers the ground.

The tiny Frost-wizard was out all last night,
And varnished the snow by the white moon's light.
I saw him, as he peeped o'er the broad low sill,
With his wonderful look, so cheery and chill,
When he slid down my window, and left the stain
Of his mischievous fingers on every pane.
And many a notion he put in my head, —
'Twas *queer* to lie waking and thinking in bed, —
But the beautiful moon looked in where I lay,
And made my snug chamber as brilliant as day;

And of Willie's new sled and the morrow I thought,
And the tricks and the pleasures the Frost-king had brought,
Till, sleeping unconscious, as now it would seem,
I kept the same wonders all night in my dream.

This morning, I rose with the rise of the sun,
And, hastily wrapped, I stole out for a run.
O Alice! I never can tell you how fine
Was every white thing, in the golden sunshine.
Like a fringe of rainbows the icicles hung
To the stately trees and the bushes, and clung
To each beggarly rail of the old fences brown,
And close covered them all with a diamond gown;
And the brook in the meadow was darkly seen
Through the roof of its prison of crystal sheen.
All round was a glory you never could meet
In the crowd and the show of your proud city's street.
Now the fun and the frolic will be at its height;
We shall coast down the hills in the morning's gay light,
And sail on our skates o'er the stiff frozen streams,
Or, bundled in furs, by the moonlight's broad beams,
Whirl fleetly along to the timing of bells,
And catch the wild joy of their merriest swells.

O come, my dear Alice, and share in our mirth;
Come, widen the circle that draws round the hearth.
If you were my sister, — if you were but here, —
I could wish for a winter to last all the year.
Do not say, you must wait for the ice and the snow
To melt from the hills, and the flowers to blow,
But *soon* let me hold your dear hand in my own,
And be sharing with you all I joy in alone.
If your Hero with Birdie and Puss can agree,
I say, bring him along, and we'll pet all the three;
Though, Alice, dear Alice, indeed I must say,
That, if he's a dog of a quarrelsome way,

And meddles with kittens, or barks in the night,
He might set us here in a terrible fright;
And, thinking of all that could chance to take place,
On the whole, I wish Hero were out of the case!

Impatient, dear coz, I shall wait till you tell
How soon you will come to your own loving DEL.

TO L. T. B., ON HER PASSAGE TO INDIA.

O, MY beloved! on the deep
I watch for thee, I cannot sleep.
The moon shines on yon silver cloud,
Soft as she gilds thy vessel's shroud;
Wrapped in the wild and restless breeze,
Thou rockest o'er the Indian seas,
While every billow's crest of foam
But drives thee farther from thy home.

O, my beloved! on the deep
I watch for thee, and, watching, weep;
I miss the sweetness of thy face,
The quiet of thy dear embrace;
I miss thy fond lips' earnest praise,
Indulgent to my erring ways;
I feel the fresh, the deepening pain,—
Thou wilt not come to me again.

O, my beloved! on the deep
I watch for thee, and *vespers* keep.
Father, who sittest on thy throne
Above the stars of yonder zone,
Forget not one who, at thy call,
Resigned a precious earthly all;
O, hear my prayer before I sleep,—
Bless my beloved on the deep.

A FRAGMENT.

To wither in my glad young spring,
When life is full of song,
O, is it not a mournful thing
That this may be, ere long?
That, in the roses of the morn,
The wings of Death may wait so nigh,
To snatch me, ere my day is born,
Beyond the changes of the sky?

O, coming Summer, grand and fair,
When all my flowers unfold
Within the magic of thine air,
Shall I those flowers behold?
If stricken in the bud with me,
They, too, may never bloom;
Or, kindly spared of God and thee,
May grow upon my tomb.

LINES,

Written hastily in the Album of one almost a Stranger, opposite an extract from Tennyson's "St. Agnes."

Half heedless, o'er these leaves of thine
My hand at nightfall idly strayed,
While to my heart her mellow tunes,
Now sad, now gay, sweet Mem'ry played;
My hand upon the open leaves,
My heart far down the vanished years,
Till, aimless, on the album-page
My glances fell, through sudden tears,

And met, as one who greets a friend,
The laureate-poet's wondrous line,
To draw me near to his deep heart,
And make his loving patience mine.
Then, with a thrill, to memory came
Those sweetest lays of mortal grief
That ever human poet sung,—
Too sweet, unto my soul's belief,
For *human* poet's lips alone,—
Some echo from the songs above,
Grown sorrowful in floating down,
Yet whose dear essence still is love.
And I a warmer hand can reach
To one who loves his noble verse,
For instincts, deep as reason, teach
Decisions time will not reverse.

TO "MY LITTLE JENNIE."

O! our golden years of girlhood,
Like the life of flower and leaf,
Like to all earth knows of beauty
And of sweetness, they are brief.

Let us garner up their riches,
Ardors of our brilliant sun,
Blooms that freshen all the pathway,
Silver streams that laugh and run.

For the Future to the Present
May outstretch its eager palms,
And, recalling former treasures,
In its poverty ask alms.

Then, if we have kept unwasted
All the true romance of youth,
All its deep and happy music,
All its earnest faith in truth,

We may stand serene and smiling
When life's lesser troubles crowd;
And, God helping, throw a rainbow
Over many a darker cloud.

Age can frost the brownest tresses,
Age can dim the proudest eye;
But the spoiler cannot enter
Where our choicest graces lie.

If we only know the secret,
We may have them all as fair,
When the evening twilight deepens,
As in this sweet morning air.

O, the *heart* need never wrinkle,
Underneath the touch of years;
It may grander grow in struggles,
And more beautiful in tears!

THE EYES IN MY VISION.

When the clearest sun is setting
On the flush of hectic leaves,
And a touch of soft regretting,
Nature in her music weaves;

When the clouds are waxing golden,
Where the low horizon lies,
With a thrill, like mem'ries olden,
On me beam those wondrous eyes!

Shining on my rev'rent vision,
As if they had caught afar
Rays that play in fields Elysian,
Where the crystal glories are;

Reflex of the heavenly splendor,
Softened in the earthly mould,
Angel-bright, yet human-tender,
Are the eyes that I behold.

When my heart is gay and gentle,
Clear and glad the glance they send;
Wistful, as the look parental,
Kindly, as an equal friend.

When my life seems brief and dreary,
If I read their meaning sweet,
"Rest eternal waits the weary"
Is the promise they repeat.

Struggling toward my great ideal,
They flash out upon me clear,
Like a spirit, brave and leal,
Watching from a distant sphere.

Sometimes, when my heart is glowing
With a vague, delicious dream,
Suddenly, with love o'erflowing,
Those strange eyes upon me beam;

Till my own, beneath such glances,
Veil them with their lashes dun,
For they blend my thousand fancies,
Floating idly, into *one*.

In my hours of earnest musing,
Wheresoever I may be,
Ere my heart hath room for choosing,
Breaks this vision oft on me.

In the still and sweet revealing
Of the holy, mystic night,
Stirring all the subtler feeling
That has slumbered through the light;

Mid the soft and murmured beauty
Of the woodpaths, lone and dim,
On the dusty track of duty,
In some old and plaintive hymn;

In a thousand scenes and places,
Where I could not think them near,
Like beloved and absent faces
In wild dreams, *those eyes* appear.

Were they *real*, in my childhood?
Doth some *memory* bring them here,
Like a blossom from the wildwood,
The rough pilgrim-road to cheer?

No, my spirit answers clearly,
Never, but in visions fleet,
Looked they into mine so nearly,
Made my pulse so swiftly beat.

Yet I know they shine unchanging
Somewhere, keeping watch for me,
While God's sweet and wise arranging
Comprehends the mystery.

If this side the River, never,
Then on the eternal shore
I shall know them; I shall sever
From their company no more.

"A CHEERY HOPE LIES IN WAIT FOR ME."

Like the light of love in an azure eye,
The sunshine lies in the happy sky,
And the breeze comes bounding from the sea, —
O! a cheery hope lies in wait for me.

The fair young trees on the distant hill
Are tossing their gentle heads at will;
They dance to the song of bird and bee, —
O! a cheery hope lies in wait for me.

The butterflies thicken the soft, sweet air,
And the brownest wings in the sun are fair;
The brook trippeth over the stones in glee, —
O! a cheery hope lies in wait for me.

The Angel of Sickness hath spread his wing,
Yet still in its shadow I softly sing;
While such fulness of life in earth I see,
O! a cheery hope lies in wait for *me*.

CLOUDS IN SUMMER.

Across the merry morning blue,
Pale ghosts of clouds have wedded hands,
And spread on all these summer lands
A gloom sad Autumn never knew.

The lonely maple on the hill
Stands silent, like a settled grief;
And, down the field, the willow-leaf
Is drooping o'er the sleepy rill.

Yon giant rock, that, brave and fair,
Wore on his crest the rising sun,
His purple robe of state undone,
Sits naked in the cheerless air.

The lulling speech of honey-bees,
The chirps of singers in the grass,
These with the sunshine seem to pass,
And with the voices of the breeze.

On velvet foot the saddened light
Is creeping o'er my silent room,
As creep the shadows of the tomb
O'er them whose dying hopes are bright.

The dreary quiet in the day,
The quiet in my weary frame,
Where restless fevers went and came,—
What these forecast, I cannot say.

This weakened flesh that girds my soul
Has shut the future out from me;
While I, as in a mist at sea,
Know but the magnet and the pole.

But o'er the years that once were mine,
Beneath the sun, above the flowers,
Divinely chastened by the showers,
No cypress wreath can ever twine.

TO THEE.

[Placed silently in her Mother's room.]

To part with thee! Behold, the bright Death-Angel
Stands doubtful on the horizon of my sky;
His broad plumes tremble with uncertain motion,
Shaking my spirit with this bitter cry.

To part with thee! O I could leave my morning,
And gladly greet the fair eternal day;
I could resign, for buds in Eden blooming,
The slender flowers that make my spring-time gay.

To part with thee! the notes of human singing,
The sweetest voices that the poets raise,
Sick with the faintness of my own dim echoes,
I could forget in the grand seraph-lays.

To part with thee! O what true lives and tender,
For whom the greatness of my love o'erflows,
I could divide from mine, and wait quiescent
Till their appointed years of absence close.

To part with thee! all other ties, beloved,
My soul in resignation sad might part;
But, with this wondrous love around me clinging,
I yearn, I yearn to linger where thou art!

How can I leave thee, when life's gladdest current
Is pouring from my full cup into thine?
How can I leave thee, when fame's thorny garlands
Round thy reluctant brow profusely twine?

How can I leave thee when such sweet and bitter
Mix in the cup thy cherished lips must drink?
Wouldst thou not miss the buoy of my caresses,
When thy brave spirit droops, and fears to sink?

How can I leave thee, when our love has rounded
Succeeding heights to harmony complete?
How leave thee when that matchless love has sounded
Depths where the subtlest shades of feeling meet?

To part from thee!—Death will have launched the sorest
Of all the arrows kept in store for me,
When to my heart he gives the chilling token
That I must part, my best beloved, from THEE!

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE C. C. C.*

[UNFINISHED.]

We four were buoyant, glad, and strong;
Our life was fresh and sweet;
And, in the measure of a song,
Our fervent pulses beat,
When, hand in hand devoutly clasping,
We pledged our love with maiden zeal;
And on each heart's unfolded pages
The promise set its shining seal.

We vowed in God's most holy sight;
He blessed us where we stood;
His blessing on our love shone bright,
And swelled the germ of good,
Till what in worldly eyes was little
Grew taller than the world could hold,
And, branching in the heights of Eden,
Its topmost boughs bore fruit of gold!

We wandered through the summer noon,
Plucked roses by the way;
Our eyes, undazzled, saw how soon
Lights fade, and blooms decay.
But, like the bee, we turned to honey
The rounded ripeness of the flower,
And kept in store for bitterness
The essence of the sweetest hour.

Years rich with thrills of life are gone;
No longer, hand in hand,

*A poem commemorating the "C. C. C." (a quartette of loving companions associated under this mystical title) was a favorite project of the Author, and was several times attempted. This (the last effort) was made a few weeks before death arrested her pen, and was left unfinished; or, rather, but just opened. — ED.

Beneath the noon we wander on.
One, in a tropic land,
The cross unto her bosom pressing,
Treads meekly where Immanuel trod,—
Thorns at her feet, but on her forehead
White lilies from the heaven of God.

* * * * * *

A STATESMAN.—WHO IS HE?

WHERE Columbia hails her freemen,
Gathered on her council-floor,
Where her wide, colossal Future
Looks and listens evermore;

Where the crown of wisdom lieth
(Relic of an ancient date),
Overlaid with passion-cinders,
And the dust of fierce debate;

Where bright Honor's shield of silver
Gleameth faint through rust and stain,
Where sweet Peace, on weary pinion,
Seeks her olive-branch in vain;

'Mid the thunders of the discord,
And the gloom of party hate,
And the babbling prate of Folly,
Idling while Archangels wait,

Lo! he rises, like a planet
Bright and steady in its roll,
Stirs the calm, magnetic waters
Lying deep in every soul,

Till, like Ocean's crested billow,
Mounting toward the moon, its bride,
They beneath his ardent splendors
Surge and swell in eager tide,

Till the hydra of Injustice
Through the triple mail of gold
Feels the holy blade of judgment
Scathing every horrid fold.

For the stern and radiant Angel,
Set to guard the wrong and weak,
At his right hand stoops to teach him
What his flame-touched lips shall speak.

And he pauses not to question
Who will censure, who applaud, —
Sworn unto the law sublimest,
Issued from the Father, God.

Fearless, when the lips of evil
Breathe their blackness on his name,
Trusting in a noble lifetime
For a spotless after-fame,

His deep heart no storms can ruffle,
Calm as the unfathomed seas
His great soul secure reposes
In the upper air of peace.

Ye who love to doubt and cavil,
Follow in his homeward tread,
Hear the singing of the orphans
Whom he feeds with daily bread;

Hear the stricken widow name him
In her prayers, with blessings deep, —
Can your tares in such a garden
Choke the harvest he shall reap?

Watch the eyes serene and earnest
Gladdening his with tender light;
Ask of *woman's* clearer vision
If he keep his manhood bright.

Seek him in the secret chamber,
Where, in wise humility,
With the Infinite communing,
Morn by morn, he bows the knee.

Thence the strength of God receiving,
New anointed, from the place
Goes he forth to toil and struggle
For the freedom of the race;

For that freedom, grand and holy,
Whose high pæans angels sung, —
Dower of Eden, blessed birthright,
Squandered when the world was young.

Lo! he stands, with prophet-finger
Pointing toward the blest to be,
When, beneath the spread of heaven,
Every creature shall be free.

Where Columbia hails her freemen,
Gathered on her council-floor,
Wakes his voice the wondrous echo
That shall slumber nevermore.

MORS MORAS NECTENS.

Where on thy kindly pinions tarriest thou,
O soft celestial breath?
Sent to my spirit from the Infinite,
Why should I call thee — Death?

On my white couch all day I wait for thee,
And through the dewy night;
Hath He commissioned thee to wing so slow
And calm thy solemn flight?

In velvet fields I know the lambkins play,
And infant violets peep;
Come swifter, ere my almost parted heart
Return for these to weep.

Where, still and pale, I fade from hour to hour,
Eyes, keeping watch like stars,
Make earth so dear, that still my spirit rests
Without the crystal bars.

Should I repine, while here in arms I love,
Just under heaven's bright gate,
Until the angel of the Lord come down,
A little while I wait?

This lower sky is gloriously fair,
I am not tired of earth;
From other spheres I shall look love to thee,
Land of my mortal birth.

But I have caught a vision of the palms
Around the mount of God,—
That mystic tree, whose branches spread the way
Which Christ, the prophet, trod;

And underneath their shade my soul must dwell
With souls beatified;
I heard it whispered in the holy night,
By angels at my side.

Then where on thy slow pinions tarriest thou,
O soft, celestial breath?
Sent to my spirit from the Infinite,
Why should I call thee — Death?

THE CLOSING STRAIN.

Written hastily with a pencil, fourteen hours before the Summons hence.

Soul of mine,
Mourning in darkness thicker than the night,
With claspéd hands, before an empty shrine,
Give thanks; the heaven hath opened; there is light!

Rich and fair,
Glories of Nature home return to me:
The calm serene that fills the violet air,
The wondrous shading of the distant sea.

Full and sweet,
On wings more light than ever spanned the air,
That wondrous incense, for the altar meet,
Descends once more unto my poet-share.

Bright and grand,
Old *pictures* show, which, in my sad despair,
I said, with aching heart and nerveless hand,
God had denied to my beseeching prayer.

Soft and slow,
Through all the chambers of my weary soul,
I hear the blessed MUSIC come and go,
And the low measures thrill me as they roll.

Soul of mine,
Shine in the light that breaks upon thee pure;
Give back an answering flash! the gem is thine;
Sing, and thy song shall teach thee *to endure!*

PROSE SKETCHES.

PROSE SKETCHES.

A SKETCH.

A BRIGHT April morning had dawned upon the little village of S——. In a little parlor of one of its neat cottages, sat three young girls, waiting the arrival of the carriages which were to bear them away from the home where they had spent four happy years together. Their thoughts reverted to the day when they first became members of Mrs. L.'s boarding-school; and, though with joyous smiles and bounding hearts they looked forward to a return to their early homes, yet, ever and anon, a recollection of the happiness enjoyed in that quiet retreat would dim for a moment their bright eyes, and hush their glee.

Their companionship was about to be dissolved. They, who so long had shared the same apartment, participated in the same studies and pastimes, were to be severed. Memory was busy with each, and they relapsed into silence.

Who does not know the tediousness of waiting for public conveyances? How slow the minutes wear away, and every one seems lengthened to an hour,— especially when, from urgent business or anticipated pleasure, we long to be on the wing. At length, one of the schoolmates broke the silence by an impatient exclamation at the long delay, and begged a com-

panion to devise some plan for whiling away the tedious moments. Lottie, (for such was the name of her addressed) sat for a moment in thought; then, with a bright smile, she exclaimed:

"I have found it! Let each one choose the course of life she most desires for the future, and narrate her wishes for the amusement of the rest."

At the request of her mates, she commenced:

"Do not smile at me for repeating an oft-told tale, when I wish for literary honors. May the Goddess of Fame twine her laurels about my brow,—may she give me power to waken the deep and hidden chords of the soul, and make them vibrate to my touch,—may I breathe the loftiest and sublimest strains of poesy,—may I melt the heart with its softest, most hallowed lays. I would wish to see Genius bending low at my shrine, and to hear my name repeated by the learned and honored."

She ceased; and those who heard knew that the poetic flame was already kindled in her breast, and felt it possible for her to attain the summit at which she aimed. The second, Gertrude, spoke:

"Give me," said she, "to mingle in the delightful whirl of fashion and gaiety,—to be admired and envied by the throng,—to reign in the ball-room and the gay levee,—to be courted and wooed and flattered,—to lose myself in a perpetual round of festivity and mirth."

And the picture seemed to absorb her mind, for the last words died away in a low murmur, and she sat as one in a trance; till, rousing from her reverie, she joined with Lottie in calling upon Alice, the remaining one of the trio, to follow

their example. A light stole from the depths of her azure eye, and a shadow rested on her sweet face, as she replied:

"Let me live for Him who died for me."

She would have said more, but her low, earnest tones were interrupted by the tramp of horses and the sound of wheels.

Their conversation was forgotten. They rushed to the door. A hasty kiss was imprinted on cheek and lip, a hurried farewell spoken, and they parted — forever.

Again, six years have rolled away. To some they have brought trial and sorrow. Some frail barks they have launched into the boundless ocean of eternity. But to Lottie, Gertrude, and Alice, they have spared life, health, and joy; and, unlike the frequent experience of mortals, to them have been realized the dreams of their girlhood. The first is worshipped and honored in the literary world. Her name is everywhere known and admired. Thousands do homage to her genius, and the power of her song thrills in cottage and palace. But, amid it all, she sighs for kindred hearts, for the warm tones of true affection, which nowhere greet her ear. There is a thorn among her roses, a drop of gall mingled with her cup of joy.

In a lower walk of life the fair Gertrude moves, yet the belle of her circle. She shines brightest amid the beautiful, gayest amid the gay. The praises of her throng of admirers wait on her every step. All are conquered by her magic sway. But Gertrude has quaffed deep the intoxicating draught of flattery. She has become dead to all but self, and the hearts with which she has trifled understand too well the idolatry; yet, in better moments, her heart yearns for some nobler object to fill the aching void which sinful pleasures have left in her breast. Had she known the delight of living for

others, perchance selfish joys would have grown less in her esteem.

In a church of the city of B—— is assembled a vast crowd, to witness the marriage of one who is about to leave his native land, to bear the glad tidings of salvation to a heathen world. The young missionary leads to the altar a bride exquisitely fair, in whose form and features we cannot but recognize our beloved Alice. Yes, that short wish of hers was full of meaning. Her lip quivers as she takes the solemn marriage-vow, which involves a rending of all the ties that bind to home and country; but the light of faith glows in her earnest eye, and the firmness of high resolve is written on her calm brow. She, too, has realized the beautiful aspiration of her early youth, "Let me live for Him who died for me."

ONLY A GOVERNESS.

Dear reader, fancy to yourself a rainy day in capricious April, and I will spare you a description of the ill-tempered sky, the shifting clouds, the chilling atmosphere, the swift gusts of wind, and the falling torrents. It was just as daylight and rain-fall simultaneously terminated, that a handsome carriage, drawn by a pair of beautiful bays, made its way through the muddy streets of the ancient and aristocratic town of W——. The equipage paused before a noble mansion, which, in the season of foliage, lay completely embowered. The occupant of the carriage alighted, and walked hastily up the avenue, shaking the sparkling drops from the

hedge, and turning an eager eye up to the old architectural pile and down each spiral walk.

A few moments more, and he was ushered into an elegantly furnished drawing-room. Could he have peered up the stairs, as he stepped over the threshold, he might have seen two girls at a half-opened door, exclaiming, in the same breath, "Wallace Grosvenor, as I live!" While they are preparing to descend, let us take a closer look at the object of their curiosity.

A form quite above the medium height, a forehead broad and full, from which the chestnut hair was carelessly brushed, an eye which changed from a deep blue to a clear hazel when lighted by any sudden excitement, and a manner revealing at once the scholar and the gentleman, represent the outward man. With the inner life our acquaintance must be more gradual. A brief interval elapsed, and a trio of ladies entered the parlor,—one a fashionably drest woman in the prime of life; the other two, her daughters, numbering eighteen and twenty summers. The young man advanced to salute them, offering one hand to each sister, and in a tone whose slight tinge of sadness seemed habitual, said, "I am most happy to meet you, fair cousins." Then, with a bearing somewhat less familiar, but not less cordial, he exchanged greetings with the mother, to whom he was formally presented. And now, the first salutations over, let us go back some years, and inquire a little into the history of the parties thus brought together.

Wallace Grosvenor was now in the second year of his orphanage. When very young, he had been sent to Europe to receive his education, and, having commenced a course of liberal study at Geneva, which was completed at Gottingen,

he travelled with his tutor over the continent, and added to his fine education that ease and polish of manners, and thorough acquaintance with modern languages, which such advantages are fitted to impart. During this interval, first his mother and then his father were called to the spirit-land; and never did revered and idolized parents leave a truer mourner. The heir of a respectable fortune, the possessor of poetical genius united to a highly cultivated intellect, chastened by a warm and ardent piety, which seemed to many all the requisites for happiness, yet with an aching void at his heart, and a sensation of desolateness quite new to him, Wallace embarked for his native America. On his arrival at New York, he found a cordial welcome to the circle in which his parents had so lately moved. His reputation had preceded him, and many strangers were ready to urge upon him their hospitality. But when most courted and flattered he missed, O! how sadly, those warm hearts which had bestowed on him at parting their parental benedictions, and he carried everywhere a lonely and aching breast. A few weeks after his return, as he was sauntering through the brilliant saloons of Mrs. C——, and passing compliments with the many who watched for a word or a smile, his attention was attracted by two pretty, Saxon-looking girls, who were evidently making him the subject of a close conversation. He inquired their names of his hostess, who replied: "Do you mean those sisters in blue? They are the Clevelands; they have just left boarding-school, and my daughter Ellen has brought them home, to spend a few days with her before their departure from the city." An introduction followed, and Wallace found Kate and Fannie Cleveland consigned to him for the remainder of the evening. As he looked oftener in their faces, an indistinct

recollection crossed his mind of having seen them before; and when he ventured to inquire their place of residence, and learned that it was the same beautiful retired town where his father once owned a country-seat, his suspicions were confirmed, his interest deepened, and he asked eagerly, "Pray, pardon me, but is not your mother a niece of Judge Grosvenor?"—"Yes, indeed," was the reply (and the sisters colored as they spoke). "Mother has often mentioned her uncle's visit to her, years ago, with his son. We were then both very young, and do not remember it distinctly." Wallace remembered it well; and, as he recalled that humble cottage in the suburbs of Waterford, with two rude little girls swinging on the brown gate that opened into the dusty thoroughfare, he saw at once that fortune must have smiled on the Clevelands since those days. Destitute as he was of near kindred, he congratulated himself on this newly found relationship, and entered his claim to their cousinly regards with a warmth which brought an ill-concealed expression of flattered vanity to the countenances of the two sisters. Anxious to retain his favor, they were not slow to inform him that their father had purchased the old Grosvenor mansion, and that they had for three or four years occupied that honored dwelling. Ere the evening closed, our young friend had naturally enough been invited to pay a visit to his cousins at W.; and had just fulfilled his promise to come, as we introduced him to our readers.

After tea, on the evening of his arrival, as the trio returned to the parlor, the moonbeams looked invitingly in at the casement, giving promise of a glorious evening to succeed the storm; and Wallace, approaching the window, gazed with a fond yet pensive air on those old grounds, hallowed by a thousand

recollections of childhood. Perceiving that his thoughts were without, his companions spoke of the garden, and regretted that the recent rain prevented an evening's promenade. But Kate, seeing that this topic interested him, suddenly changed her mind, and, notwithstanding his remonstrances, insisted that it would be perfectly safe to take one turn down the walk; so, immediately leading the way, she opened the door of the library to pass out into the veranda. Pausing a moment as she reached the outer door, she slightly turned her head, and said, in a careless tone, "Emily Morris, Mr. Grosvenor." Wallace, who had not noticed a new face in the dimly lighted library, now turned his gaze in the direction of cousin Kate's eyes, and perceived a young lady in one of the window-seats, attired in deep sable. He bowed profoundly, and hastened after the sisters, Fannie remarking, as the door closed behind them, "Only the children's governess."

"Where our heart is, there our" pen loves to linger: for this reason we will talk of Emily Morris, and leave the walk undescribed. True, she was "the children's governess," but she was also the orphan child of Mr. Cleveland's sister. Though her daily toil entitled her to a generous support, she was regarded as a poor, dependent relative, under vast obligations for her daily bread. Little did her honored father anticipate such a fate for his daughter. He was suddenly summoned away, in the midst of a distinguished and lucrative career, leaving with his business partner an ample fortune in trust for his only child. Alas! for frail humanity; scarce six months elapsed, ere the orphan, defrauded of her patrimony, with a scanty pittance offered her, as all that remained of a princely estate, was obliged to surrender the privileges of an eminent boarding-school, and accept a home where she was

expected to earn a support. Her uncle indeed was an honorable man of the world, who regarded the claims of kindred, and entertained real affection for the only child of his departed sister. But Mrs. C. was a calculating woman. In seconding her husband's proposal, she was influenced by the advantages afforded her younger children, in having so competent a teacher at their own dwelling. It was not till her older daughters returned from school, and Emily's superiority to them in every grace, natural and acquired, became strikingly manifest, that she repented the step she had taken in introducing to their home so dangerous a rival. The poor girl was now constantly reminded that she must not claim equality with her cousins, and ever and anon she was made to feel that she was "only a governess." The visit of Wallace Grosvenor proved the occasion of fresh annoyance. That very evening her artful aunt had contrived to effect her absence from the tea-table, to delay her introduction to their distinguished guest. Such was the position of Emily Morris. Do you wonder, now, at her being found alone in the library, or left there still to her solitary musings, with no invitation to join the merry group in the moonlight? Their returning footsteps soon broke her reverie, and she hastened from the room; not, however, till she heard cousin Kate express her raptures over a full-blown tulip, and a rich low voice remonstrate against her preference of this gaudy flower to the heart's-ease and snowdrop, which she had crushed and thrown away. Emily gained her chamber, to soothe her troubled spirit by communing with the oracles of peace and the God of consolation. The spirits of the dear departed seemed to encircle her with their blessing. She sought her pillow, by good angels

guarded, and was refreshed and strengthened for the morrow's tasks.

Several days passed away, and found Wallace still at Waterford, impatient with himself for the feeling of dissatisfaction with his young relatives, which daily increased. "What was the fault?" he asked himself, again and again. They were pretty; always amiable, except when cousin Emily was alluded to; evidently delighted with his attentions; and yet, with all their flattery, did not succeed in winning his regard. He had in his soul an ideal of goodness and beauty and consistency of character, made up from recollections of his sainted mother; and it was in vain he tried to persuade himself that Kate and Fannie Cleveland were modelled after it. They lacked depth and purity, and all their external professions failed to supply the deficiency.

One morning, as Wallace was in the library, he noticed that an elegantly bound volume of his own poems had been abstracted from the parlor table, and was lying there. He carelessly took it up, and found it open at a little piece of blank verse, entitled "The Orphan," and remarked the delicate tracings of a pencil along the margin. "Is this Kate's work?" thought he. "No, extravagant as are her praises of my efforts, she has not enough genuine love of poetry in her nature to reconcile her to pass a half-hour alone in reading the most exquisite production of the muses. But see, here is a mark with initials — E. M. It is, as I suspected, Emily Morris." He turned to pay his devoirs to the ladies who had just entered. Fannie, spying the book which he had laid down, said:

"So, Mr. Grosvenor, you stole away here to read your own

musings. No wonder you found yourself on enchanted ground."

"Indeed, you are mistaken," replied Wallace, slightly smiling: "the book must have been deposited here by another hand than mine. I encountered it accidentally," and he stole a glance at Emily. Kate turned to her quickly, saying, in a bitter tone:

"Have you not often been requested not to disturb these volumes? I have been looking for this very book all the morning. Indeed, Miss Morris, I did not know that you were so devoted to Mr. G.'s poetry."

Emily's cheek flushed for an instant, then with quiet dignity she took the book in silence and returned it to the parlor. A glance at Grosvenor's face told the girls that they had overstepped their mark. They strove to make amends by donning their sweetest smiles, but our hero was grave and unsocial the remainder of the morning. At eve the family assembled in the drawing-room again; the harp and guitar were drawn from their resting-places, and preparation made for a musical entertainment. Emily was there, too, with an unwonted glow on her cheek. The music began; performance succeeded performance; the Clevelands did their best; but Wallace saw more imperfections than ever in their shallow, rapid style. When Kate and Fannie had finished, he inquired if Miss Morris played on either of the instruments. No one answered. He directed the question to her: "Will you play and sing?" She took her seat at the piano without speaking, and commenced a sweetly wild and mournful air, with an extemporaneous accompaniment. When she finished, Wallace uttered a simple "Thank you," whose want of emphasis the Clevelands interpreted as a sure mark of indifference.

But the music entered his heart. Mrs. C., who felt quite assured by Mr. Grosvenor's silence, remarked condescendingly:

"Do not feel abashed, Emily; that little song appeared much more becoming for you than the girls' brilliant symphonies. We cannot expect you to sing gay songs at present, — we know you don't feel like it."

The conversation next turned upon German music, and from that naturally to the German language and literature. Grosvenor undertook to repeat a passage from Schiller, but partly failed.

"Prompt me, cousin Fannie," said he. "I believe you are a student of that author."

"O yes," said Kate, "she's been at it this three years. Goodness, Fan, can't you recollect it?"

But Fanny was still at fault. Wallace was astonished at the coarse expression which escaped his cousin's lips. Mrs. Cleveland offered to bring a copy of Schiller from the library, but Mr. G., as if struck by a sudden thought, detained her with the words:

"Perhaps Miss Morris can save us that trouble."

"O! ah!" began the cousins.

"I'll step to the library," but Emmie paid no heed to their exclamations.

"Is this the passage to which you refer?" said she, and gave the exact quotation with a richness of tone and enthusiasm of manner which charmed one of her listeners and vexed the rest. Kate, who had been considered by all the family as clearly in possession of the gentleman's heart, grew daily more uneasy, as numberless little scenes like those already narrated lessened the cords of her influence, and drew Wallace with a

fascination (to her inexplicable) toward that unpretending Emily Morris.

"What was the spell?" the Clevelands asked one another. Emily wasn't as beautiful as they — O, no! for brunettes never *pretend* to be *beautiful*. She certainly was not as accomplished, for she was acquainted with but two foreign languages, Latin and German, while they had a knowledge of Italian and French beside. She could paint only in water colors, while they understood the use of oils and Indian ink. Then just think of her plain black dresses, compared with the rich fabrics and bright colors with which they adorned themselves. But, to crown all, Emily was poor, and "*only a governess.*" They knew the high value which Wallace Grosvenor placed on rank and fortune. Poor human nature cannot be perfect, — an undue estimate of station was one of our hero's failings. But his eyes were beginning to be opened. He knew the Clevelands were once in humble life, but he was generous, or, what is better, *just* enough to overlook that. Here lay the difficulty: their refinement, their amiability, their knowledge even, was not a part of their growth, but something superadded to a character already formed. Every now and then he obtained a glimpse at the background of the picture. They were living illustrations of the truth that deficiencies of character and training in early life are sure to make themselves visible through all the gloss and polish and showy accomplishments of later years. It was impossible for one like Wallace Grosvenor not to mark the contrast between such a character, and a nature deep, unostentatious, and true, — that he should not find pleasure in studying a character, which every day revealed some new page in its hidden volume. And did Emily perceive and rejoice in the changed position of affairs?

Did she strive to bind the distinguished guest to her side? Did she wield well the weapons of fascination? Ah, no! Emily was impenetrable. The same shade of sadness rested on her brow; she spoke in the same mournful, subdued cadences; the same sweet grace and dignity mingled in her manner. The gentleman's society she neither sought nor repelled; she addressed him only when he questioned her; with a never-varying self-possession she accepted his frequent courtesies, and bore unmoved the scrutinizing watch of her aunt and cousins. Even Mrs. Cleveland, ready and anxious to reprimand her, could find no occasion for reproof.

It was now the middle of May, and Wallace was prolonging his stay, he knew not wherefore. His visit seemed likely to close with little incident beyond the ordinary routine of pleasure rides and calls and evening parties. A horseback excursion had been more than once proposed by the sisters, but as yet no time had been suggested, which met the approbation of their cavalier. Let me whisper the reason in your ear, reader: the hour proposed was always one in which cousin Emily was occupied with her little charge.

But a holiday arrived, — the afternoon was bright and beautiful, as fresh and blooming May alone can be. Wallace now declared himself ready for the excursion, and, as there could be no good excuse for leaving Emily behind, she was included in the party. Mounted on beautiful steeds, and all well skilled in horsemanship, they rode gaily along the travelled road for some distance, when Wallace espied a green lane leading off from the dusty street, which he declared looking too inviting to be passed by; so thither they turned their horse's steps, and rode leisurely on.

The green sward was decked with spring's earliest wild

flowers, which constantly tempted our knight to dismount, and gather bouquets for the ladies,—simple nosegays of violets and cowslips and anemones, tied by a single spire of grass. A shade of thoughtfulness succeeded the hilarity with which the ride commenced, and they rode onward, conversing little, and seemingly regardless of time and distance.

Emily was the first to point to their lengthening shadows, and suggest the wisdom of retracing their steps. They were now at the summit of a hill, and Fannie declared her purpose to descend, that she might have the pleasure of galloping up again. As they slowly walked their horses down the steep descent, two children emerged from a miserable hut by the wayside, and looked curiously after them. No sooner did the party reach the bottom, than they wheeled abruptly, and Fannie, taking the lead, galloped full speed up the ascent.

One of the children screamed as if terror-stricken, and, in her haste to escape, fell almost beneath the horse's feet. Fannie looked back and laughed, but continued her race up the hill. Kate also passed the children without stopping, though she observed that the one which had fallen was supported in its sister's arms. Wallace approached next, and checked his steed, to utter a kind word, as his nature prompted; not supposing that any serious injury had been received. As he was asking the elder girl why she did not take her little sister into the house, Emily drew near, and, being alarmed at once by the appearance of the child, quickly dismounted, and was at the children's side; another moment, and Wallace was on his feet. To their inquiries, the girl replied:

"It's only one of Nell's fainting fits; she is always so from fright. Mother saw her, and has gone to the spring for

water. There, she is coming now, — the water always brings her out."

By this time a poor woman, in homely but clean attire, hurried to the spot, and, taking the little one in her arms, sprinkled water plentifully in its face and neck. It opened its eyes heavily, but moaned without consciousness. The mother now perceived a contusion on the back of its head, occasioned by the fall. She wrung her hands in agony, while Wallace tenderly lifted the unconscious little sufferer and carried it into the house. Emily followed, and was quietly laying aside her hat and gloves, as the Misses Cleveland rode to the door, to inquire if the child was really hurt, or was only stupefied by fear, and to say that they supposed they might as well keep their saddles, as they could be of no use. What was their surprise, to hear Emily announce her intention to stay with the distressed mother till her companions could ride back to the village and send out a physician. And, what amazed them still more, she insisted that Mr. Grosvenor, after securing her horse, should ride back with her cousins. He hesitated to leave her at that hour in so lonely a place; spoke of her late ride homeward; but yielded the point, as the poor woman entreated them to hasten and procure medical help. On their way back, Kate and Fannie in excited tones discussed the accident, as also the propriety of cousin Emily's stopping through the evening at that "out-of-the-way place." Both agreed that it would not have done for *them;* mamma would have been much displeased; but perhaps it was well enough for Emily; and their tone and manner added, "as she is only a governess." Wallace Grosvenor understood the implication, and busied himself with his own thoughts.

In another hour he returned with Dr. Howard, who prom-

ised to do his best for the little patient, and gave encouragement of a favorable issue. Emily did *not* have a lone ride home that night, though she and Wallace rode the distance mostly in silence, reading each other's thoughts by the clear moonbeams.

The next day, the imposing family coach was drawn up before the door, to give the visitor one more ride, as he had declared his purpose to leave on the morrow. A pic-nic was in contemplation on the summit of an adjacent mountain. A large basket of provisions was mounted on the driver's seat, and the party were about ready to start, when a young schoolmate of the Misses Cleveland arrived, with her brother, to make a visit of a few days. What was now to be done? To give up the excursion would disappoint other friends already on their way to the pic-nic. The carriage was full, and it was too late to look about for another conveyance. Mrs. Cleveland asked Emily to resign her seat to Miss Canfield. She instantly complied; that young lady expressing her great unwillingness that any one should give up the party for her sake, till Fannie whispered in her ear:

"Don't distress yourself; it's only the children's governess."

Wallace now offered his seat to Mr. Canfield, but this raised such a storm of expostulations that he was obliged to desist, and, by close sitting, that gentleman was safely stowed in with the rest; and the loaded vehicle moved slowly off toward the place of destination. As they proceeded, the newly arrived expressed their regret that one of the original company was left behind; saying, they could hardly give her credit for sincerity in resigning her place so cheerfully.

"O," said Kate, "it will make little difference with *her*. On the whole, she will enjoy the day best at home, for mamma

will let her fix off a basket of provisions for a poor family, with a sick child, that sister Fan came near riding over the other day."

Here followed the history of the late adventure, duly amplified and commented on. Was it this, or a sudden jolt of the carriage, that heightened the glow on Wallace Grosvenor's cheek, and compressed his lips so firmly?

The day, like all others, wore away: it was now late in the afternoon, and where was Emily Morris? She had received a letter while walking in the garden, and was seated in the arbor, intently perusing it, with that face (usually so serene) betraying deep and changing emotion. She had thrown off her bonnet, to enjoy the soft, fresh air; her dark curls were slightly confined by a bandalet of velvet. She had never looked so beautiful as now, — for Emily *was* beautiful, dear reader, notwithstanding the assertions of the envious Clevelands to the contrary, — and so thought Wallace Grosvenor, as he approached her unobserved, till he stood at the entrance of the arbor. Her cheek and brow crimsoned as he saluted her, and she expressed her surprise that the party should have returned at so early an hour.

"They have not returned," he replied; "but, as Mr. Canfield seemed able to take care of the ladies, and the carriage was overloaded, I begged the privilege of preceding them on foot, agreeing to ride whenever they should overtake me. I am a good pedestrian, so, as I foresaw, have reached home before them."

He took a seat by her side, and began to talk of things which at that moment were farthest from his heart, — of mountain scenery, of foreign lands, of botany, and the classics, and, finally (for the most natural subjects often have

last place), of poetry; and, as step by step they narrowed the range of topics, Wallace ventured to ask if it were really Emily who drew those marginal lines to mark "The Orphan." As she confessed without embarrassment, he proceeded to speak of his own sad inheritance of orphanage, and of his sense of utter desolateness, as he stepped on the shores of his native land, and sought the graves of his parents. The tears were in Emily's eyes, and there is no predicting how this conversation might have issued, had it not been suddenly broken off by the irruption of a bevy of children, claiming Miss Morris' promise to take them to a walk before tea.

"Yes, darlings," said Emily, "I will keep my promise. Mr. Grosvenor will excuse me;" and, with less composure than usual in her voice and manner, she allowed the children, who had already grasped both her hands, to hurry her away.

Wallace followed them with his eyes, and noticed, as Emily turned to go down the avenue, that she paused, took from her pocket the letter which he had seen her hastily deposit there, and refolded it more carefully. She was now hid from his view; yet he recalled, with a sensation as novel as it was annoying, the unwonted illumination of those expressive features, as that letter lay open before her. It was evidently no ordinary missive of friendship. Yet, what was it to *him*? Why did his heart throb painfully at every surmise connected with it? As he questioned himself thus, he was every moment gaining a deeper insight into the nature of his own emotions. He became aware of the intensity of feelings whose existence he had scarcely acknowledged even to himself. He paced up and down the garden walks, entertaining conjectures and dismissing them, forming plans and abandoning them, indulging hopes and relinquishing them.

One thing, however, he resolved upon: he would have an interview and an explanation before he departed on the morrow. He recalled the conversation in the arbor. As Emily responded to the sentiments he uttered, there was surely a something about her which made him feel that their hearts were in unison. But then, that letter, that ominous letter. Reader, do you feel curious about the document which has raised such a commotion in the mind of Wallace Grosvenor? Well, you shall see the transcript.

"A——y, May 15th, 18—.

"Miss Emily Morris:

"Madam,—I have the pleasant duty of informing you that the frauds of the villain who has kept you out of your lawful estate have been detected, and property recovered to the amount of $20,000. There is more behind, which I am confident will come to light soon. I await your orders in person or by letter. Allow me, madam, in consideration of my former intimacy with, and regard for, your honored father, to offer you my sincere congratulations.

"J—— N——, *Attorney at Law.*"

Emily kept her secret from her uncle Cleveland's ear; but she enjoyed that night such a sense of freedom, such elasticity of spirit, as she had been a stranger to for many weary months. In visions of the night she entered her old ancestral home, and trod again its halls.

Morning came, the last of Wallace Grosvenor's stay at Waterford. The moments flew on apace; the hour of departure drew near. He rose to take leave of the Clevelands. They were reserved and formal: he was going, and unengaged, and, as far as they could judge, disenthralled. Their polite adieus were far less cordial than their warm greetings three weeks before. He thanked them for their hos-

pitality, and said he should not soon forget this visit; then, addressing Mrs. C., inquired, "Shall I find Miss Morris in the library?" and, without waiting to hear the offer to summon her, he hastily made his way thither.

Poor Emily! she was hardly herself this morning. Failing of an interview with her uncle before he left the house, she was now writing a note, to accompany the important communication, to his office. *That letter* was open before her, and Wallace saw how she was occupied the moment he entered. Emily rose to meet him; the second time he saw the warm life-current rush to temple and cheek. If he had hitherto lacked courage for his disclosure, the scene before him made him resolute. He asked Emily to be seated, and opened all his heart. She answered only with tears, for he proceeded with a fervor which paused not for a word of response, till he told her that he made this declaration rather as a relief to his overcharged feelings than with much hope of success; and, with some hesitation and great delicacy, referred to the letter whose perusal he had witnessed. Without a word of reply, but with an arch look whose significance he could not interpret, she placed the open letter in his hand. He caught a glimpse of the signature, and hesitated not to read it. With its perusal all his eloquence vanished. How could he urge his plea, just as he learned the accession of his lady-love to a large estate? He did, however, retain sufficient self-possession to ask permission to write her, and he was not refused. His leave-taking was not eloquent, if we except the expression of his eyes, which could speak when the lips moved not. But the warm pressure of Emily's hand, and that speaking face, which revealed the heart, sent him away a happy man.

Passing over the surprise of the Clevelands at Emily's

altered fortunes, and the particulars of her return to her native city, let us follow Mr. Cleveland, as he enters the old mansion at Waterford on a cold morning in December, with a letter in his hand, to announce the intelligence that Emily Morris and Wallace Grosvenor are to be married at New Year's. Kate bit her lip with very vexation; Fannie tossed her head, and "didn't care;" Mrs. C. declared that, "it was money that allured him, otherwise, why did he not pay his addresses to Emily last spring, when he had so good an opportunity?" and she gave vent to the mortification of her maternal vanity in strains of surpassing eloquence. When the wordy torrent ceased, her good-natured husband, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, observed:

"I shall not allow you to abuse my *nephew* thus. I have known more of this affair than you wot of; and I can assure you that Wallace loved Emily, and that he *told her so, too*, when she was '*only a governess!*'"

HOMELY DUTIES MADE BEAUTIFUL.

I.

"A thing is great or little only to a mortal's thinking,
But, abstracted from the body, all things are alike important.
The Ancient of Days noteth in His book the idle converse of a creature,
And happy and wise is the man to whose thought existeth not a *trifle.*"

"I HARDLY know how to pass away the time, mother, every thing seems so tasteless, to-day."

"Do whatever you like, my dear Ellen; but make choice of *some* occupation, and adhere to it, if you wish to be happy."

This brief conversation, between Mrs. Howard and her daughter, preceded a long silence. Ellen sat upon a low stool before the window, her head resting upon her hand. Her eyes were watching the eddying snow, which hid all the landscape beyond. Round and round it whirled with the capricious wind, — the white flakes now doing fierce battle with each other, now uniting in a swift-breaking column, or wreathing in proud arches, to fall to the earth at a moment's lull.

Ellen had involuntarily chosen the time and place for a reverie: could she have made a better selection? Does any one wonder at her mood, and fail to understand the dangerous pleasure fancy takes in outstripping the present and the actual? Grave reader, if you have passed the years of girlhood, and know not what it is to indulge in reverie, I can scarcely hope to win your sympathy for my unpretending story. You will not be apt to appreciate the dreamy state of mind from which Ellen was aroused by her brother's voice, as he threw aside his Latin text-book, saying:

"Don't you wish something would happen, Ellie?"

He stood beside her, and laid his hand caressingly on her shoulder. Ellen slowly looked up, and encountered her mother's glance of quiet reproof.

She answered in a regretful tone: "O, Willie, the day wouldn't be dull, if we were only diligent and faithful. Do not follow my bad example. I am not going to be idle any longer."

"Take your book again, my son," said Mrs. Howard; "it is almost your hour for recitation."

Willie resumed his studies, but with a weary air, and his sister bent low over her needle-work. The little parlor was still again. It was a busy thought-time for two of the trio which occupied it.

Ellen's mind reviewed the months which had passed since her return from school. How many days had been misimproved, or selfishly devoted, while it had been her professed purpose to live for others as for herself! Her heart was full of sadness. How much had she wasted in idle wishing, or vain dreaming! How often had she indulged needless melancholy and repining! It was but a few days since her father, busied as he was with professional cares, had noticed a cloud on her brow, and asked, tenderly, "What makes our Ellie so sad?".

Alas! she could give no sufficient reason to herself, for hers was a happy lot, — one in which the sunshine predominated. She was surrounded by a loved and loving household, of which she might be the centre and the joy. Her keen relish for literary pursuits was encouraged and gratified. Her book, her work, her music, her pen, and the intelligent society of a few valued friends, were all at her service. Why should she have one discontented hour? This train of thought was interrupted by the closing door, as her brother was summoned to his recitation.

"My dear, do you wish to know what I think is the cause of your failure to make your life richer in usefulness, and more satisfying to your own heart?"

Ellen signified her assent, and Mrs. Howard continued:

"Are you not arranging a certain ideal situation, or train of circumstances, in which to live nobly, or looking forward to the future for opportunities to do good?"

Mrs. Howard had been reading her daughter's expressive face (a face she seldom read in vain), and when she spoke it was in reply to Ellen's unexpressed thoughts; yet this was so usual an occurrence that it awakened no surprise.

There are some such mothers and daughters, between whom there is a beautiful and perfect harmony of feeling; whose sympathy is a deep and constant under-current of their lives, unseen ofttimes, yet, like hidden waters, waiting but an outlet to gush forth in a pure, sparkling spring.

Ellie drew closer to her mother, and said, with tears: "Yes, mother, I often think, if there were only suffering poor in father's parish, how I would visit and relieve them; were I only rich, what an almoner to the needy I would be; were I in circumstances of trial and sorrow, how patient and heroic I could be, and so on. But you know these are vain, useless thoughts. The people here are all wealthy farmers, with their families, some of whom look with a little jealousy upon 'the minister's children.' At any rate, none of them seem to need the sympathy, much less the counsel, of a young girl like me.

"As for wealth, with our limited resources, we have none to bestow upon any body. I know, if I give cheerfully of what I have, it is enough. The other supposition which I made seems too much like tempting Providence. I am afraid, after all, if I were called to adversity, I should bear it as poorly as I now do the little crosses and vexations of every day.

"But you see how it is, dear mother; I have *no great work* given me to do. I dreamt, a few nights since, that I was a successful authoress, and my first laurels were in my hand (ah! it was only the copy of many a day-dream), but I awoke, just as I always do, and found myself here in a quiet country parsonage,

an unpretending girl of sixteen; and, though the illusion was sweet, I put it from me in disgust, because it was not a reality."

Mrs. Howard smiled; she kissed her daughter's flushed cheek, fondly, and said:

"Well, my love, you can make some effort towards the fulfilment of this dream. I suspect ——" and she turned her eyes toward an open portfolio which lay near; but Ellen's appealing look persuaded her to leave the sentence unfinished. But she added: "My dear child, you have no right to complain that God has not given you a 'great work' to do. Is it not a 'great work' to train and cultivate your own heart; to give a winning, Christian example to others; to bless us all by your unselfish and cheerful spirit; to be the light of our household, and its brightest ornament? This is your vocation for the present, my daughter; will you not strive to fill it? These practical home duties are yours to perform, and you will never be happy or useful until you enter upon them diligently and hopefully."

Ellen sat serious and thoughtful for some moments. At length she said, in her earnest way, "I will try."

She took her diary, as she finished speaking, to record the history of the day, and its new resolves. Just then she heard her brother's quick step in the hall. He came bounding into the room, but stopped short when he saw Ellen.

"O! sis, won't you please help me a little about my Virgil?"

Ellen cast a look at her journal-book, and asked if the evening would not do as well. He said "Yes," at first, then added hesitatingly, "I don't like to interrupt you, but I have my Greek lesson to learn to-night."

The writing was laid aside, and the brother and sister were soon in the midst of an animated study. Willie's brightened face was reward enough for the sacrifice. As day after day came and went, Mrs. Howard had the satisfaction of perceiving that Ellen had not resolved in vain. A new element seemed to have been developed in her character. The tasks which usually devolve upon one in her sphere were performed with energy and willingness, nor were her intellectual pursuits and social duties neglected. She became, indeed, what she had once only wished to be, a constant blessing to those associated with her. Nor was this easily attained. Each victory over self, every reconciliation of the ideal with the real and practical, cost her a hard struggle; but she did not struggle unaided, and she did not fail. The happiness she bestowed was given back to her again. Her face wore a sunnier look, her step was more elastic, and a deeper peace rested on her heart, — a benediction from Him who "seeth in secret and rewardeth openly."

II.

"He hath made every thing beautiful in his time."

The winter passed quietly and quickly away. The time of singing birds came again. One bright afternoon in April, Ellen was occupying the little parlor alone. Her mother was slowly recovering from violent illness, and for the first time in many days she left her to sleep, under the watch of an attendant, and stole out of the sick-room. The sunlight in the west was genial and mellow; the breath of the wind was balmy; the pansies and the daffodils were bursting into bloom in the garden-beds.

As she sat by the half-opened window, a knock at the door arrested her attention. She answered the summons, and found herself *vis-à-vis* with a gentleman to whom she was an entire stranger. His figure partially concealed the faces of two ladies, which, on a little closer scrutiny, she recognized. They were cousins of hers, whom she had not met since quite a child. "Don't you know us, Ellen?" said the elder sister.

"O yes, cousin Rachel, I remember you now, very well; but it is so long since you have been here, and I did not think of meeting you. And Maria, too,—I am happy to see you both."

"This is our brother George; I believe you have never seen him before."

Ellen had not. A "Cousin George" was on her lips, but something in the careless and confident air with which the young man proffered his hand, and made his salutation, altered, involuntarily, her choice of address, and, in a tone cordial though not familiar, she said:

"You are very welcome, sir."

The guests were seated in the parlor, and Ellen hastened to summon her father. A gentle knock at his study-door, and she was bidden to enter.

"Father, our Northwood cousins are here."

"What, Ellie, the Woodbridges?"

"Yes, sir; Rachel and Maria, and that stranger brother of theirs, from New York."

"Well, they have not chosen a very favorable time for their visit; but we must make it as agreeable as we can. I regret, for your sake, this additional care. You are looking pale and worn to-day, Ellie."

An expression of sadness was in Mr. Howard's glance, but Ellen's bright smile dissipated it. He left her side, and hastened to greet his guests with that hospitable warmth which ever made the stay at his house a delightful one, and the after memory of it a lively pleasure to the visitor.

Ellen took the opportunity to steal to her mother's room, and inform her of the arrival. Mrs. H. was evidently made anxious by it. "What will you do, with so much care?" she asked.

"O, never fear for me; I have stores of latent energy undeveloped yet."

"Yes, my dear; but the strength I am afraid will fail you. Besides, these cousins are not very congenial, and you will find it hard work to entertain them."

"Do not let it worry you, dear mother. I shall find a way of getting along, for I have the will;" and she kissed the invalid's pale cheek, and reluctantly left the chamber.

The poor child was weary, and a little heart-sick, despite her cheerful words. But, as the feelings move the tongue, so do the words sometimes react upon the feelings. As she descended the stairs, the language of her lips soon became that of her heart. A mother's silent and fervent prayer had not followed her in vain.

"But, sir, in view of our aunt's illness, it is hardly best that we should remain with you for a visit; there is still a train leaving for Northford to-night."

Ellen entered just in time to see the uneasy glances which the sisters exchanged at this remark of their brother's. Mr. Howard immediately set aside the suggestion of their departure, as a thing not to be thought of.

"No, my dear nephew, you must not cheat us out of your

stay in this way. It is long since we have seen your sisters, and they leave home so seldom, that we cannot afford to lose their company, now they are actually here. Your first visit here, too, must not be so short a one. Ellen will be glad to entertain you. Mrs. Howard is convalescent, and I hope will be able to leave her room in a few days. You must feel yourselves quite at home."

While her father was speaking, Ellen had taken the liberty of a more scrutinizing look at her cousin George. She saw a clear, light complexion; a deep blue eye, full of good nature; a mouth whose expression was a little egotistical, yet which harmonized with the general symmetry of his features, and a bearing which did not lack a certain indifferent grace. Ellen's taste was a little peculiar. She acknowledged the face to be handsome, but gave it no very warm admiration,—it was vastly different from her beau-ideal. But he could not read her opinion; and, had he done so, he might reasonably have fortified himself against it by a glance at the mirror.

There was a pause in the conversation, and she excused herself to order tea. The meal was a more prolonged one than usual, and the evening which followed seemed short. Ellen retired at an early hour to her mother's room, where, since the dismissal of a regular night-watcher, she took sole care, rising from her cot at intervals, and administering to the sick one, the necessary drinks and medicine.

Morning came, and with its first rays the Misses Woodbridge arose; and, having arranged the chamber, according to their home-habits, came down stairs. The sitting-room, which they entered, bore traces of an earlier visit. It was newly swept and dusted, and, upon a little stand in one corner, stood a vase of dewy violets.

"Aunt must have an uncommon smart girl," said Rachel. "'Twould be as much as I could do to get the kitchen cleaned up before breakfast."

"Perhaps Ellen has been at work here," replied Maria.

"Ellen, cousin Ellen,—put her hands to housework? and up at this time in the morning, too? Nonsense. Why, the child has been trained to books all her days, and it's all she's fit for. I'm glad aunt Howard has such good help, though; if it wasn't for that, I guess the house would go to ruin, while she's sick. I think I'll step out into the kitchen after a glass of fresh water, and get a sight of her. May be she won't be above a little overseeing about her work."

So saying, she found her way through the hall to the domain of Scotch Mary, who (entirely unconscious of the high place she had won in Miss Rachel's regards), was pursuing her customary avocations. The kitchen-door stood slightly ajar; and, as she entered, what was her surprise to see Ellen standing before the well-scoured table, with hands immersed in biscuit-dough, which, in compliance with her skilful treatment, was fast assuming a recognizable form. The fair cook started a little at the sudden irruption of her visitor, but remarked smilingly:

"I should have remembered what early risers you are at Northford."

"Yes, we get our own breakfast there, and milk the cows before we eat it; but I didn't suppose you were brought up so, Ellen."

Ellen only smiled a reply.

"To tell the truth," added her cousin, a little more decidedly, "I thought you were above such kind of work."

"You must have indulged strange ideas of me."

By this time the glass of water was obtained, and Mary's sensible comments were unfortunately lost upon the ear for which they were designed:

"I've lived around a good deal, ma'am, an' I always remarked, leddies as is leddies are no above ony thing."

Rachel returned to the parlor a moving exclamation point. Maria, who, it must be said, stood a little in awe of her senior sister, did not question, but watched her inquiringly.

"Why, as true as the world [a poor comparison, reader], Ellen Howard is helping get the breakfast; and I venture any thing she swept this room herself. Who would have thought, after all we heard of her father spoiling her with Greek and Latin, and her mother teaching her to write poetry? Well, I guess aunt Selina has seen the folly of it, and put the girl down to sensible things."

"Perhaps it was Ellen's own doing. It may be she had no notion of being a scholar, but liked better the work about house."

"Pooh! I never saw a girl of her age that worked because she *liked* to. I didn't use to; but I made up my mind to be as smart as Jane Allen, and, after a while, I began to take satisfaction in seeing how much I could do."

The speaker gazed out of the window for some minutes, in silence. At length she said:

"What a heap of rose-bushes aunt has! I wish ours grew as well. We were poorly off for rose-water last year."

The breakfast bell rang, and Mr. Woodbridge came in only in time to say "Good-morning," ere the family were seated at the table.

III.

"For human life is as Chian wine, flavored unto him who drinketh it;
Delicate fragrance comforting the soul, as needful substance for the body:
Therefore, see thou art pure and guileless; so shall thy realities of life
Be sweetened, and tempered, and gladdened by the wholesome spirit of romance."

Two or three days elapsed, each bringing to Ellen their mingled burden of happiness and care, and to the sisters, her guests, frequent renewals of their first surprise, as they saw her quietly performing many a plain household duty, or wisely and gently ministering in the chamber of sickness. They wondered, too, to find that she had not relinquished her intellectual tastes and pursuits. Had they seen her in her usual daily routine, they would have condemned many more hours as misspent, because passed in eager interest over her book or her writing-desk. But, of necessity, the presence of visitors interrupted her indulgence in these favorite recreations. Still, she bore to them a very inexplicable character. As Rachel said:

"It must be that cousin Ellen is romantic. We have always heard so, and her talk occasionally sounds like it; but I always supposed a romantic person was good for nothing. Ellen is fond of some foolish things, to be sure; but, for all that, she is a real industrious girl. She wouldn't stand gazing out of the window in an unswept room, or take to reading when Mary was waiting for orders about the dinner. And, indeed, I venture to say, if the child were put to it, she'd do the whole work of the house herself."

Very likely, Miss Rachel, very likely. Whatever is given her from above, to do, whether exalted or humble in itself,

seems to her a high and noble duty, worth doing, and worth doing well.

As for brother George, he, too, regarded his fair cousin as an anomaly, although he looked upon her from a different stand-point. Had he been brought up with his sisters, upon the secluded farm at Northford, he would still have been less simple in tastes and plain in manners than they. Nature had given him a more refined mind, and a quicker sense of fitness and beauty. But, having been early adopted by an uncle in the city, his training, intellectual and social, was widely dissimilar. His sisters, now his nearest living relatives, he saw only during occasional visits, and felt little drawn towards them; so, although he demeaned himself with a kind and fraternal courtesy, there was no deep, close intimacy between them. When he consented to accompany them on this visit, it was with inward reluctance. His high opinion of himself, and his low estimate of all society beyond the precincts of city life, led him to anticipate a week of ennui. He had just graduated at the university of N., and was about entering the law-school. A part of this interval of recreation, he knew, should be devoted to his sisters, who, whatever their defects might be, had a strong claim to his affection; so, smothering his regret, he acceded, with outward cheerfulness, to the plan arranged for him. He had gathered, from the incidental remarks of Rachel and Maria, that cousin Ellen had a pretty face, and had drawn in his own mind a well-sketched portrait of rustic beauty, — a short figure, with a round, dimpled face; blooming cheeks and lips; twinkling blue eyes, with their mingled expression of mirth and bashfulness; and the soft, golden hair parted smoothly on the temples.

It was hardly his own design; many a poet and novelist

had used it before him. As he went on in his reverie, he thought complacently how he would dispel her embarrassment by familiarity and condescension, and win from her a tribute of admiration, such as he had often won before. He had mingled much in fashionable society, where the high position of his uncle, and his own pleasing address, secured him an attentive welcome. He had flirted with many a pretty girl, not deliberately intending to trifle with anybody's heart (there was too much of the generous in his nature for that), but from that culpable thoughtlessness, in the exercise of which he was by no means singular. He excused himself by saying, and probably believing, that all young ladies were designing and coquettish in their treatment of his sex; and, if they would make endeavors to catch every young man whom they considered a desirable match, they must sometimes expect a manœuvre in return.

But, happily for George Woodbridge, this theory of his was destined to receive a shock sufficient to injure it materially. His first glance at his cousin, Ellen Howard, was to him the commencement of a novel study. He saw a beautiful face, it is true, but it was the beauty of expression rather than of feature. Instead of the laughing, blushing, coy little country maiden he had expected to meet, he found a refined and highly-bred young girl, in whose manner a sweet and serious dignity mingled with her naturally pensive grace. He had the good sense at once to perceive that his meditated condescension would be quite out of place. The more he saw of her, the more anxious he became to secure her regard, and the more uncertain how to do it. He had several times attempted with her the gallant or light and sentimental talk which pleases many a young lady's ear, and in which he was thor-

oughly versed; but some tone, or glance, or word from her would irresistibly assure him how foolish was the effort, and lead him to abandon it. As a guest, he could in no way complain of his entertainment. Her kind and true politeness taxed itself to make his visit an agreeable one. He acknowledged to himself that the days were far from dull. As he studied Ellen's character, he grew amazed at its nobility and unselfishness in all the little exhibitions of every day. The better and deeper feelings of his soul were touched. He felt that his past life, especially his social life, had been very unworthy of himself. What a trifler had he been! how had he wasted time, intellect, and heart! This lesson had not come to him in vain: new resolves struggled within him, destined to give birth to a new future.

IV.

"See thou livest whiles thou art; for heart must live, and soul.
But care, and sloth, and sin, and self combine to kill that life!"

It was the eve of the Woodbridges' departure. Mrs. Howard's easy-chair had been moved for the first time to the parlor, and all the hearts in that little household were made glad to see her sitting in it there, with the faint flush of returning health on her cheek. Her nieces were busily engaged in packing for the next day's journey. The parents and children had been alone together some moments, sitting almost silently, for they were too happy in this reünion of the family group to speak much to one another.

Ellen occupied a low seat at her mother's feet, so deeply occupied with grateful thoughts that she did not heed the opening door. At Willie's words, "Why, where have you

been all this time, cousin George?" she turned quickly, and smiled on the new-comer, with still moistened eye and trembling lip.

"Ah! cousin Ellen, I was about to ask your company for a walk, but it seems hardly right to take you away from your dear mother."

"O yes, George," said Mrs. H., "Ellie can go with you. I shall be glad to have her breathe this fresh, mild air, and I know she will enjoy it."

Ellen lingered to press the dear hand she held, and then complied. The two left the long village-street, and wandered into a green by-path. Although they maintained a continuous chat upon various subjects, neither seemed to relish the conversation. Ellen felt serious and subdued, more like weeping than talking. There are times when it is so with us all. George looked sad and troubled. At length, in answer to his cousin's simple inquiry when he intended to commence his professional studies, he replied:

"O, I don't know as I care to study a profession, at all, unless I can find out the secret of living *better* than I have done. Tell me, Ellen, — you who seem to perform every irksome duty as if it were a pleasure, — what is your private recipe?"

Ellen was surprised, and still more so as he unfolded to her the history of his past. He told her of his disinclination to books, of his neglect of thorough application, because his natural quickness enabled him, by superficial study, to maintain a respectable standing in his class. He spoke of the future; of his aversion to the steady pursuit of any one calling; of his dislike to the petty drudgery which pertains to a lawyer's life. He alluded to his disgust with the frivolities of fashionable circles, and the difficulty of avoiding them; to his struggles

after something better than he had attained. All this he said rapidly, and with the air of one who is hastening through a disagreeable task, which is a necessary preliminary to something more pleasant. He finished with the words:

"But you will not understand this, cousin Ellen; you seem to find it *so easy* to do every duty and resist every temptation. I wonder why some must have all the storms, and others all the sunshine."

Ellen's sympathies were much moved. She was touched by the young man's candid confessions, and felt that she had not given him enough credit for depth and sincerity. She saw in him a reaching forth of spirit after the good and the true; but she saw, likewise, so many false notions of men and things, so many wrong and confused notions of life just shaken from their firm hold, that she hardly knew what to say. His opinion of her own experience was so mistaken that she corrected that at once.

"O no, George, indeed it is *not easy* for me to do right. The greatest trial, the deepest struggle I have ever known, has been in consequence of my secret reluctance to go cheerfully about the homelier duties of life."

"What, Ellen, those very duties which you do just as if you loved to do them?"

"O, I have not conquered all the disinclination yet, cousin George; you must not think so. But I am striving and hoping."

"Well, what is the use, after all? How can any refined and intellectual woman take upon herself the performance, or even the supervision, of domestic tasks, with the same relish with which she would read a poem, or study a language, or practise a song? How can an educated man stoop to drudg-

ery for the sake of earning a little more bread to eat and raiment to put on, as readily as he engages in the pursuits of science? You can't make it out, coz."

They both smiled, the contrast between the last playful sentence and the earnest ones which preceded it was so striking.

"I agree with you," said Ellen, quietly.

"You agree with me! Why, I thought you maintained the opposite opinion. Are you converted so soon?"

"You misunderstood me, sir. I have not said that one class of employments can become, intrinsically, as congenial as the other; but I do think we can find pleasure even in the least agreeable duties. We can engage in them from the loftiest motives. Are they not a part of our preparation-life,—as truly a part as those which the world calls noble and exalted? Is there not something heroic in the meanest service, performed with singleness of heart, because God wills it? O, do we see half the beauty we might in the most common and trivial things?"

The speaker paused, as if her thoughts were impatient of the restraint of words. Her glowing cheek and lustrous eye showed the rapid current of feeling within. An involuntary admiring exclamation rose to the lips of George, as he looked at her. He said, half soliloquizing:

"It is too late for *me* to struggle after a nobler and more earnest life."

While he was speaking, they turned their steps homeward. Their walk was a slow one, and their talk long, and calmer than before. When they reached the parsonage door, each felt that the interview had been one not easily to be forgotten.

Ellen had learned that, beneath her cousin's gay and care-

less exterior, lay a warm, frank, and generous spirit, somewhat warped and chilled, but still there. She rejoiced that she had been employed, by One who seeth all hearts, to touch its long silent chords of right thought and feeling. She trembled lest she had not used her influence wisely. She hoped all things from his newly-formed resolves.

To George, the conversation had been one which stirred his inmost soul, and roused many a high impulse dormant there. Yet, amid all its salutary teachings, he had learned one dangerous lesson, inasmuch as it involved the risk of his happiness.

With the early gray of the next morning, the Howards bade adieu to their departing guests; and, the family being once more all alone, each resumed his accustomed place.

Not many days after, while the mother and daughter sat alone, "enjoying one of their old, dear talks," as Ellie said, Mr. Howard entered the sitting-room with a package of letters from the evening mail, one of which he handed to Ellen, while he held another open in his hand, as if awaiting her perusal. The mother's quick eye detected the changing color of Ellen's cheek, and the compression of her lips, as she read; and guessed, with a mother's intuition, the cause. Ellen finished the perusal of the sheet, and gave it to Mrs. Howard, with an expression of unmingled regret on her face. Her father placed his letter in her hand.

"It is but fair to show you Woodbridge's manly and feeling note to me. I had not supposed him capable of writing thus. The decision of the question he asks must, of course, rest with you, my child. Your mother is your best counsellor."

Mr. Howard left the room. Ellen sat apparently absorbed in thought.

Her mother watched her a little, then asked:

"Well, my love, is this a difficult matter to decide?"

"O no, mother, no. I was not hesitating what answer to give, but dreading to inflict pain upon him. I regret this doubly, on account of the conversation we had together, the night before he left."

Ellen proceeded to narrate in substance, as we have done, the discourse between herself and her cousin.

The surprise which she had felt was echoed by her mother, and her father, too, who had joined them again during the recital. Mr. Howard was much moved by it, and it was evident that he began to look more favorably upon Mr. Woodbridge's proposal.

"Do not be too hasty in your reply, Ellie," said he.

"But, father, only one reply is possible for me. My cousinly regard for George was never so strong as at this moment; but that is all I can give him."

The parents were too judicious to dwell upon the matter when it was once decided, especially as they saw that any allusion to it was painful to the sensitive Ellen. Her reply to Mr. Woodbridge was worded in the kindest and gentlest manner, but it said at once, and frankly: "Love me always as your cousin Ellen; or, if you will, as your sister; but let us think of no different relation."

V.

"A sister's love! O brother, 'tis a golden chain
To bind thee fast to virtue and to truth."

A YEAR passed away, and Willis Howard was fitted to enter college; fitted, so far as the requisite knowledge of books was concerned, although, in respect to pecuniary ability, he was

poorly prepared. His father's moderate salary comfortably supported them all in their quiet home; but the sending of a son to college would be a heavy tax on the scanty purse. Ellen had for some months looked forward to this crisis, as the time to divulge a secret plan she was cherishing, — the plan of becoming a teacher. She had fully counted the cost of leaving the dear parental roof, and seeking a home among strangers; of abridging her choicest pleasures, and resigning her ease and leisure, for the steady routine of school duty; and, after looking at it in every light, she had fully and freely resolved to make the sacrifice. The results of her patient toil would help her darling brother to a place among the educated and honorable men of his country. Was not this reward enough?

But, when her wishes were first broached to the family, they met with even more opposition than she had expected. The quick tear-drops came to her mother's eyes; her father put his arms lovingly around her, and said: "Ah, Ellie, you must not go out to cope with this hard world. My poor, sensitive child, you would be wounded a thousand times a day!" And Willie, the brave, the generous-hearted boy, indignantly remonstrated, till his voice was too much choked with feeling to utter more.

Mrs. Howard's clear judgment, and perhaps, also, her better knowledge of Ellen's inner self, made her the first to withdraw a decisive disapproval.

"I do not know but Ellen is right," said she; "and, if this measure is best, we must all consent to the sacrifice. The salary which she would secure as a teacher, would, undoubtedly, give us the necessary pecuniary aid; and, if we can obtain it

in no better way, I think Ellen would be justly grieved by the refusal of her offer."

"Father, I wish that merchant brother of yours, in the West Indies, would just fork over a thousand," said Willie.

"O, my boy, your uncle Frank will never forget his old quarrel with me. I fear 'A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city.'"

Ellen did not like the mention of uncle Frank very well for she understood the story of his estrangement from their father, better than Willis. She seldom spoke of him, while her brother was often characteristically projecting all sorts of indefinite plans in respect to the wealth of his unknown relative. Ellen interrupted, with the words:

"Hush, Willie! I would not lay my hand on uncle Frank's money, if he should give me his whole estate."

"But *I* would, though, quick enough. You should have a fine house and a splendid piano; and—O no! these are not the things you like best. Well, you should have a great library, and a beautiful greenhouse; and you should travel —O yes, you should go to Europe,—go to Europe! You'd like *that*, I know; for I've often heard you say so."

They all laughed at Willie's air-castles. It was a common thing. They are built at a smile, and tumble down at a sigh. His baseless palaces dissolved, as he listened to the conversation of his parents, and heard their final decision in favor of Ellen's plan. His proud spirit was sorely tried, and he said, impetuously:

"Well, sister Ellie, you won't do all this *for nothing*. When I get rich, you shall let me pay you back, principal and interest, besides all the presents I shall make you."

Ellen assented, and off he went, to spout poetry to the old

forest-trees on the hill, weaving for himself another gorgeous web of dreams.

A few weeks of inquiry procured for Ellen a desirable situation, and she was soon installed at her new post of duty. Every thing was novel to her. She had never seen the interior of a boarding-school before; for, during her own pupilage, she was always a day-scholar.

Her task seemed less burdensome than she expected. She was not slow in winning the love of the little circle by which she was surrounded. She was interested in the new opportunity of studying character. She felt that the measured routine of boarding-school existence did not shut her out from the happiness and beauty, nor even the true romance, of life. Why should it? for those exist within the soul, and may still be there when we are encompassed by the most adverse circumstances.

Her separation from the loved ones at home was relieved by frequent tidings, and the joyful vacation visits. She heard, with all a sister's fond pride, of her brother's high reputation as a scholar. Every word in his praise made her pulse throb quicker, and seemed to her a glad omen of his final success. She dreamed not of the little cloud which early began to cast its shadow on his path. He had entered his Sophomore year ere she began the sad mistrust that all was not well with him; and even then it was his own letters which excited the sad suspicion. No vague rumors of evil came floating to her ear. All who spake of her brother gave him an untarnished name; yet her jealous affection detected, although he wrote to her long and frequently as ever, a forced gayety, an unusual silence about himself, and an evidently agitated mind.

Her fears were swift to take the alarm; but she hesitated

what course to pursue. At one time, she thought of consulting her parents; but she dreaded lest she should excite in them groundless apprehensions. At last, she concluded to write freely and candidly to Willis himself, and tell him her anxiety, beseeching his pardon if it were unwarranted.

VI.

"It was good, it was kind, in the Wise One above,
To fling destiny's veil o'er the face of our years,
That we dread not the blow which shall strike at our love,
And expect not the beams that shall dry up our tears."

And now, my readers, let me change the scene, and take you through the narrow entries and up the well-worn stairs of an old college building.

In his solitary room sat Willis Howard, looking much unlike the gay, happy boy whom we last saw castle-building at the parsonage. His sister's open letter lay on the table before him, and his hands were clasped upon it, while his whole face showed the workings of a terrible mental struggle. Slowly, one by one, the large tears dropped upon the paper, and as they fell, his muscles relaxed, his features assumed a softer expression, and he said, half audibly: "O! Ellie, sister Ellie!" Then, rising, he impatiently put back the rich chestnut hair, bathed his feverish temples, and hurriedly left the apartment.

Not many days after, a dark sorrow fell upon that parsonage home, into which we have looked so often. A letter was received, addressed in Willie's well-known hand, but postmarked at New York. What could it mean? The seal was broken and the contents were rapidly devoured. It ran thus:

"Dear Parents, — It breaks my heart to grieve you, as I know my sin and folly will do. What will you think of me, when I tell you I have left college, — left it because, if I staid a month longer, I should be a *ruined man!* I had fallen in with a band of gay, free-hearted associates, who taught me to love the wine-cup. It has gained a terrible power over me. I was beginning to neglect study, to disregard every thing for that accursed indulgence. I thought the knowledge of this was not yet in possession of the Faculty; but I had overheard my comrades saying, 'Howard is going a little too far.' I saw what disgrace was coming. I tried to reform, tried with *all my might;* but my companions induced me to break my pledges again and again.

"Just at this time, I received a letter from Ellie. Her love had divined some change in me. I thought of her, toiling so nobly for me, while I was preparing a bitter cup for her lips. All the heroism I have was aroused within me. I resolved to leave college; for I knew I had not the strength to resist evil influences here. I went to Professor B., and told him my whole story. He was as thunderstruck as you will be. He begged me to remain; but I succeeded in convincing him that it was impossible for me to do so, and be a sober man. At length he offered me a week's leave of absence, in which to go home, and consult my parents, and promised, if they consented to my wishes, to give me an honorable dismissal. I came down to New York yesterday. That Providence, in which I am beginning to have a new and more devout belief, had in store for me here a calming influence. As I stepped from the boat to the wharf, I heard a familiar voice at my side exclaim, 'Why, cousin Willis, is it possible this is you?' and, ere I had time to reply, I was walking arm in arm with George Woodbridge. I presume I was too agitated to talk coherently; for we had taken but a few steps when he asked me, abruptly, 'What is the matter?'

"On the impulse of the moment, hardly knowing what I did, I told him all. He expressed the most earnest sympathy, and insisted that I should come to his office and have a talk with him. I am sure he is greatly changed since we knew him. I can never thank him enough for his clear, kind, judicious reasoning. I told him that it was my purpose to go to sea, if you approved. I was ready, in short, to enlist as a hand on board a whaling ship. But he put a veto upon this at once. 'My

dear fellow,' said he, 'it is doubtless a good thing for you to get away from the old scenes of temptation for a few months; but, to go off as a common sailor on a three years' voyage, why, it will not do at all,—you must not waste your time and energies so.'

"I yielded to his arguments. He told me that a friend of his, the Captain of a vessel to sail next week for the West India islands, was in need of a clerk, and it was possible he could get the place for me. He would try; meanwhile I must go with him to his uncle's. I strongly objected, stating that I was on my way home to throw myself upon your forgiveness. He protested against my leaving the city, as by so doing I might lose all chance of securing the clerkship. I thought it best to follow his advice. I have seen Captain Edwards to-day, and our contract only awaits your sanction. And, now that I have given you this rapid story, what will you say, what will you think, of me? Do not cast me off; I hope to be worthy yet of your love. Forgive your repentant child.

Tell Ellie, *she*, under God, was the means of saving me. When I spoke of it to George, he changed color, grasped my hand, and answered hurriedly, 'You are not *the only one* who can say *that!*' Write immediately to your unworthy son, WILLIS HOWARD."

The father and mother mingled their tears of keen disappointment and sorrow with those of chastened gratitude, that their dear boy had been thus early arrested in the fatal course which he had entered. That night, the wrestling prayer of strong parental love and holy faith went up to the ear of God.

The first impulse with both Mr. and Mrs. Howard had been to send for Ellen; and accordingly a letter was hastily dispatched, containing her brother's epistle, and requesting her immediate return home.

Poor Ellen! it required all her fortitude and self-control, yea, more than these, it required a borrowed strength, to enable her judiciously and calmly to prepare for the journey, and take leave of her pupils, who detained her to the very last moment with their fond good-bys.

But her presence came like a ray of sunlight to those saddened hearts in her own home. She spoke to them as hopefully, and smiled as brightly, as if no load of crushed hopes and harrowing fears lay upon her heart.

Mr. Howard saw his son set sail, and gave him a father's parting benediction; he also charged him to inquire after the residence of uncle Frank, to see him, if possible, and convey to him in person such friendly messages as had met no reply when expressed by letter.

The earliest news from the absent one was awaited with mingled hope and dread; but it was destined to give joy. He had had a prosperous passage, had eminently won the favor of the captain, and felt strengthened in all his good resolves. He had, moreover, discovered his uncle's place of residence soon after he came into port. He found him prostrated by a lingering disease, and apparently on the borders of the grave. The dying man sent words of reconciliation and affection to his distant brother, entreating that Willis might remain with him, that he might have at least one natural mourner to follow him to the tomb. Mr. Howard was much touched by these softened expressions, and wrote a cordial consent to his brother's last request. But, ere the letter reached its place of destination, the sick man no longer heeded the ministries of love.

He died, rich in this world's goods, but he spoke not of "a treasure laid up in heaven." His business companions stopped the whirl of their cares a moment to look into his open coffin, then went their way in forgetfulness. There were no wife or children to mourn his loss, or to share the ample inheritance he had left behind. His estates fell to his brother's family, as his only legal heirs. Willis was made

very serious as he thought how his dreams had been fulfilled. Alas! he had learned a sad as well as salutary lesson of distrust in himself. Where were the bright visions of academic honors which beckoned him on a year ago? He had tarnished them with his own hand.

Having arranged his business affairs as expeditiously as possible, he hastened back to his expectant friends. Need we say that he received a warmer welcome than was ever given him before? No one questioned him as to the thoroughness of his reformation, for his first salutation to his sister was: "Ellie, I have not touched another drop of the deceitful drink, and, God helping me, never shall!"

The question of his future career was an anxious one with them all. It was at length decided that he should accede to George Woodbridge's proposal, and enter his office as a law-student. Mr. Howard and Ellen were exceedingly desirous that he should finish his collegiate course, but Willis himself opposed it resolutely, and, as his mother tacitly encouraged his resistance, the question was decided according to his judgment.

VII.

"There be few, O, child of sensibility! who deserve to have thy confidence.
Yet weep not, for there are some, and such some live for thee:
To them is the chilling world a drear and barren scene,
And gladly seek they such as thou art, for seldom find they the occasion;
For, though no man excludeth himself from the high capability of friendship,
Yet verily is the man a marvel whom truth can write a friend."

A FEW months elapsed, and Ellen received an urgent invitation to visit some friends in New York, with whom her

brother had contracted a pleasant intimacy. "Don't refuse us, Ellie," wrote Willis. "I have set my heart upon your coming, and so has Rose." And Ellen had no wish to refuse. She was quite as anxious to see Miss Rose Everton as her brother was to have her.

As for Rose herself, although it was true that she had "set her heart" upon the meeting, she looked forward to it with some uneasiness. She had heard so highly of "Mr. Howard's sister," both from that gentleman and his cousin, that she stood a little in awe of her superiority.

It was with some heart-beatings, then, that she took her station in the parlor on the morning in which she expected her guest. Would she not be afraid of Miss Howard? How would she appear to Willis, when beside his noble, beautiful sister? The blushes chased away the thoughts at every ring of the door-bell. At length *the* ring, she knew right well, came. The brother and sister were ushered into the parlor. Almost before the former spoke the simple introduction, "My sister Ellen, Rose," the two girls had clasped each other's hands.

Ellen felt that she should love this fair, gentle girl, and that, if she were ever so happy as to have her for a sister, it would be matter for real rejoicing. Rose wondered where all her fears had fled to, at the first tones of Ellen's low, sweet voice. A newly-awakened admiration and affection showed itself so plainly in the candid face of Rose, that Ellen could not but see it, though it was too open and child-like to embarrass her. Willis looked on, delighted to see the two thus made friends at once. In a few hours the stranger felt herself at home. Mr. Everton's kind courtesy, Rose's affectionate freedom, and her mother's warm welcome, left no room for cold-

ness. The day passed quickly and socially. In the evening Mrs. Everton's drawing-room was filled with guests. The sisters, as Ellen and Rose already styled themselves, were dressed similarly, which made the contrast between them the more striking.

Rose was the lily. Her countenance was full of gentleness and modesty. Her playful, quiet humor drew many to her side. Ellen's beauty — the beauty of the South — was unusually animated. She felt the influence of a congenial group which had gathered around her. She had unconsciously attracted the talent and brilliancy of the assemblage.

In one of the window recesses stood a gentleman, who had recently entered the rooms. For a few moments he was busily engaged in conversation with the hostess of the evening, and seemed to avoid the notice of the company. He was not, however, entirely unobserved. Among those whose attention he attracted was Ellen Howard. His fine face was shaded from her view by the drapery curtains, but she was struck with the air of nobility about his figure, and watched an opportunity to satisfy her curiosity by questioning Rose. Ere this was obtained, Mrs. Everton had taken the stranger's arm, and they were making their way to the spot where her daughter stood. Rose suddenly perceived them, and, starting with surprise, exclaimed: "Why, Uncle Sydney, is this really you?"

A warm greeting followed, and the gentleman exchanged compliments with one and another, still retaining his sister at his side. His manner was marked by a polished refinement and a lofty ease, which, until he spoke, gave one the impression of coldness. When his countenance was in repose, an expression in whose pensiveness a little hauteur was mingled

rested upon it; but in conversation, his rich, musical voice, warm and truthful in its tones, convinced one that the face was not a full index to the spirit. But we are anticipating.

While Ellen was marvelling at this novel addition to the circle, Mrs. Everton drew near her, and said, with some *empressment*, "My brother, Sydney Irving, Miss Howard." She added, gaily: "His presence to-night is a very joyful surprise to us. We have not seen him for two years, as he has been absent on a European tour, and we did not so much as anticipate his arrival at Boston yesterday. I suspect this abrupt return to us was premeditated."

Mr. Irving smiled, and acknowledged the charge. He then turned towards Ellen, and, with nonchalant courtesy, addressed to her some light questions of the hour. She answered them very much as they were asked. His delicate perceptions led him to address her upon more elevated themes. She was soon amazed to find herself talking so freely and earnestly to a stranger; speaking out thoughts deep or fanciful, which she usually hid in the recesses of her own mind. The eager interest with which she heard any allusion to what he had seen abroad, gradually drew from him so many stories of foreign travel, so many outbursts of enthusiasm, and such frankly-expressed opinions, that, had she known him better, she would have wondered much. As it was, she thought it strange that a face so grave and calm one instant could become so beautiful and spiritually lighted the next; and, ere the evening had passed, she felt that it would be a pleasant thing to become better acquainted with this same brother of Mrs. Everton.

When Rose and Ellie had retired to their room for the night, the former, after chatting in a frank, confidential way

of one guest and another, asked: "And, Ellie, how did you like my uncle Sydney? He talked with you longer than I ever saw him talk with any young lady before."

"I liked him very much," was the candid reply.

"What! were you not afraid of him?"

"Afraid of him, Rose! why should I be?"

"Because I am, I suppose; and so are almost all young girls. I don't know of any one except my mother who is really familiar with him. She is his only sister, and I believe he loves her better than all the rest of the world."

"But I don't see, after all, *why* you are afraid of Mr. Irving; pray tell me, Rose."

"O! he can be so distant and cool. To be sure, he is exceedingly kind to me, but I do not feel that I come near him at all; besides, he has such odd notions of ladies. I once heard him talk about it with mother. She was asking him why he did not marry. (He is over thirty now.) He told her he had seen but three styles of women in the world, — the intellectual, the practical, and the sentimental, he should call them. The first he should not object to meet at a literary soiree, the second he should like for his housekeeper, and with the last he could walk on a moonlit evening; but he didn't want either of them for his wife. Those were his very words, Ellie."

"Well," said Ellen, who had been listening attentively, "how did your mother answer him?"

"O, she told him there were some who united all the qualities he had described, and that she thought him a little unreasonable. He said he agreed with her entirely, but she must have patience with him. He had pictured to himself a woman with a highly cultivated mind, an ardent fancy, and a warm heart,

who was nevertheless all the better fitted to preside over a home; but he had never happened to meet such a woman who was unmarried. Mother answered, laughingly, that perhaps, if he should find such a prize, it might not be in his power to secure it. I must confess I was glad to see uncle Sydney a little teased for once. He colored a good deal, though he answered pretty coolly, 'Perhaps not.'

"But what a long talk I have given you! You must not let this make you *dislike* my uncle, Ellen. I love him dearly, after all, and I should feel sorry enough not to have you do the same."

"O, no!" said Ellen, smiling, and flinging back her curls with a quick motion peculiar to her when a little confused, "I shall form my own opinion of him, I presume."

Rose had given a pretty true description of her uncle, so far as it went. There are a few things which may as well be added. He was a man of talent and of learning. His inclination led him to desire every possible advantage for mental culture, and his liberal resources allowed him the means of gratifying that desire. Accordingly, he had studied much, travelled much, and mingled freely with men of letters. His mind was rich in knowledge and refinement. His heart was as rich in deep and warm affections, but these had never been drawn out in all their power. He had early lost the tender, changeless love of parents. His intercourse with the world had taught him that bitter lesson of distrust, so easy to learn and so hard to forget. He was not misanthropic; but he judged, unwisely perhaps, that it is best to keep the heart under lock and key. To his sister, and a few friends besides, its treasures were open; but for others he allowed no deeper feeling than that prompting the perfect courtesy of his man-

ner. The large benevolence of his nature was not drawn out, as it might have been, toward his kind. It waited some electric touch to set in motion its currents, — the sympathy of a more ardent and trustful soul.

VIII.

"Charity sitteth on a fair hill-top, blessing far and near;
But her garments, drop ambrosia, chiefly on the violets around her;
She gladdeneth, indeed, the map-like scene, stretching to the verge of the horizon,
For her face is lustrous and beloved, even as the moon in heaven;
But the light of that beatific vision gloweth in serener concentration,
The nearer to her heart, and nearer to her home — that hill-top where she sitteth."

THE Evertons' parlors had exchanged the brilliant gas-light for the pure, warm rays of the morning sun, as George Woodbridge and Ellen Howard sat side by side upon one of the luxuriant sofas.

Both had recovered from the slight discomposure of their first meeting alone, and Ellen was earnestly expressing her gratitude for his many services to Willis. Her cheek glowed, and her voice trembled with feeling, as she spoke of the kindnesses her brother had received.

Mr. Woodbridge disclaimed all title to her thanks, saying he had only endeavored to pay in some little measure a debt he owed to *her*.

As she looked surprised, he added:

"You taught me what it is to live, cousin Ellen; you first showed me how, not only to perform duty, but to do it happily."

Ellen saw his agitation, and with the simple words, "You

must thank a higher Friend than I, cousin George," she changed the topic of conversation.

An hour passed in pleasant, animated talk, and George left, reluctantly. The interview which he had desired, yet dreaded to seek, was over. The frank affection of Ellen's "Good-bye," the warm, sisterly pressure of her hand, lingered with him long after he had walked the busy streets, and was seated by his dusty table, which was piled with ponderous law-tomes. Yes, the beauty of her daily life had woven a charm for him which was never to be broken. In long, after years, if we prophesy aright, when weary of the world, its cares, and pains, the memory or the presence of Ellen Howard will animate him with fresh heroism to work, and to endure joyfully until the end shall come.

IX.

"Many thoughts, many thoughts, who can catch them all?
The best are even swiftest-winged, the duller lag behind."

The further particulars of Ellen's happy visit at the Evertons', and her return to the family circle at Hermon, it is not our purpose to relate. Neither will we speak of the few quiet months which succeeded; but ere we pause finally in our heroine's life-history, let us look in upon that tasteful city home, to which Mr. Howard's enfeebled health and his son's interests have induced the family to remove. A few years ago this change would have been almost sure to spoil Ellen. How is it now?

She is surrounded by all that can please and interest her. The reading she covets is within her reach. She has free access to congenial society. The leisure she desires for study

or composition, is at her command. The reputation of which she has dreamed, offers itself to her pen. A trip across the Atlantic, a visit to the attractive portions of her own country, are gratifications in which she may indulge if she chooses. And is her time, therefore, all devoted to pursuits which best please herself? No; daily, her own fancies are sacrificed to the comfort or entertainment of others. The interesting book is abandoned for a lively chat with the young attorney, who comes in often, at the close of a day's hard study, with a fit of "the blues," which nobody but sister Ellie can drive away. The writing is laid aside that she may walk or ride with an invalid father. The needle is busily plied to make garments for the destitute ones whom her pity has sought out to relieve. Many suffering poor bless that sweet, noble young face which looks in upon them kindly. Many poverty-stricken sick, follow with their grateful prayer, her who comes to their low bedside, and not only gives them beautiful words of sympathy, but smooths with her own hand the threadbare coverlet, and prepares skillfully some delicate nourishment.

Nor are theirs the only benedictions which rest upon her. The fond hearts of her parents joy and delight in her. Willie and George (her two brothers, as she calls them), regard "sister Ellie" as a perfectly invaluable treasure, and their opinion is confirmed by gentle Rose Everton, without a tinge of jealousy. Mr. Irving, too, has not misimproved the opportunity which a continued residence with his sister gives him, to study Miss Howard's character. He confesses that he knows *one* woman, at last, who is talented without being affected or cold-hearted; imaginative, and even *romantic*, without being above this every-day world; in a word, who reconciles an elevated, refined, and ardent nature with the cheerful performance of

homely and practical duties; that she even makes these very duties, in themselves humble and trivial, seem beautiful and exalted, for she does not *descend* to them, but raises them to a loftier level.

The gray twilight of an autumn evening is mingling with the softened, dreamy glow of the anthracite in Mrs. Howard's sitting-room. The apartment seems not like a strange one, for we recognize the familiar furniture of the little parlor at the parsonage, which the true delicacy of a loving memory has grouped together here.

Mrs. Howard is seated in her own rocking-chair, and Ellen in her old place at her mother's feet. Time has wrought many changes since we saw her thus for the first time; yet we find her still in her free, happy girlhood. There are more traces of the years in her heart than on her brow. Ah! there are records there of happiness, of suffering, of struggle, and of victory, which perhaps, she is reading to-night, as she sits in that absent, musing attitude, while her dear mother's hand rests in hers.

Perhaps she is talking with the future instead of the past. But why should we seek to penetrate the veil of thought? The heat and burden of life are still before her. May she bear the noon as well and nobly as the morning promises, showing in her sphere what high-souled, earnest, practical, womanhood can do.

A heartfelt "*God bless you*" is our good-bye to her and to you, dear reader.

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF A FREE HEART.

THE evening, incense-crowned, was abroad; the *October* evening, which garners all our fairest thoughts of moonlight glory. A few stars shone clear and pale, like lamps before some high, far-off altar. The voice of the wind murmured low to the trees, dressed in coronal robes, and told the gay leaves a story of their frailty, which they kept answering in the same sad, musical tone. The air had a holy clearness. Its heights seemed, opened up, nearer the gate of heaven than is wont. The quick eye of fancy almost caught sight of the wondrous portal; her quick ear listened for a strain of the seraphic melody, — was it not near enough to wander down?

This evening, with its mellowest beauty, encircled the little rural city of N., which nature and art have created to yield a charm for all. By an open window in one of its pleasant parlors, stood Grace Arland, the person, in this brief sketch, toward whom, if we can, dear reader, we would draw your chief interest and affection.

She was, in outward appearance, exceedingly attractive. Her figure was slightly above the medium height of woman. Her face was not perfect in symmetry of feature, but rich in changeful expression. Her eyes were dark, and lustrous, and deep. Her forehead was not over high, but full and classic, gracefully shaded by its bands of dark, brown hair. The countenance betrayed a sensitive and an earnest nature, and bore that rare impress of genius, which seldom fails, even at first sight, to tinge our admiration with an involuntary respect. Both figure and face revealed their youth, yet there was about the latter, a depth of expression, belonging more often to the

maturer woman, than to the girl of nineteen years. Grace was habited in a thin, white muslin; a choice knot of flowers in her hand, and a delicate wreath twined about her head. She was evidently dressed for some evening gathering. Her attitude was one of reflection, and, as she thought, she grew more and more serious, till with a sigh, half sad, half impatient, she began to talk to herself:

"So I shall meet Edward Grey, to-night. Poor Jeanie! how could he treat her as he has done? — the heartless, good-for-nothing trifler! And he thinks he will flirt with Jeanie's friend, does he? We shall see whether Grace Arland will fall such an easy prey to his soft words." The eye of the soliloquizing girl grew so bright, and its meaning so lofty, that no one who saw her thus, would dare to trifle with her. Her face gradually softened; she murmured Jeanie's name again, and said musingly and curiously, "I wonder." Just then, the carriage, for which she was waiting, drove to the door, and her fond father handed her in. In half an hour, she was passing the first salutations in Mrs. Clarke's well-filled parlors. A group of gentlemen soon clustered near her, and, foremost among them, one Mr. Raymond, her openly-professed admirer. After a few moments' conversation, he begged permission to place her at the piano. His request was urged by others, and Miss Arland consented to oblige them, without any of that affected hesitation and delay, so common in such circumstances. She was not skilled in the performance of difficult instrumental music, but her style of singing was, like herself, graceful, expressive, original. You recognized the same clear sweetness of tone you had just remarked in conversation,— the same earnest undertone of feeling. You felt in both cases that the spirit was breathing through the voice. She sang

two or three times, and declined further invitations. Those who knew her, were aware that her refusal, once expressed, was decisive, and ceased to press further.

As she rose from the instrument, Mrs. Clarke was standing by her side, with her hand upon the arm of a young man, whom she immediately presented to Miss Arland, as Mr. Edward Grey. Miss Arland's eyes were turned upon the gentleman with a very steady glance; and her manner, polite, though cool and reserved, made him feel at once that he was conversing with no plaything. He was gay, handsome, and agreeable. She was surprised to find him so sensible and refined; for it is a frequent error, to paint a character, part of which we disapprove, as entirely undesirable. Grace had never seen Mr. Grey before. She had recently heard of him, as one who trifled with the hearts of her own sex, and this roused all her indignation. Jeanie Waldron, an affectionate, confiding, unsophisticated girl of eighteen, a friend of her own, had met Edward Grey during a visit to the house of a mutual relative. He had laid siege to her heart, and, with an easy effort, won it. She was simple and yielding, and had not the resolution to cast his love entirely from her, after it began to grow inconstant. She suffered him to vascillate between herself and another; to conciliate her, easily, when irritated; and to love or unlove, as his wayward fancy dictated. At this stage of affairs, Jeanie made a confidant of her friend Grace, to whom she looked up for guidance; and Grace, imparting a spark of her own spirited nature to her companion, was the means of procuring Mr. Grey a decided, and to him, very surprising dismissal. By-and-by, the tenor of Miss Arland's advice became known (as such things will), to the gentleman of whom we speak. He was highly resentful, and vowed to

have his revenge by flirting with Miss Arland herself, whenever he could meet her. The opportunity which he had sought, was this evening granted him. While Grace was seated at the piano, his position had been such that her face was not visible to him. He had been charmed by her songs, and was waiting impatiently for an introduction, his other feelings having yielded place, for the nonce, to a strong curiosity. When she rose from the instrument, and turned her face toward his, he was astonished at its beauty. There was something about it, too, which awed him. Each successive time he looked, or heard her speak, his self-possession grew less, and he became nervously anxious to impress her favorably. She was sufficiently social, but he felt that an undefined something in her manner forbade any of his usual gallantries of speech. He tried several times during the evening to break through this, and failed. Finally, as they were promenading upon the verandah, he resolved upon a desperate effort to introduce a spice of sentiment.

"How beautiful is this moonlight! Miss Arland," he began —"is it not strange, that any can remain cold and emotionless, on such a night as this?"

"Perhaps it is strange," she responded; "yet, such persons are far more tolerable to me, than the many who affect an appreciation they do not feel; who express in hackneyed phrase, which you have no doubt heard, an admiration that is not genuine."

He glanced at her doubtfully. Had her penetration read him deeply enough to discern that his last remark was not the simple tribute of a heart overflowing with its love for the beautiful in nature? He could not divine. Her face was serious and composed. If she had suspected the truth, no

evidence of the fact appeared there. He was reassured, and continued:

"Do you not think the moonlight and the starlight a sweet link between the absent, Miss Arland?"

"A *holy* link, Mr. Grey. They connect us, not only with the living whom we love, but with the glorified. They, above; we, beneath the calm moon and the pure stars. They, in perfect light; we, struggling yet with the shadows. They, in the near presence of Him who owns the heavens as the work of His hands; we, beholding Him still, in a glass, darkly, waiting until we shall see Him as He is."

The speaker's face was upturned, to meet the full lunar light. There was upon it a sublime expression. She was thinking of those blessed realities of eternity in which she believed with all her heart; of that meeting for which she looked, with a tender mother and a fair young sister, who had long been absent, in the country of the angels. She had forgotten, for the moment, her companion. He could not comprehend her mood; but, to the lofty beauty of her face he paid, inwardly, a profound homage. It was vain to think of a flirtation with Miss Arland; he felt it was..

She resumed, almost immediately, her usual manner, and soon after took her leave. He placed her in the carriage, and longed to press her hand to his lips, as he resigned it; but, for the first time in his life, dared not.

"Ah, well! I do not wonder Jeanie loves him," said Grace to herself, when the evening was over. "He is very winning, certainly, and just the person to captivate her, poor child. As for me, I do not believe he will quite break my heart! I wonder if he has not true affections in his soul, hidden somewhere beneath the rubbish. If these could only be reached

and touched; if *I* could only" —— and Grace wandered on in a labyrinth of imaginings too complicated for us to try to follow.

* * * * * * * * *

Weeks passed by; weeks, during which Edward Grey was Miss Arland's most devoted cavalier. As far as she could, without rudeness, she discouraged his attentions. For a while, she supposed him seeking to carry out his long-divulged plan, but she soon perceived that his motive was one less blameworthy. From the first evening he met Miss Grace, he had lived in a fever of admiration. He was very much fascinated, and he imagined the respect with which this feeling was tempered, a proof that this was something deeper than one of his usual fancies. She read him well enough to know that his passion would be brief, as it was ardent; and, when he made to her a declaration of affection, she told him, kindly and plainly, that he had deceived his own heart; that he did not love her. He was amazed. That she should say *she* did not love *him*, was scarce a surprise; but, to dispute his own experience, was a little too much. He spoke warmly and earnestly. She answered him with some feeling:

"I will not contradict you further, Mr. Grey. You leave town to-morrow; you tell me you will be absent several weeks. There will be nothing to remind you of me, except your own thoughts. Now, prove yourself, and see if you do not find this fever cooled, when you return. I should be sorry to believe you had spent all your love, in six weeks, upon one whom you had never before met. I hope it would be injustice to you, to think thus. I cannot help believing, despite the report I hear of you, that you have a heart capable of a true and lasting devotion. Nay," said she, in a low, kind tone, as

she saw him change color repeatedly, "do not be displeased with me. You know that I am not ignorant of the past. How could I wish to win to myself, that which might have made a friend so happy? O! Mr. Grey, if you have, indeed, any regard for me, promise, *promise* that you will never act a trifler's part again."

He was very much moved, and said, in a scarcely audible voice, "I promise you." He felt that the interview had lasted long enough. There was nothing more to say. A brief "good-by" passed between them, and he left. Grace was pained, but she prophesied he would come back from his three month's trip with a bright face and a light heart.

About three months had passed away, when our wandering knight reported himself by letter. Grace read smilingly, as perhaps you will do, the following:

"My dear Miss Arland, — I believe you are so generous as to be happy to hear that your prediction is fulfilled. For a time after I parted from you, this did indeed seem an impossible future; but, away from all familiar scenes and faces, the pulse throbbed more calmly, and the eye of the mind saw more clearly. I acknowledged to myself that my heart did not rest where I had imagined it did. Earlier memories came to me from the past, and filled my soul with a quiet and a sadness new to it. I trust I am altered in some respects, Miss Arland,— that the promise I gave you will never be broken. Looking back reluctantly upon my own treatment of others in many instances, in only *one* do I look back with selfish regret, — with a deep yearning that I might win again what I have lost. Is that impossible? There is a name we have neither of us spoken, yet which, I doubt not, has been sometimes, often, in our thoughts when together.

"Is Jeanie still free? I could not ask from her such unconditional trust as she gave me, without the asking, once; but has she enough of the old kindness in her heart still to put me on probation, to permit what she cannot prevent, my love? These seem strange questions to ask of you,

when I look back a few weeks. Because you have cured the madness which possessed me, do not think you have dissolved an admiration, respect, and gratitude, which are as lasting as they are sincere. The words you said to me at parting have probably effected more than you will ever know, more than I know myself. One expression of confidence which you gave me then, despite all my errors, encourages me now to ask you to turn pleader for

Your unworthy friend, EDWARD GREY."

Grace trusted the sincerity of Mr. Grey's protestations, and consented to favor his cause. She found, as might be anticipated, that Jeanie Waldron's heart was not proof against her first words of entreaty. It was necessary to advise against the exercise of a too lenient and forgiving temper. Grace settled the conditions. Mr. Grey was to correspond with Jeanie for a four-month, and if, at the expiration of that time, they mutually desired it, he was to see her at Mr. Arland's, and renew again the promise from which he had once been released.

The time went by swiftly. The rose-month came, and one balmy afternoon, in that parlor to which our readers were first introduced, sat a gentleman, whose quick breath, heightened color, and nervous hand showed him not at all at ease. He was in the attitude of listening impatiently, when the door opened, and the young mistress of the mansion entered hand-in-hand with a sweet, blushing blonde.

Jeanie and Edward were met again.

Grace exchanged a few words with Mr. Grey, and, leaving the lovers alone, stepped out on the wide verandah which encircled the house. The garden lay before her, dressed in fresh verdure and the queenly blossoms of June. She sauntered down one of its winding walks. The air was vocal with the harmony of birds, and heavy with the breath of flowers. The sun-setting was nigh at hand. A golden light was on

the bending willow and the evergreen. It streamed downward through a graceful ash, and fell softly on the pebbled floor of a little grotto, where Grace was standing.

Just such a golden light was in the young girl's heart, a freshness pure as that white moss-bud, a warmth rich as yonder velvet rose. Others not far distant were blessing her with their grateful love, were wishing for her a happiness like their own. Ah! they need not wish it, for her heart, with its possession of genius, beauty, and affection, with all its store of happy memories and happy dreams, is rejoicing in its *freedom!*

O! many bards their praise have sung,
Of love, the first, the true,
When summer suns shine on the heart,
And glistens morning dew:

But is it not a happy thing,
All fetterless and free,
Like any wild-bird on the wing,
To carol merrily?

THE MEMORY OF OUR DEAD.

Why does the soul, trembling on that mysterious step which divides the finite from the infinite, linger so often with the simple request, "a violet, love, a violet for my grave"? Is it not the natural yearning of the human to leave some memento in the land of its birth? All feel alike. The poor wretch, in his blind and reckless end, softens the curse into a sigh, as he mutters, "no tear will be shed for me." The holy

and patient ones, who go meekly up to Paradise, look back as the heavens open, and say, in the last tones akin to earth: "Be faithful, O friends, be faithful." The wanderer, laying him down to die on alien soil, or sinking in the roll of the sea, prays but to reach a burial-place beneath watchful and weeping eyes.

To be loved and reverenced after death has often seemed to me worth a little lifetime of sorrow. True genius, consecrated to goodness, has this beautiful reward. Some who, living, walked in humble and obscure paths, untroubled by the world's notice, dying, have been taken, age after age, to the hearts of thousands. And for us, who have no claim upon the thousands or the ages, there is a memory as sweet, if less enduring, a memory whose strength the mourner best understands. In every sensitive soul arises the hope to be remembered as we remember *them*, — our beloved, our departed.

Yet, who does not sometimes doubt and sadden, when he looks at the multitude, running their gay or busy way, forgetful of the step once even-paced with theirs, the voice that chorded in their tune of life, the eye out of which looked a soul now disembodied; a multitude who are content at least with a brief sigh at their decorous visits to the tomb, about whose daily existence breathes no softened fragrance from the vanished life. The child dies, and other children, in the bright activity of health, crowd into its little place, till by-and-by it is missed no more. The young wife, in all the fairness of bridehood, withers in some swift sickness, is laid, beneath fresh flowers, in the cold, narrow coffin. The widowed husband changes soon to the smiling, accepted lover. The vacant home brightens with a new choice. Another moves cheerfully about in the place of the dead, and leans upon the

arm where once she leant in the happiness of her young love, — she who gave and took the *forever* of the heart's devotion, who rests now under the clinging turf. And if the severed tress of hair, the olden song, the well-worn book, or the faithful portrait throw a momentary shadow on the brow, a dimness in the eye of the twice-wedded man, the world saith, "Ah, how faithfully he loved her!" Parents die, and the quick-healing heart of the child grows oblivious in its eager pursuit of novel interests and delights. Friends die, and the men who paused to look sorrowfully in the closing grave, plunge again in the great wave of toil, and forget.

Forget; — some because in them the present and the actual overshadow always the ideal and the spiritual; because, in the withdrawal of glance, and touch, and speech, the link which bound them to their love is broken. And some see in the past only a ghost of wrong and unkindness, from which they shrink with remorse; or, in the images of death, an unwelcome foreboding of approaching gloom. Others forget, alas, because it is the fashion of the vain world, which careth not to sit down in the house of mourning. In such souls, the streams of affection are dry at the fountain. They shake off from themselves the companions of their life, as the trees do the withered leaves; like these, for the allotted season, they wear the dress of mourners, and as early as may be, are glad to come out again in vernal robes. They *remember* not, because they have never *grieved.* Ye hapless ones, to you, too, will come a time when, your struggling fingers being unclasped from earth, you shall beseech the tender recollections of those who stay behind!

All are not thus unfeeling who bear the one common characteristic. There are some, fond and true to the living, who

recognize no faith which permits a serene constancy to the dead. Where memory is only a wild yearning for what is irrevocably lost, it is our nature, in time, either to cast off memory or to despair. Only he who trusts in the Father infinite, in the life immortal, in the reünions of the hereafter, can bear about with him a clear and holy thought of the departed. On such an one, sainted memories shine from heaven like the unchanging stars, and draw him thither with a sweet, spiritual magnetism. In the rush of noonday cares, in the sober rest of twilight, in wakeful hours upon the lonely pillow, these loving seraph-eyes look down upon us, showing us of what is evil and false, comforting us under weary burdens, enlightening our pathway with some rays from the upper glory.

There are lips which will read these lines quiveringly and slow; there are eyes which will look at them dimly through tears, remembering what dear earthly ministries they have exchanged for the heavenly; what precious sound of familiar voices, what glad sight of cherished faces, what clasp of protecting arms, what counsels, what sympathies, what communion, for this distant spiritual intercourse which can never fill the vacant place, — the lonely heart. The parent is gone, and around the dark hearth gather no more happy groups; in the desolate house echo no more cheery songs. A brother is gone; one on whom life was opening in brightness, on whom it shut with a long, slow-fading sunset, as if regretful to sink into night. The sacred twilight ending, darkness fell on the the wasted body, morning broke on the winged soul. A sister is gone, in her young beauty, to stand among the angels. Here are the books she read, the flowers she tended, the music she sang, the favorite seat, but *she* is not here.

"Well done of God to halve the lot,
And give her all the sweetness:
To us the empty room and cot,
To her the heaven's completeness."

O that *we* were garnered safe in the eternal joy! It is the rejoicing hope of this which can make the memory of our sainted dead blesséd, and sometimes painless to us. Following in the way that leadeth up to life, we come nearer and nearer to them every day, united still in Him "of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."

"OUR JUNE."

It was noon, the fervid, breezeless noon of a Southern June, and the sun-tide, at its full, surged over the fair little city of L——. The streets were mostly abandoned to merely necessary occupants, — energetic tradesmen, and sweltering errand-boys, and groaning porters, — who still held their way above the scorching bricks and under the powerful rays from a shadowless sky. In rare exception, one elegant equipage rolled up the avenue dedicated to rank and wealth, pausing before a mansion whose rich front of dark stone contrasted well with the white marble steps and colonnade opposite. The heavy mahogany doors unclosed, and a gentleman, who had apparently been upon watch, hastened to the carriage and handed out two ladies, each in the freshness of girlhood.

"Well, Annie, is the last 'white favor' ready?" was his smiling question, answered as gaily by the elder of the maidens, who so reflected in her countenance every feature

of his own that even a stranger might guess their relationship.

"Allen," said the sister, sobering, while a very becoming blush sought her cheek, "have our guests arrived?"

"Yes, sister mine, and are impatient, as a lover and a lover's friend ought to be. Forgive the impertinence: Mr. Harry Davidson ventures to wonder that Miss Annie Wilson should be 'out,' and to doubt if she expected him."

"For shame, roguish boy," interrupted the lady.

"But," resumed her brother, "I informed him that you had been drawn away against your will by a tyrannical adviser, to help choose the all-essential ribbon, and with that he seemed satisfied. Did I not speak the truth, Miss Edwards?"

A bewitching assent sparkled in the dark, talking eyes of the third member of the trio, beneath whose glance young Wilson grew an instant silent, the next rallied to say:

"He took it far too easily, Annie. Depend upon it, *I* would have made a picturesque little quarrel out of this!"

The sound of pausing wheels, merry voices, and a bustling entrance had fallen upon the watchful ears in the library, at the extreme rear of the hall, and, before the ladies could reach the staircase, they stood face to face with Lieutenant Harry Davidson. Miss Edwards uttered a cordial exclamation, received a brotherly salute, and hurried away, leaving Harry to seize the hands of his elected bride, and lead her into the room he had just quitted, upon whose privacy we prefer not to intrude.

An hour later finds a pleasure party gathered in the social drawing-room. The kind master and the graceful mistress of of the house; Allen, the only son, gay and clever, and proud of his two-and-twenty years; Annie, the central charm, sweet,

violet-eyed child, vainly trying to conceal above a book of engravings which she shared with Davidson, the color, varying at every word of his, and consciously answering an occasional glance from the opposite sofa, where sat Harry's friend, whose presence had been asked for the approaching bridal. Harry's "*friend*," did I say? That, in Mr. Harland's own definition of the word, is scarcely true. The two young men had preserved the free intercourse of college classmates, but their feeling for each other, though cordial, was not deep or sympathetic enough to be rightly styled a friendship. Harland had been invited to officiate as groomsman at the marriage of the young officer, and therefore we find him where he is now a guest. Harry watched his companion's expressive eyes whenever they rested upon his beloved one, and was warmly satisfied with the frank admiration that shone in them. He exulted a little, inwardly, it must be confessed, over his superior good fortune; but the reader, who is always supposed to be "gentle," will not despise him for that; it is a foible of our common humanity.

Mrs. Wilson, addressing her daughter, interrupted the conversation somewhat pointedly, with the inquiry —

"Where is your June, my love?"

"I — how could I *forget*, mamma — do excuse me, one moment" — and she rose with girlish shame on her cheek at having betrayed the absorbing nature of her thoughts.

Upon *one* ear this question and reply had fallen most enigmatically. Mr. Harland became abstracted (that was one of *his* follies, reader) in wondering why this serene and blooming month should be holden to Annie's especial ownership, or how it was connected with her sudden exit from the room. His meditations were speedily interrupted by the return of the

truant, her hand resting in another, smaller and softer, if less fair.

"Dear June, where have you been hiding?" said Harry Davidson to that same young lady, who had left him so abruptly in the hall awhile since. "Miss Edwards, let me present to you my friend, Eugene Harland."

Mr. Harland had risen with the puzzle still in his mind, but as he bowed low, and looking up with a smile which, though serious, lit like a star the face that wore it, he said to himself, silently, "*This*, then, is *June*," just as Mrs. Wilson said to him aloud: "Mr. Harland, you and June should dismiss the formalities of strangers, and be friends at once. This is the lady with whom you are to share a very responsible duty, to-morrow."

"Is it so?" responded he archly, and advancing with ready grace, he took June's offered hand, bowed again above it, and seated her. The next moment a cheerful bell summoned to dinner. As the company rose, it did not escape his notice that young Allen Wilson had changed his position with needless rapidity and offered an arm with devoted gallantry to his sister's guest; nor, although occupied with his hostess, did his quick eye fail to read the heightened color and nervous action of her son.

The grand meal of the day finished, our company dispersed variously, — Harland to his dressing-room; Davidson and Annie back to the deep window-seat of the library; while June, slightly weary of the state of wedding preparation within doors, wandered into the garden, and sitting down upon a shaded rustic bench, opened her portfolio in her lap, and spread thereon what would seem to our fashionable mademoiselle, a mammoth sheet of letter paper. As she sat in the

caressing arms of the honeysuckle, while the little breezes tenderly coaxed her brown hair from its waves in the forehead, she looked singularly in harmony with the birth-month whose name (from a father's eccentric fancy) became hers. A beam of sun, truant through the young leaves, peered into her deep eyes. Rejecting the scrutiny, she made a slight movement, took up her pen with a look of glad satisfaction, and in a hand rapid, free and beautiful, traced the address of her page — "My mother, absent, yet best beloved — ." There the sentence remained, still imperfect, an hour later, when the light was retreating low down the west, and once more in her chamber, she was alone with Annie. Then, the pen resumed its office, leaving a black space, emblematic of some intense period between the opening and succeeding words.

"I cannot write you as I meant to do, for another mood and a sadder comes between me and that. Something has happened to grieve me; I tell it to you because I want you always to know all my heart; yet I am doubtful what words to take unto these thoughts. Were you only here, I could *speak* them better in a glance. As I sat in the garden, promising myself the dear pleasure of a long talk to you, I was interrupted by an approaching footstep, and presently Mr. Allen Wilson came between me and a small ray of sunshine which had fallen to watching me a moment before. He apologized becomingly for his intrusion, and asked to share the place of my retreat, being left to solitude, as he professed, by a pair of selfish lovers. I bade him welcome, closed my portfolio with an inward sigh, and aroused myself to joyous talk, for I saw a shadow on the face of Annie's dear brother, and I fancied I could drive it away. But it would not go, and the color in his cheek rose and fell, like any girl's, till breaking

the thread of our forced conversation, he said — do you not understand what he said? I answered at length, and sadly. He could not at once believe my earnestness in declining what he had offered, but finding my second decision as clear as the first, he gloomily left me. This is so, through no folly or indiscretion of mine, dear mother. I have tried well to prevent the words which have just been spoken."

Annie stood before the mirror, dressing for evening. She held a spray of flowers which she was vainly trying to secure in her hair. At last, patience-exhausted, she said to June, "Do have pity, and help me, dear." June looked up suddenly, and on her face were visible traces of disturbed emotion. Annie perceived them, and kneeling down, she placed her head upon her friend's shoulder, asking softly, "Does anything trouble you, my sister?"

The words, innocently spoken, touched the very chord that was quivering newly. June averted her face a moment, then answered —

"Will you think me very strange and ungrateful if I say that I cannot go with you upon your bridal trip?"

"*Not go*, June?" replied the listener, in amaze; "of course you will go!"

"I cannot," persisted the other.

"This is so whimsical and unlike you, dear. What is the reason — what is the matter?"

"The reason is, that your brother Allen accompanies you; the matter is, that my presence would inflict useless pain on him."

"Indeed, you mistake, June. What strange idea have you adopted? Your presence is a precious treasure to Allen, and I suspect he means to tell you so, one day —"

"But if he *has* already, and —"

"You cannot be *in earnest*, June!"

"Yes, in sad earnest, Annie."

The caressing arm was hastily withdrawn, and the sister, struggling with wounded pride, arose, saying, "Foolish, foolish Allen! why could he not wait till he had made *you* like him as every one does?"

"I *do* like him, '*as every one does.*'"

"Then you will repent, and be my own sweet sister, after all — O, June" — the voice softened into entreaty.

"No, Annie, forgive me; there is a vast difference between *liking* and *loving*. I do not feel for any one in the sentiment you mean, — I am almost sure I never shall see the person who can excite it. Not that so imperfect a child as I must look for some model-hero, but, I believe my ideal is reasonable, and yet I see it nowhere."

"But, June, I say, you *like* Allen — why not *learn* to *love*, as other people do? You are a great deal too fastidious."

"Did *you* 'learn to love' Harry Davidson?"

"I? why — yes — no — not *exactly!*"

"Be lenient then; I have a 'no, not exactly' in *my* heart, too. I firmly believe I am elected to life-maidenhood."

"O, miserable! do not talk of it!" cried the young girl on the eve of wifehood.

"O, delightful, to be always one's own!" was the answer flung lightly back from a heart in love with its child-freedom.

"*Delightful* to knit away one's days in some solitary home, unloving and unloved, or to be pointed out in society as 'an old maid.' How *can* you, June?"

June had a world of arguments ready to pour back, in glowing vindication of that much-abused vocation to which she

looked forward, when Annie whispered sorrowfully — "poor Allen" — and suddenly diverted her musings to another channel. A shade of suffering crossed her face, and Annie perceiving it, impulsively kissed the lips which were more pale than usual. "I might have added, '*poor June*,' too," said she. Tears started to the clear dark eyes — "Thank you, Annie," was the answer full of meaning. Their friendship, womanlike, had risen true and beautiful above the cloud that temporarily obscured it. They left the chamber hand in hand.

It was late; the gentlemen, those most punctual beings, were already long in the parlor, with their hostess, ere the young ladies entered. Harry had fretted, in secret, the last half hour, and made some absent replies to the good-natured queries of his future mamma while listening to that impatient inward whisper, "where is Annie?" He half envied his friend the quiet courtesy with which he adapted himself to the easy flow of Mr. Wilson's talk. Mr. Harland understood the charming art of listening well to the remarks of others, and it was this part which he mostly sustained, until the conversation turned upon the merits of his chosen profession, the law. Here, our host drew forth longer and more animated replies. Harry had relapsed into a genuine reverie, from which he was roused by an earnest intonation of his friend's voice as he uttered quickly that expressive little interrogative, "*how, sir?*"

"I remarked, that it is the trade of you lawyers to defend the *wrong* side as stiffly as the *right;* at least that course seems necessary to success in the profession," answered Mr. Wilson, softening his tone as he saw the increasing seriousness of his auditor.

"And this, sir, is why we need, now, at the bar, men of noble principles, — men who for God's sake, and truth's sake,

can withstand the temptations of fame and fortune; whose talent and zeal are pledged to the aid of justice against oppression, innocence against guilt. How, I ask, can any man with a *conscience* go from the confessing lips of the criminal party, to utter an artful lie, — to urge the force of his eloquence and tact against the acquittal of the man unjustly accused, and the condemnation of the guilty! And is all this '*fair in trade*,' as some dare to say? No, sir, a man is still a *man*, responsible to heaven, although he be a *lawyer!*"

It was at this point in the conversation, that June and Annie presented themselves. The latter young lady took that reserved seat upon the sofa within reach of Harry's arm: June paused a moment at the door, looking, with a fascination surprising to herself, at Eugene Harland. Was this the grave, calm gentleman she had seen at table? His eye was lit and his color heightened with the burst of feeling to which he had just given utterance. One word expressed face and attitude, — it was *eloquent*. Whence came the sudden rush of feeling with which she gazed? She knew not, but something was apparent in him to which her soul responded as the sparkle of the lake answers the smile of the sunbeam. He rose with his usual quiet gallantry, placed her a chair, and drew his own near it.

Mr. Wilson had been somewhat astonished at this sudden waking of enthusiasm in his guest, and still revolving what the young man had said, he observed, as if thinking aloud, "Yet how many men of honor have done thus!"

"And what the world calls honor, unsupported by Christian principle, is at best a very insecure safeguard."

Harland turned to Miss Edwards, as if to address her with some lighter speech, but her eye revealed so earnest a sym-

pathy with his graver sentiments, that it suspended the words upon his lips. From that moment a telegraphic link was established and recognized between them.

The cheerful stream of talk flowed evenly on, but it required all Miss Edwards' energetic self-control to bear her part with her usual ease, for she every moment dreaded the notice of Allen's absence from the circle, while her heart smote her as the cause of his voluntary banishment. It was almost time for tea to be brought in, as Mrs. Wilson remarked, with a mother's care in her tone, "Where can Allen be? have you seen him since dinner, my daughter?"

"No, mamma," and Annie's face grew alternately rosy and pale, as if a lover, instead of her brother, were the theme of inquiry. The mother's inapt discernment did not notice her confusion, but Mr. Harland's quick glance involuntarily observed it. He followed the direction of her eye, and it rested upon June, whose cheek was pale as usual, and her bearing easy and calm. There was a moment's silence, and she said, with her wonted sweetness: "I met Allen in the garden, a little before we came to the parlor."

"O, well," added Mr. Wilson, "he has doubtless gone down to his office. I think I heard him say he had a business appointment this evening. Allen is really growing methodical, of late." The father smiled a pleased, gratified smile, and, ere it sobered, the unconscious cause entered. Harland glanced again at Miss Edwards. She looked impenetrable as before, but the hand which hung carelessly among the folds of her dress near to him, trembled, so as to stir the gossamer silk on which it rested. This, too, he perceived by that wonderful habit of observation, which nothing escapes. Allen, flushed and uneasy, made a general apology for his detention down

town, and, carefully avoiding his sister's eye, amplified his excuse in lower tones to his mother. Tea was served, and, in waiting upon the ladies, he unavoidably approached June. He would have retreated instantly, but she kept him at her side, adverting playfully to the most ordinary topics of conversation, and determined to restore the usual tone of their intercourse. The effort was partly successful. He gradually became composed, and recovered something of his natural vivacity. Mr. Harland supposed at one time he had laid his hand upon the key of these side-scenes, but the new development put him again at fault, just as it was intended to do. The evening waned, and the family parted with many a gay wish and mirthful allusion concerning the morrow.

The morrow dawned fair, to suit a bridal-day. Early, June had kissed open those blue eyes, shining with love-light, and tripped out to the flower-beds, to rob them while yet fresh from the bath of the dew. Rosebuds, all white, with the incense-heliothrope hid far down among the bright leaves, were gathered into one rare bouquet, and laid in her wicker basket. Other flowers, less fastidiously chosen, were arranged in rich bunches for mantle ornaments. It only remained to select a knot for herself. This must not be purely colorless as Annie's; and, in search of her favorites, she turned down a winding path which led toward the house, and suddenly met Mr. Harland. He bowed his "good morning" with a very winning deference, and possessed himself of her basket, while admiring its beautiful burden. "These," said he, archly, pointing to the white roses, "are to grace the hand of our bride."

"Yes, sir, they are fair enough even for Annie."

"And what for the *bridesmaid?*" he asked, with a look to which June never supposed his gravity could unbend.

"I have not yet selected for her."

"Then will you let me do so, Miss Edwards, premising you need not honor my awkward arrangement?"

"Certainly," said June, "you are very good to finish up my work for me."

They sauntered up and down the alleys, he culling a flower, or plucking a spray of leaves here and there, till the bouquet had grown to please his original taste. It was composed of fragrant blooms, mostly in the bud, nestled in redundant leaves. June received it with one of her smiles, examined it admiringly, and said simply, "I like it very much, Mr. Harland." The breakfast-bell sounded just as they reached the verandah. June paused a little to have one more breath of the fragrant cool air of the morning. Through the evergreens, the garden showed a sea of colors. The canaries were trilling their music in the window. The joyousness of the season penetrated even to the caged birds of the city. "How beautiful it is!" said the young girl.

"Every thing is beautiful in June," answered Mr. Harland, earnestly.

There was a delicate lingering upon the last word of his sentence, which made it strike the ear of his auditor ambiguously. She glanced toward him, but he was not looking at her; he had turned to salute his smiling hostess, who stood in the open door. June followed, thoughtfully.

A wedding! who shall describe it? It is easy enough to tell of the dress, the entertainment, the guests, the ritual of the occasion, but these are not the *wedding*. The scene of *that* is within two plighted hearts. Who, then, shall lift the veil, and reveal the sweet joys, and glad hopes, the solemn exchange of love and fealty which make the soul of the bridal?

We cannot do it, dear reader; let one try who can dip the pencil in the vivid coloring of experience. We can easier look with you into the maiden heart of our June. The marriage guests are already assembled in the ample parlors. The family too, are gathered, save the daughter of the house, who is this day to resign her place in that indulgent home. In the library are waiting the eager bridegroom and the friend whose honor it is to serve him. Harry Davidson paces the room with his quick military step, the brightest sunshine in his frank face, and pushes back repeatedly the somewhat auburn curls on his temples. He looks what he is, — your very ideal of a fine-spirited, gay, young Lieutenant. Eugene Harland stands quietly, near the window that faces the garden, watching his friend's evolutions with a slightly abstracted air. His face does not attract you, like Harry's, with any marked beauty of feature. The forehead is expansive enough to indicate mental power, but it has not the bold prominence some admire, being well shaded by black hair, as soft and rich as a child's. The chief interest of his face lies concentrated in the dark, gray eye, which always invites to study, which at will, pleases or awes. His is one of those rare countenances which seem vital with the indwelling spirit, like the indwelling blood. There are times when, in such faces, as the sun behind the amber-clouds of the low west, so shines the soul behind the thin veil of the corporeal.

The library door opens, and Harry receives upon his arm the hand about to become his life-gift. Eugene starts from his abstraction, and joins the waiting bridesmaid. He looks open compliment into the eyes of Annie, who, in heavy white silk, with orange wreath and veil, is beautiful and bride-like. He glances at June, similarly attired, and says to himself, "all

things become *her*." As they moved toward the door, her radiant eyes suddenly swim with tears; she draws her hand from his arm, and, bending forward, quickly and silently touches her lips to Annie's cheek. Harry turns to her with a satisfied, prolonged smile, but as she replaces her hand upon the groomsman's arm, for an instant his gloved hand rests upon hers, — only an instant, and she doubted if her senses had not deceived her, as she glanced at his calm, grave face when they entered the parlor. Then a deep hush fell upon June's heart. Through the service that followed, she had but one thought, and that was of her friend. Tremblingly she estimated that great risk of the whole earthly happiness, as, with wishes and with prayers, she anticipated Annie's future. Who, in her girlhood, has not felt what it is to witness the marriage of an intimate companion? How the heart, uninstructed in the mystery of love, finds it difficult to believe the new life can be preferred to the old! How jealously, almost mournfully, it gathers up memories of the days that are no more — how wistfully it gazes into the days that are to come! Thus felt June, as the last words of the sacred ceremony ceased, binding the twain in one.

The usual congratulations succeeded; some tearful, others mirthful; some familiar, others formal; all, if sincere, swelling to a vast wealth of good wishes. The bride did not claim her privilege of shedding tears, yet once she came very near it, when her brother, whose merry face had grown so grave within a few hours, whispered, "I am losing all my comfort, in losing you, Annie." He then turned to June, and, holding her hand, said softly and half-inquiringly:

"I must bid you a final adieu this morning."

"I hope not," she answered; "when Annie is established in her married home, perhaps we may meet there."

She spoke with winning kindness and cordiality, yet intending her manner should leave not a doubt of the footing on which she placed their further acquaintance. But his blindly sanguine nature put its own construction upon the delicate emphasis of her words; and he chose to consider them as a partial recall of her yesterday's decision.

The bountiful collation was served, the guests had departed, and yet a half-hour remained ere the bridal party were to leave the city. June and Annie stood arm-in-arm in a recess of the breakfast-room, speaking last words. Thither Davidson and Harland found their way, seeming to feel entitled to follow where these ladies led.

"There is one prize, Mrs. Davidson," said the latter gentleman, with an arch emphasis upon the new title, "which, amid so much competition, I have failed to secure. I believe liberty to 'kiss the bride' is the meed of my services."

The lady gaily submitted her fair cheek to his claim.

"Eugene," said Harry, roguishly, "you are not learned in the law of the occasion. Blackstone, probably, is silent on these matters. You do not know you are entitled to an equal favor from the bridesmaid!"

"I have been taught much that is new to me by this wedding-time," replied Mr. Harland, half gravely, half archly. He stood beside June, and bending toward her, his lips met her forehead with the lightest possible touch. The group separated, and the ladies hastened to make their travelling toilet. There was no lack of the multifold hindrances incident to the occasion. When the carriages at length rolled away, they had need of rapid driving to ensure a punctual arrival

at the cars. Time just availed to seat the bridal party safely in the Western train. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson accompanied their children for a part of the trip, so Harland and June were the only friends to receive adieu. They stood exchanging parting words till the steam-horse, panting hoarsely, began to move. Lieut. Davidson gave his final beatified smile, Annie kissed her hand, Allen executed a low, cold bow, and his father shouted through the sudden rush of smoke: "*Drive fast*, or you'll lose the boat."

"Sound advice," said Mr. Harland, looking hurriedly at his watch, as he placed his companion in the carriage, and cried out to the coachman: "On, to the foot of ——— st." Away they rattled, through hot, dingy streets to the wharf, in season, —*just* in season, to watch the receding steamer! A brief consultation was held as to the next step of procedure. An evening train of cars at seven o'clock, or delay till the meridian of the next day, was the only alternative. June's quick thought surveyed both sides of the embarrassed question, and finding that Mr. H.'s engagement's, like her own, made a day's loss very undesirable, she decided on the journey by night. Meanwhile they drove leisurely back to the hospitable mansion where they must still be guests. As they entered the forsaken rooms and made their explanations to the astonished servants, each felt very sensibly the novelty of their position. June sank down upon a sofa in the parlor, and Mr. Harland stood before her, still hat in hand, meditating what he should do with himself. Their glances met, and simultaneous laughter opened their lips. "Come," said the lady, divesting herself of veil and bonnet, "let us find the coolest sitting-room, and make ourselves at ease. We have an odd, fairy-like day to finish out." So, forthwith, they wandered into the library,

and enseconced themselves in two deep arm-chairs, which stood face to face by the low verandah window.

"What next?" asked Mr. H., smiling rather contentedly.

"You must talk," was the playful rejoinder.

He obeyed quite imperceptibly. Taking her words for his text, he alluded to the difficulty of forcing the mind into action by a mere effort of the will, and from this their rather philosophic conversation ran to many a kindred theme, till its excursions widened and dipped into very diverse topics, everywhere marked by a congeniality of sentiment, striking between two strangers. June was charmed with the depth and the truth of her companion's ideas, and the manly grace with which they were uttered. Mr. Harland wondered at length to find how completely he had thrown away the reserve of a new acquaintance. He said so, half apologetically, and in the slight pause which succeeded, reached an open copy of Byron lying near upon the disordered table.

"Who is growing misanthropic here?" he asked, as his eye fell on several fresh pencil-marks, rather indicative of the reader's state of mind. He turned and read aloud, "Allen Wilson — a dull book," written in an irregular, school-boy hand, and dated some years before. June could not refrain a smile at this fearless criticism of the great poet, but glancing toward her vis à vis, she met a look so grave and earnest, that she approximated to a state of embarrassment very unusual with her. The gaze was instantly averted, and Mr. Harland said, taking up a copy of "In Memoriam:"

"Is Tennyson a favorite of yours, Miss Edwards?"

"I *love* Alfred Tennyson; his poems are very beautiful to me," was the quick answer. The poet's name had sent a warm, bright glow over the young girl's face, and she had

spoken very earnestly; but, though perhaps inwardly regretful to have discovered so much feeling to a new acquaintance, she was too fearless to shrink after the first avowal was made. She returned her companion's steady look, and said, coolly, "You have tempted me into the betrayal of my enthusiasm."

"I am a friend to enthusiasms, — I respect *yours*," was the quick reply.

Miss Edwards watched the kindling look which accompanied his words, and fancied there was some *sympathy* mingled with the respect.

"There is in Tennyson's verse," he added, "an exquisite expression of the subtler feelings, which voices the silent workings of many a heart. He has sung the sweetest hymns of grief ever dropped from mortal lips. *I 'love'* him, too — perhaps not just as you do."

The last clause was spoken with unmistakable emphasis, and June responded a little haughtily: "I have the feeling for him which is drawn out toward all embodiments of noble and beautiful ideas: besides, there is, I imagine, something closer, — that sympathy existing between the reader and a beloved author."

"Is that a general definition of love — a feeling drawn out toward all embodiments of noble and graceful thought?"

"It is a definition of a certain sort of affection, is it not? Perhaps we oftener style it admiration."

"What then, Miss Edwards, do you call the feeling excited by a handsome ball-room belle, in the mind of her dancing partner, who declares himself ready to die in her service?"

June answered with a flash of her eyes. Her questioner smiled briefly, and resumed:

"The *world* calls *that* admiration, but I do not believe you

and the world very well agree. If it should outlaw you for heterodox opinions, would you feel distressed?"

There was a slight curl on June's lip; pardon her if, taught by experience, she distrusted her companion's generosity so far as to surmise that he drew out her opinions for the gratification of his own curiosity. He instantly divined the expression that shadowed her face, and dropping the arch manner in which he had indulged, said, in his lower and graver tones:

"June, do you understand me so poorly?"

She started in surprise at the quick interpretation of her thoughts, and the new style of his address. For a moment he was disturbed and silent, then, in his most composed manner, he remarked:

"Miss Edwards, I owe you a double apology; first for venturing on the office of inquisitor, and now for my odd lapsus linguæ. The nature of our intercourse has been such as constantly to make me forget that I am not entitled to equal liberties with your friends. As to the inquiries I made of you, my object was to reach your idea of love, in its highest sense, from a sincere desire for information on a subject of which I am very ignorant."

The sentence closed in a fresh, careless laugh. It was infectious, and he obtained an answer in the same strain.

"You may call me June as well as any other name, sir. It is my universal title. For some reason strangers and friends alike adopt it."

"It *suits* you better than any other."

"Very well, Mr. Harland, so be it. Now as to that mystery, which will remain one, for aught I know, evermore, you are welcome to the few ideas I have upon it. According to my impressions, love is not ripened in one day, or in many, or

even in a human lifetime. Neither is it dependent on what is external, though this may modify or grace it. It is the oneness of soul with soul, in appreciative and perfect trust. To be blessèd, it must rest upon that faith in the Divine which underlies and enwraps every other emotion. To be true, it must be eternal as God himself."

She spoke in a serious and self-possessed way. Mr. Harland listened gravely and respectfully. Then both relapsed into silence, — not from awkwardness, for they had conversed with an utter inattention to the fact that both were young and single, — but because each had more to think than to say. A servant entered, announcing supper, which being more substantial, in view of their journey, than the usual evening meal, was served in the breakfast-room. They sat down at the round mahogany table, reduced to its smallest dimensions to suit the number of occupants. As June poured cups of tea for Eugene Harland, she felt the thrill of several altogether novel and exciting thoughts. She had never seen him look as finely; his eyes were darkened almost to the hue of her own; the flush on his cheek shifted with each change of utterance; and with the ease of his manner blended a charm of earnestness more infrequent.

"I have been too happy to-day," said he, musingly, as the meal was finished, and June sat playing carelessly with the tea-leaves in her empty cup.

"The carriage is ready, ma'am," announced the footman, respectfully, from the hall.

"We must be early this time," answered June, smiling and rising quickly. With little delay, she met her solitary cavalier at the door, and once more they set out, now in abundant season. Soon, the fretting locomotive whirled them away

northward, and in a few hours the city of L. lay far behind. The night was not a weariness to our young travellers. It was past the middle thereof, and their fellow-passengers had long been dreaming and nodding at angles various enough to illustrate every proposition of mathematics, when Mr. Harland said to his charge —

"I advise you to take a taste of sleep, or you will lose your identity to-morrow, that is to say, to-day," added he, turning his watch toward her and showing the hour of two. June professed her wideawake disposition in vain. He folded his cloak, and disposed it across the seat with so kind and decisive a look that she submitted, and rested her head on the comfortable pillow. Sleep at length overpowered her, but the silent watcher at her side had not closed his eyes when she opened hers again in the first faint breath of morning. A glorious sunrise began to send its heralds in the East over great, drowsy New-York, and the first stage of Miss Edwards' journey was ended. The carriage drive across the city was mostly a silent one. Mr. Harland went on board the commodious steamboat where he was to leave his companion. It was yet the cool of the dawn as they stood together on deck, watching the smooth waves of the bay.

"How long it does seem since yesterday morning," remarked June, with her peculiarly rich smile, which seemed to condense two or three smiles in one.

"Yes," he answered abstractedly; then, as if with a sudden effort, "Adverting to yesterday, Miss Edwards, I recall a part of our conversation, in which (if you noticed it at all) I conveyed to you an incorrect impression. My words intimated that I was experimentally ignorant of the sentiment we were discussing. My heart convicted me at once, and I wish now to retract the assertion."

The tone in which he concluded was almost haughty, yet his look softened somewhat in awaiting her reply.

"If you consider your sincerity tarnished by so playful a denial of what you were free to conceal, then, sir, I honor your frankness."

The cry of "All aboard" rang out authoritatively, and Mr. Harland extended his hand to June.

"Good bye," said she, with more than her usual gravity and sweetness.

"Good-bye," he responded, with the air of one who is dreaming. "I hope to see you again," and so saying he leaped upon the plank an instant before its removal.

Very plain parting words they were to the ear that listened, meaning all too little. Hitherto, June had not inquired why she anticipated the farewell of her new friend with so great unrest. Now, in her disappointment, her heart began dimly to recognize its cause. She lingered on deck a few moments, and then slowly descended to the cabin and threw herself upon a sofa in the attitude of sleep. The life without rested, but the life within dashed on in troubled currents. It was an hour of self-questioning, in which June exacted the truth rigidly of her reluctant heart. When she confessed to herself the novel nature of her interest, in one so recently a stranger, her first anxious reflection was, "have I betrayed that interest?" Her aroused pride answered hotly but justly in the negative. With an admission of this fact, came a flattering belief that Mr. Harland had not been equally guarded, — that she had given secretly nothing deeper than she might reasonably hope to have received. But the remembrance of this common-place farewell chilled her confidence in these assumptions. Two hours had passed away when June unclosed her eyes, and

rose with the paleness on her face which too intense feeling had settled there. We will not follow minutely the few remaining hours of her journey; but satisfied that she reached in safety the dear shelter of her home, let us return to our young lawyer, and watch his steps as he winds through the mazes of —— street, and enters his dusty office. His tread is slow and thoughtful as it can be amid the jostling masses. 'Tis only as he reaches the well-known steps that it quickens to its ordinary elasticity. It is not unfair, dear reader, you being no common friend, if we let you see in his mind the matured resolution to send Miss Edwards a confession of his new, earnest love, so soon as he reaches the protection of a father's roof. He thinks it not at all certain, or even probable, that he will receive more than a generous, friendly reply; but, not being that calculating or cowardly man, who waits to wring out, little by little, the expression of a woman's feelings before he will declare his own, this Mr. Harland thinks it honest and manly to "put his fate to the touch" at once.

Ah! if he had only done so. But he enters his office, and breaks the seal of a note which his clerk hands him. He stands with his face full in the light, and glances over the punctilious white page. What makes his lip quiver with a sudden spasm of pain? This very direct and polite address, which you can read if you like:

"Mr. Harland, — Dear Sir: Observing (as I trust you will pardon me for doing) the interest with which you regard our mutual acquaintance, Miss E., I have felt it due to us all to intimate to you the near relation contemplated between that lady and myself. It is not without great hesitation, sir, that I make this allusion, and I beg you will not attribute it to any other motive than my high esteem for yourself.

"Your very obedient, Allen Wilson."

It was not without great misgivings that Allen Wilson took this bold measure. His misinterpretation of Miss Edwards' parting words had given him some hope that in the future he might make himself acceptable to her. He jealously conceived the idea that Mr. Harland might stand in the way of his success, and resolved effectually to forestall any such rivalship. The deception was complete. Mr. Harland was too honorable for a single moment to doubt Wilson's candor, and he even felt some sort of gratitude toward the well-meaning fellow; though his brow crimsoned, as he re-read the first line of the note. "'Observed,'" said he bitterly to himself, "'*observed*' — farewell then to the boast of a self-control that can cover my choicest secrets."

It was weeks ere the pale serenity of Harland's face relaxed, and the slight tinge of color began to play in his cheek as formerly. His friends thought him ill, yet long after their sympathy subsided, and he wore his usual face into the world, the struggle and the bitterness of his heart were undiminished, and his love broadened through it all, until, softened and chastened, he took his sorrow patiently and bravely to his breast. Then that love which he had erringly tried to suppress and eradicate, sprang to its place as a star in the heavens, to shine tenderly and solemnly through the glooms of all coming years.

For many months after her return from that eventful visit, June Edwards had daily hoped and waited for something that did not come. None but a mother's eye saw the altered look on the brow of the child, — none but a mother's intuition guessed why all the currents of thought and feeling had so silently and suddenly deepened into the still, fathomless flow of womanhood's nature. June went on with her quiet duties; her little round of cares, as the only child of the household;

her gentle charities to the sorrowing and the poor; her pleasant visits in a small circle of acquaintance, her walks, her rides, her gardening, her correspondence, — nothing was changed, and yet, O how much!

Three summers glided by our June in her secluded home, and one name was struck off from her list of correspondence, — one in her circle of cherished faces was laid under the early fallen leaves. Death claimed fair Annie Davidson, the bride of our story, and she faded like the summer roses in the untimely frost. It was in an early October evening that June received a letter from Allen Wilson, bearing the fresh black seal and edgings. Side by side with the mournful tidings it contained, was his old, twice-repeated entreaty for the love of his sister's friend. June was standing by the window of her room, grieved and agitated, when she felt her mother's arms steal softly around her, and one hand drew away her open letter.

Mrs. Edwards glanced over the sheet sorrowfully, merely remarking, "Well, my love, have you patience to answer Allen, once more?" June said nothing. Memory was busy, and the whole scene of Annie's bridal was renewed to her in the vivid light of yesterday. She remembered the proud, happy parents, and their presuming yet warm-hearted son, and the sweet face that smiled under its crown of flowers, and the gay young husband, and another — yes, another, who for a moment made her forget all others, and press her hands closely over her beating heart.

"That wedding time," said the mother sadly, as if she had listened to her child's thought — "that wedding time brought no blessing to you, my darling! I know that, although you have never confided to me all that happened then."

June's lips trembled; a bright flush rose to her very brow, and left her face unnaturally pale. She spoke in almost a whisper, "How could I tell you my feeling? it was all in vain."

She laid her head upon her mother's shoulder, and said, quietly and lovingly, "Do not be sorry; I shall be happy with *you* always."

Year after year rolled by, till nine had gone their allotted rounds, since Eugene Harland met and loved Miss Edwards. During this time, her name had not once been spoken to him. He had sought no tidings of her, unconsciously dreading to hear what he supposed undoubtedly true, the news of her marriage. And yet, O strange anomaly in the history of the world, no face had grown fairer to him than hers, no smile richer, no soul so dear through all these years. And he, better than any other knew what a blessing this love had been to him, keeping alive the fervor and the tenderness and the poetry of his heart amid the coarseness and the sternness of public life. June heard of him at the bar, and in the popular assembly, speaking manfully against what is wrong and unjust. Kind rumor told her, that the eloquent orator and skillful pleader, was in private life a man of honor, of benevolence, of true and vital charity. Moreover, that notwithstanding his social graces, he kept himself much in solitude, and was still unmarried. So, believing him more and more *worthy*, she loved him more largely and more faithfully, in her true pride and greatness of soul, giving, without hoping for recompense again.

Nine years, I say, had passed, and the loveliness of eighteen had ripened to the graver and more spiritual beauty of

twenty-seven, and the manhood of Harland was rounding to its fullest prime, when it first became possible for him to execute his long-cherished plan of a visit to the scenes of the Old World's romance and history. He was not content to take a steamer for Liverpool, like the whole world of travellers, but to gratify a harmless caprice, he took passage in a sailing vessel for some port of the Mediterranean sea, whence he wandered first into Italy, and seated himself in the shadows of the seven hills, with a transport the ardent tourist well understands. It was night when he caught his first sight of Rome, and his first wanderings there were by the fair Italian moon-shine. He had, all involuntarily, found his way at last to the mighty Coliseum, and he stood in the shade of one of its noble columns, under the spell of such rich and mournful fancies as befitted the place, when he heard the rustling of a robe, and turning suddenly, saw a group of strangers in the shadows behind him, silent, like himself, under the influences of the hour. The gentleman, and one of the ladies who stood nearest him, he judged by their dress and manner, to be Americans; but what was his surprise when, as the third member of the party stepped forward into the open light, he beheld June Edwards! He looked once and again, with the conviction that his eyes deceived him; but no, it was none other than her living self. He could not mistake that perfect head; that low, Grecian brow, with its crown of dark brown hair; those lips, proud and sensitive in their curve, and the radiant eye, which, as she lifts it upward, is deeper and purer jet than ever. He studies her face narrowly to see how the soul has changed, and he detects there the old mixture of ardor and thoughtfulness, spirit and gentleness, and as she turns her face steadily in the direction where he stands,

the soft, dreamy look he remembers once or twice to have seen there before, — and something more, — yes, *this* is *new*, a quiet calmness, not quite all made up of sadness, nor all of patience, but partaking of both. He is certain, quite certain he sees it, ere he advances into the broad light, and places himself where her eye will fall full upon him. She recognizes him without a start, and bows with the old, polite, impenetrable grace, — oh, how well he remembers it.

But he approaches her, and his first words send the crimson flush of surprise and resentment to her cheek, for he says:

"I believe I address Mrs. Allen Wilson."

She recovers herself in an instant, and answers calmly and kindly:

"No, sir; you speak with June Edwards, and I, I believe, to my former acquaintance, Mr. Harland."

He bows, and the proper introductions to her travelling companions follow. They prove to be a Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin of Boston, Mass., under whose kind escort the young lady has been placed by her parents. Miss Edwards reminds Mrs. Hamlin that the hour is late, and she breaks up the brief interview; not, however, before her husband's cordial politeness has named the place and number of their lodgings to Mr. Harland, and invited him to breakfast. The invitation, after some indecision, was accepted, and Harland made his appearance duly in the parlor of his American friends, at the somewhat early hour which their home-habits induced them to designate. He was received with great affability by his host and hostess; quite undemonstratively by June, for the utmost she dared show him, knowing the fullness of her own heart, was a quiet, sincere cordiality. He directed his conversation principally to Mrs. Hamlin, and June had leisure and

opportunity to observe him well. As she watched him, she gave over and again the verdict, "*just the same.*" The exquisite modulations of his voice fell on her ear like old, remembered music. As its cadences sank and swelled, they recalled to her the very sound of words listened to years ago.

* * * * * *

It was in the soft evening of the same day, just as the purple shadows began to darken, that two persons occupied alone the little parlor of the Hamlins, looking out upon the sombre court, and the softly plashing fountain; for Miss Edwards had granted the private interview requested by Mr. Harland. When Eugine met so strangely the woman of his love, and found her still bearing her maiden name, his heart admitted a sudden thrill of pleasure, which after-reasoning, although it moderated, could not quite destroy. That she had once been the affianced bride of Mr. Wilson he knew not how to doubt; that if she loved Allen once, she loved him still, he felt sure. All suspicions of fickleness or falsehood, he charged elsewhere than upon her, in whose truth he had the most unshaken belief. His love, that sanguine dreamer, introduced now and then a hope which sober reason discarded as a vanity of vanities. Weary of struggling with conflicting theories, and charmed again, as it were, into the society of one who caused them all, for the second time in his life he resolved upon an open explanation. With this intent it was that he sat pale and troubled in the presence of June.

"I hardly know," he began, "whether I ought to advert to the mistaken title by which I addressed you last evening, even to apologize."

June's cheek flushed as if he had repeated the error, and she answered:

"Indeed it was a singular mistake, sir, but your evident sincerity was sufficient excuse, although I am unaware how it could have originated."

She would have added something more definite, but maidenly pride forbade. Yet what was almost imperceptibly betrayed in her manner gave Mr. Harland freedom to say what, at another moment, his delicacy would have withheld.

"My information is years old, Miss Edwards, and merely stated a *contemplated* relation, but I supposed it was from sure authority."

He looked at her earnestly and meaningly. She seemed more bewildered than at first.

"No such relation was ever contemplated by *me*," at length she said, indignantly. "Will you be kind enough to tell me, sir, exactly who was so much better informed?"

Harland had averted his eyes from her flashing glance, but he lifted them again, and they met hers clearly and sadly, as he answered, with emphasis,

"Allen Wilson."

June started in anger and astonishment. There was a deep silence, during which the truth, base as it seemed, flashed upon Harland's mind. He saw that he must have been deceived, and he guessed with what purpose.

"*When* did he dare tell you this, Mr. Harland?" asked June.

"The morning after his sister's wedding, by letter," was the slow reply,—a time too easily recalled for June's equanimity. She rose to close the interview, saying,

"I thank you, sir, for this explanation, as it seems due to me; but I am shocked to find the brother of my dear Annie so destitute of common honesty."

She turned toward the door, but Mr. Harland, in his lowest and gravest tones, arrested the movement. "Let me speak to you a moment longer," said he, rising and standing beside her. "That rash young man, whom you last mentioned, let me know that he divined and pitied *my* interest in you. You look incredulous. It seems you did not then understand me so readily as he. When I parted from you, nine years ago, I knew very well that I loved June Edwards; I have never doubted it a moment since."

A faint color tinged her cheek, as she listened with her forehead drooped and her eyes hidden behind their lashes. He had spoken so quietly, that an ordinary observer would not have guessed what he was saying, and now he added, in the same tone, "I loved then, and I know you believe love to be *eternal*." June raised her eyes suddenly to his face, and saw there the deep, fond tenderness she had dreamed of all her girlhood through. Still she kept a wondering silence, and he began to question.

"You remember your old definition of love, in the library at L——?"

"Yes."

"Do you hold to it now?"

"O yes," and the speaker's voice trembled a little.

"Such love as you defined is waiting for you; can you accept it?"

O, how grave, how true, how earnest was the voice that thrilled June's heart in these words! She answered, slowly and reverently, and bowing her crescent forehead beneath the blessing words wherewith he blessed her, the new immortal joy, like a sunshining, flooded every line of her face, as she uttered the low confession of that love of hers which, faithful

through the long years, had brought at length its own glad reward.

"Love is eternal," said those united souls. "Love is eternal," we repeat, as our record of their history closes; and that grosser and short-lived passion which rules its little day, and flutters and dies, deserves not so holy a name. Destitute of the immortal element, how dare it take the very name of the Divine Essence! But afar from the multitude who follow after their convenience, or fancy, or passion, under the protection of a title so sacred, there is another multitude, let us believe, who recognize and reverence the spirit they invite to their tabernacle; loving purely, loving fervently, loving evermore, remembering their birthright as children of the Highest!

PENCIL MARKS, NOW AND THEN.

To sit quietly in a soft-lighted room, listening to the voices of the early autumn winds, gazing into the amber glow on the hearth, which breaks the faint chill of these first cool days, — is not this pleasant? The cushions are soft that press so closely, the very footstool is luxurious, and the atmosphere has that temperate, dreamy warmth most coaxing to reveries. But, if the head that leans upon the pillowy chair be heavy, and the flushed cheek rest upon a hotter hand, and the fever-potion lie on the mantel, there comes a new element into the thought of the quiet room, the soft light, the gentle warmth, and the downy seat. The face that comes often, and bends above me long, speaks of tenderness toward suffering, and a sweet, unsleeping anxiety about the issue of

all this. So, after all, it is not quite free from sorrow, this little nursery — so, after all, there comes peeping in regrets for the healthy bound of young blood and the activities of a *strong* life. With the hope and the earnestness of nineteen years, it is somewhat sad to meet a veil across the future, — the *near* future, I mean, for that which is uncertainly remote may be always clear in sight, as it is fair, in the beauty of the skies. But to exist from hour to hour, with no plans for to-morrow, and no employment for to-day, except to pet one's self; to be as pleasantly idle as one can, this tests the slender patience of the heart. The hardest work is *none at all.* Is this pencil a complaining one? No, surely, it doesn't mean to be, because, on its very tip, are some humble and grateful words, waiting a command to fall. The will for the deed, pencil, — our arm is weary.

No day for an invalid to ride. The dull clouds are scudding across the skyey deep; the sun looks out upon them now and then, like the eye of a master on his workmen, and retires again; yet, in one of these little intervals, *we*, a most venturesome pair, set forth for the daily airing. Careful hands cloak and wrap the sick one, and, nestled in an easy carriage, behind a fine, swift steed, the sourness of nature is unminded; only a few minutes, however. With the sound of the prancing feet comes the quicker prance of glistening raindrops. What shall be done? We are in a place "where three roads meet," and here in the open corner is a large, comfortable farm-house. Too soon to admit of objection, the driver has wheeled close before the broad door-stone, mottled with the descending shower; and this piece of mortality, concealed beneath veils and wrappers, is deposited in a narrow old-fash-

ioned "space," which conducts us to the family room, the cosy kitchen, neat to a nicety. Here our eyes and ears are novelly greeted. In the centre of the apartment looms up a spinning-wheel, which, obedient to a pliant hand, gives forth the rare old music in these days, lamented by our granddames, who *will* say, "the former times were better than these."

The pleasant buzz ceases, and the mistress of the wheel and house invites us to be seated, and bids us welcome to our shelter. *Such* a woman *we* (the invalid) did not think to meet here. A tall, dignified person, united to the mildest and kindest of faces. More than fifty years, — some, as it seems, heavy with sorrow, — have failed to wrinkle deeply that placid forehead; and the eyes, almost a jet, still flash with cheerfulness and shine with goodness. I feel this must be more than a common woman.

In the corner of the room sits an aged man, who begins to interrupt the courteous speech of the wife with a shrewd word here and there, a little satirical, but not bitter, as the wit of age sometimes is. We exchanged smiles through the spokes of the great wheel, and presently comes from our amusing speaker the query, "How far are you from home, sir, now?" Here is a leader, and the answer an exposé. "We are from M——n" (for by that sorrowfully untasteful nomen our little nook is more familiarly designated). "But," replies the old man, "I thought I knew everybody there." — "Perhaps you do not know the new minister, husband," is the quiet response from the opposite corner, where the arch dark eyes are located. So it comes out, and there is a civil confession of names, and we are an acquainted party. Talk flags, but the rain, never; on it drizzles, settled into a moping affair for the afternoon. But lo, just as we are regaled with early

golden apples, the darkness gathers thick and suddenly, the clouds dissolve in a hearty shower, and a shower has the good-nature usually to come to an end,—*ours* does, at last. The weary look-out at the window is over. The bright round drops spangle the peach-trees, and we are on the road again, with hospitable invitations to repeat our call, and a huge bunch of vari-colored dahlias in our basket. Another black cloud is rolling up toward the zenith. But see, the church spire, and, just by, the open parsonage-gate, and up the hill the pretty parsonage itself, all white and nude on the unturfed, unshaded soil. *Home*, we are — O, no, no; word of the past, come not in here. We are *with our beloved ones*, and all is safe, despite the anxieties of the hour; all is well, through the quiet, fire-lit evening; all is well, as the eyelids shut on the downy pillow, — aye, *well*, though they open not again beneath the sun.

Live cheerfully — yes, *cheerfully*, though life be narrowed and darkened in the chamber of disease; though the altered look of the future, and the envied brightness of the past, conspire against present contentment. Much still beautiful is left to the sorest sufferer, while the glad sun shines, and the great forests wave, and the brooks leap and run,—much beautiful, and joyful is left, while friends are tender and true, while *home* is full of the air of love; above all, while the *heart* knows where to rest itself. Live cheerfully, then, by the help of God. Let that face, paled and thinned by illness, be a *light*, not a *gloom*, in the midst of the household; and whether it blooms again with incoming health, or fades on day after day, still let it be serene and smiling, casting never a cloud on the gladness of surrounding faces. Would you have their eyes

dim with sorrow caught from yours? Would you have their lips quiver, because yours forget sweet and happy tones? But the *grave* is in view, and death may be ready to reach forth his hand, and put out this little spark of life. To be cheerful in the face of this, is not *easy*, but quite possible.

What is death? An angel, strong and brave, — an angel kind, and loving; the only one commissioned of the Father, to bring His children home. The arms so dreaded, bear the wanderer safe up to the paternal mansion. There is no need of fear, — there is no need of gloom. Live cheerfully then, if there lacks but little of the end.

> "This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb to the life Elysian,
> Whose portal we call death."

After weary days of pain and seclusion, how delicious to face the out-door air, — this Indian-summer air, whose breath enters into the very soul, diffusing there a calm, pensive enjoyment, more welcome than the richest gaiety.

Now, great Nature is bounteous of her gifts to those on whom she has bestowed an October temperament. They have but to go forth, and her serene sun, her sky blue and deep as the Levant, her forests, gorgeous, delicate, grand, and melancholy, stir the sensitive springs of thought and passion, till they move swift as an unhooded falcon.

Even across these stony ridges, and steep hollows, divine Autumn throws a shadow of her glory. I find myself a worshipper, even here, where I miss so sadly the brilliant woods, the great calm mountain, the musical waters of my home. The sublime, the lovely, the picturesque, have each been

denied to these surroundings, yet one may find beauties of color and of shade. Here, a singularly green pasture-ground; there, a little amphitheatre of dazzling foliage; now, a sudden turn in sight of a clear, shaded pool; then a winding ascent terminating in the clear, azure heaven, which, like the reality above, changes not with the changing earth. These one selects, as an artist the sweetest features of many faces, and secretly unites them in a mental picture. Remembered objects fill up what is wanting, and this creation of the heart, rises between the eye and all distasteful images.

My ride in this way was full of sweetness, the fondest arm encircled my poor feeble side, and every grateful happy string of my heart made music. I too, would have my life like the year's, richest, deepest, heavenliest, just before dying.

A Portrait — I have a gallery of portraits, which I visit often. There is one picture there, before which I linger longest, and always happen to *kneel*, that I think my pencil may succeed in copying, — at any rate, I would like to try.

The figure is that of a woman, nearing mid-life, yet retaining the slender and erect grace of youth. The face is one I can never weary of looking at. Over a brow, patient and thoughtful, wave clouds of rich, dark hair, and beneath shine eyes of hazel, sparkling, yet tender, — eyes, always bent on me when I gaze, yet, as if they had just been lifted higher. The lips have a touch of sorrow and care in their expression, which it takes a smile to alter into cheerful gaity. In looking at this picture, one feels the intensity of life which animates it. It is a true poet's soul that beats beneath; all its earnest thoughts, and sweet fancies, its quick sense of beauty and

deformity, its keen sensibility to suffering and enjoyment, its sympathies and preferences, *all are poetic*, in the highest degree. This soul does not express itself in measure, or rhythm, but in *a symmetric life*, that higher style of poem, unfettered by human tongues, whose grand cantos shall make music eternally.

It is a true *woman's* heart that glows within,—a heart noble to every living thing; generous to forgive injuries, lofty to scorn meannessess, brave to endure sufferings. To all, considerate and benevolent; to the beloved, tender, faithful and unchanging as an angel of the good God.

This is the portrait which I call number one, in my gallery. My poor crayon-work does it little justice; yet I love to delineate as well as I am able, feature by feature, that which is so dear to me.

What a different meaning to us, have the same expressions, according as the heart interprets them. Truest is it of those words appropriated to the polite usages of society.

This morning, a languid lady of fashion daintily laid her richly-furred arm upon mine, and said, in her elegant way, "How glad I am to see you." My heart, cool and untouched, suffered a careless acknowledgment to rise to the lips. When the brief ceremony of a call was over, I fell to dreaming of a past pleasure, still so sweet as I recall it, that I seem to repeat the original. I go over again the scene in which I met, in the flush of her beautiful youth, a woman of genius, whom, already, I dared call my friend.

It was early evening, in the princely hotel of a strange city, that I hurried up broad stairways, and through long halls, till I stood before *her* door, with a delicious trembling at my

heart. It opened quickly, and closed behind me, and there, in the rich glow of the open fire, and the clear rays of the lights on the mantle, I caught the first sight of that face whose mingled sweetness and brightness have grown to be a familiar picture. I heard the first melody of that loving voice in the plain, simple words, "How glad I am to see you!"

What an electric thrill of pleasure they gave me then! those very words which, to-day, seemed dull and meaningless.

I remember indulging a similar train of thought weeks ago, near the close of cousin Susie's annual visit here, — a joyous visit, almost too exciting for an invalid to bear. Her brother joined her the last week of her stay, and brought with him another guest, young Henry S——, a fine fellow, frank, high-bred, and quite unspoiled by his collegiate course and tour of foreign travel. There was frolic at all hours of the day, in our little circle, and often, when I lay resting on my sofa, I loved to hear the glad voices in the other parlor, and gave thanks that their mirth was music to me. Still, I was oft content to withdraw from so sprightly an atmosphere, and create one more serious, more earnest, and to me, more natural. But, where am I wandering? there comes an end to every holiday of life, and I caught myself saying this as I rose, most unusually for me, in the gray of morning, to watch the young men away. We had despatched our early breakfast, and stood irresolutely around the newly-kindled fire, when the warning of approaching wheels hastened our adieus. "I trust we shall meet again, soon," said young S., as he bowed over Susie's little white hand; and I saw her cheek quickly flush and pale, and her lips slightly stir. He was in no lingering mood, and, hurriedly turning to me, repeated the same expression with equally easy grace and cordial tone. I responded

with hearty friendliness, and an hour afterward, the parting words dropped from my thought; but, through all that exceedingly quiet day, they were sounding over in the heart of my cousin Susie. What is a light, sweet song to one, may be to another a passionate, inspiring harmony; and the word that one can say through smiles, is at the bottom of another's bitterest tears.

Well do I remember another scene; but even as I recall it, my heart throbs with a sudden pain, and my hand grows nerveless. Let me put the pencil into the hand of a warm-hearted spectator of that scene, and read her description: "It was a gay day in June, full of spirit and beauty, when, after an imprisonment of months in the weary town, I started for my country home. It was an easy thing to say *farewell* to the group of associates whom I left; the word was spoken in a free, cheerful tone, more appropriate to hope than to regret. I entered the ladies' saloon at the railroad station, some minutes too promptly, and sat beguiling the time by observing those who surrounded me. I soon perceived that other eyes than mine, were watching a group of four young girls, who occupied a sofa, opposite me. One of them, every little while, let fall some quiet tears, and on two of the other faces was an expression of mingled grief and resignation. They had not on the garb of mourning, else I might have supposed them suffering some recent and common bereavement. The fourth, from her white trimmings, I thought might be a new-made bride; yet there was in her look the same sorrow displayed by her companions. I have seldom seen a face so sweet as hers, both in feature and expression. The very dove of peace seemed to have brooded above her white brow, and its spirit to have passed into the deep shining of her azure eyes. In

the lines of the mouth there was a rare mixture of softness and submission, with firm resolve. There was unutterable affection in her glance, as she turned to the friend nearest her, who, pale and calm, looked as if, by a mighty struggle, she were holding down the throbs of inward grief. Once or twice they spoke; I could not hear the words, but the tender, tearful tones thrilled me. The key to a scene like this could not be far off; a plain old lady at my side, whom I noticed wiping her eyes vigorously, solved for me the mystery. 'May be you don't know,' she said kindly, 'that the dear young creature yonder, with the white ribins on her bonnet, is agoin' way off to Indy, to be a missioner to the heathen?' I shook my head, and felt the tears moistening *my* eyes also. 'Yes,' continued she with a sigh, 'she was married to Mr. S., last Sunday, the young minister that used to bring me tracts all last winter; and now they're *goin'*, and we shan't never see 'em again; the Lord bless 'em.'

"The sharp, shrill bell announced the departure of the train, which was to convey the missionary-bride to her port of embarkation. I felt a sudden pain at heart, for I knew the sound was the knell of separation in the ears of the little group in whom I was now deeply interested. I saw several gentlemen come in hurriedly and take out the party who were to separate the next moment for a long life-time. I followed with others to the open platform. The *one* was within the car, the *three* just without. I saw that lovely face reach through the window and press one more kiss, — the last, — upon those upturned faces below; and I saw the cruel motion of the starting train unclasp the hold of those faithful hands which seldom willingly were parted. As the smoke and steam faded from view in the dim distance, the three girls, who

seemed like sisters, turned to depart, and passing close by me, I saw them trembling under the weight of that farewell, and I heard one of them whisper, 'it is like a burial.'

The shrill bell sounded again, and *I* was hurried away to happy meetings and glad salutations, and an unspeakable joy. *They* were left to that sad loneliness, that sore heart-aching, which follow such a parting."

Thanksgiving-Day! O what a new sound and sense were in the words, this gray, unlovely, November morning, as I uttered them, just wakened, on my pillow. A giving of thanks, thought I, softly, and remembered the chasms bridged, the wilderness threaded, the waters crossed, since one year ago. A giving of thanks, thought I, and, in a setting of brilliants, shone before me the sweet faces of my love, all fresh, and living, and human; and I knew that within the year not one of these had grown pale in the cold of death. A giving of thanks, thought I, again, and I pressed my fingers on my calm pulse, and recollected the old hot, impatient throb. I had slept and awaked, but I forgot not other nights, weary and sleepless. Life was taking me by the hand, but I *remembered* the touch of death. My heart grew warm within me. *I gave thanks*, not only here in the silence of my sick-room, but yonder in the temple with the congregation.

We sat down to the feast, our little household all unbroken, not as we sat last together under the old roof, but here, where all is new and strange, and the unfamiliar landscape looks drearier than the beloved, in the dull light of this misanthropic month. But it was a joyous time. There is an atmosphere of the heart that is balmy always; there are lights and blooms of the heart, everywhere. Wit and tenderness and

sober thoughts all joined our evening circle, and we were glad together, *too happy to be gay.*

There is rare luxury in solitude to any one who understands how to *use* it; and to be left alone many hours, for the first time in months, makes a strange pleasure in the heart of the invalid. This is the most inappropriate day possible to precede the first of winter; the softest, sunniest air, the mellow sky, the gay gentle light, all make one's pulses beat in an April tune. Nothing looks ugly to-day; the yellow brown fields, the mossy stones, and the leafless forest on the horizon yonder, give a quiet sort of pleasure. A stray bird perches near the window, and sings in a sweet summer voice; and the fowls crow and cackle in those satisfied, domestic tones which belong to the early Spring. It is a time for light, curious fancies, and all manner of dreams that launch out into the future, or for tender recollections, which fit as well. One looks back to recall the last day of solitude. It was in the glowing heart of summer, when she makes green valley, and wooded mountain, and old flowery haunts, loveliest. That was a golden, delicious day, as fresh at morning, as genial at noon, as glorious at evening, as any ever born. I remember a young girl, who spent it dreamily, in wandering from room to room, in long look-outs at favorite windows, in strolls by the hour through the garden, up the course of the little brook, and in the recesses of the grove of pines. I remember her, on that day, for it shadowed forth a parting, too sad to be mourned over aloud.

One dares not expect a *dreamy day* in the heart of the cold season. Winter is too full of glorious energy to indulge in reverie. Winter is wonderfully *practical;* he stirs the pulse

briskly, and hastens the step, and sharpens the palate, and rouses the saddest sluggard of a soul. Who does not feel the inward stir, and exult in it, when his clear earnest air expands the lungs and sets the cheek all aglow. Who that watches in the morning the brave work of a single night, — the illustrated edition of Nature, ready and waiting, — sits down with folded hands to pass the day in idleness? Winter urges the spirit to achievement and triumph. Summer to rest and reward. Yet here in the opening of the year, is a holiday; a day from which all the severe and lofty soul of the season has fled; and the tender, winning heart of June has stolen into it; beating, to be sure, beneath strange dress, but poorly disguised. There fell, three days ago, a luxuriant snow; so abundant as to bear this summer-like sunshine and still conceal all the brown nakedness of the ground. It stretches before me in a wide field, beneath a sky pure and truth-like; blushing azure in the shadows, glistening silver in the sun. Within doors, it is a great good to catch the light making pictures on the walls; what do they mean? There are trees waving swiftly back and forth, and behind them one gets glimpses of a great golden mansion; are they Paradisean trees? No, there is a dome added to the mansion and a 'gate beautiful.' Are they *palms* at the temple door? But is that a temple at all? It looks now like a long winding street, and the trees clasp their arms overhead like the elms of Connecticut's classic city. Elms, did I say! why they have melted into a floating gossamer veil, and through its folds shows a beautiful face, — a dear face, — in dim outline, yet an unmistakeable likeness. These pictures are like the dreams of our lighted slumbers, dissolving one into another, none complete, yet each suggestive of a perfect thought to the waking mind.

Without doors, to sail over this snow and under this sun to such plaintive melody of bells, as did I this morning, is a poem delicious and fascinating, in the style of Lalla Rookh. This day is beautiful to me as the glance and the smile of a chosen friend, met unexpectedly in a great assembly of strangers. 'Tis a white day with a rainbow ending.

The Blues,—O what a sore disease it is, taking its run in sheer disdain of all the Materia Medica; overcoming the feeble defences now and then set up by the patient, easily as the frost reaches my geraniums through the futile protection of the window-pane. "*Reason against it,*" says my philosophic adviser Mr. S., looking at me with a cool triumphant air which threatens the overturn of my good humor. Why didn't you propose the same remedy, Sir, to my delicate Fuschia who sat drooping her slender head in the gathering chill of our first wintry night? If I remember, you prescribed for her the generous breath of the furnace; and justly, too, for she revived and smiled in the glow, beautiful as summer itself. But if you had confidently observed to her, "Reason, my dear madam, *reason* against the influence that is creeping over you; 'tis folly to employ any external means of relief," where would have been the jewelled blossoms of to-day, which furnished you a simile some five minutes ago?

A very weak parallelism you say; you venture to remind me that my internal resources are somewhat more extended than the Fuschia's; you have never been troubled with "the blues," *yourself.* Ah, Mr. S., that last clause decides it is in vain to argufy or illustrate further. If you are practically ignorant of the malady, no representations of mine will convince you how difficult it is to shake it off. I must wait till

your *experience* come, before I can hope for your sympathy. Very slight causes produce this same complaint. We do not count among them any such as lead to thorough vexations or grief. To the cook, her ill-managed dinner; to the mistress, her absent guests; to the business-man, a scarcity of customers; to the student, an idea gone astray; to the dreamer, a ruined air-castle; to youth and maiden, an indifferent glance, a jealous word, may bring the premonitory symptoms of an attack.

Oftener still, the antecedent is vague and undefined, and one is most defenceless. I pace the room silently, and my steps fall slow and soft within, as the snow falls slow and soft without. Ashes are crusted over the glow of the coals in the grate, and the fire burns smothered and dim. The shutters are open, injudiciously, and I love not the light that pours in, garishly reflected from the white ground, and shows the remnants of christmas wreaths over the mantel, disarranged and rusty. The easy chair and the sofa are alike uncomfortable to me. I will not sit or rest. I am tired even with promenading this same floor, and it is a drudgery to follow over and over the brilliant, unmeaning figures of the carpet. That little embroidered footstool with its cornu-copiæ ever occupied in the vain effort to scatter flowers which will not fall, is a nuisance, and the poor rose-bush on the stand, ragged and unthrifty, reminds me of a life from which the fragrance and fulness have fled, leaving only the poor, bare frame-work. Do not think I am angry or wretched. It is *only* the blues. The green covers of the new monthly peep at me from the table as if they were friends of mine, — as if I hadn't a precious wee bit of a quarrel with them. I take the delicious odor of this pile of fresh books, as indifferently as my favorite kitten snuffs her cup of milk when her puss-ship has been trifled

with, beyond bounds. Even the "Arabian Nights," that brilliant wonder which the good genii reserved from my childhood to bewitch my youth, cannot coax me with its broad illustrated pages. *I have the blues!* Yes, it is the severest attack since one summer evening, months ago, when I was by no means a solitary sufferer. *That* should have been a gay and cheery circle, beneath one of the most hospitable roofs of a charming New England capital and assembled to do homage to the approaching festivities of the old university. It was the evening before commencement day, a time when the fair town of H. shines its brightest, and the rain-torrents on the pavements certainly sounded in a malicious style. The distinguished orator of the —— Society thought so, as he uttered his elegant peroration in the faces of a scanty number of indefatigable admirers. Those who had their souls all wrought up to the pitch of his voice thought so, as they sorrowfully doffed the outer habiliments assumed in vain expectation that the mighty shower would soon be over. And *we* thought so too,—we who were so un-literary as to stay at home in the vain hope of receiving friends old or new, so presuming as to imagine that our parlors could rival the magnificent hall, where the great lecturer was on exhibition.

We thought so, I say, as we listened to the dash of the storm against the window-glass, and saw by the light of the gas upon the corner, the agitated pools lining the street,—saw the great boughs of the trees overhead, shaking their heavy crystal deposits on the deluged sidewalks. Now and then, the bright lamps of a carriage went flashing by, but we had not spied a solitary footman. It was my cousin Susie's face that pressed the pane next mine in this look-out. I heard her sigh a little as we turned our eyes toward the group within, and I

saw that the general dissatisfaction reflected itself, even in her beautiful, sunny eyes. We were blue, not only over the evening's disappointment, but the prospect of a rainy morrow. Two boarding-school girls were venting their sorrows in words. (N. B. A symptom that the disease had not reached its most incurable stage with them.) "There will be no such thing as wearing white muslins to-morrow," murmured one. "No," was the impatient reply, "and as for the gentlemen, we shall not see a soul here to-night; and Mason, you know, leaves the city early in the morning."

"What a pity!" whispered Susie, who was listening with a sort of mock gravity, and the cloud perceptibly lightened on her fair face. I mistrusted she did not yearn after another interview with the young Junior, who had been so regretfully named. Susie and I were constraining ourselves to a polite conversation with our hostess, when the surprise of a quick step on the walk, and a sharp ring of the door-bell, sent a thrill of curiosity through our foolish hearts. "Probably only an errand boy," we reiterated to ourselves during the long interval which seemed to precede the opening of the door. The parlor was very quiet, and we heard our names called distinctly; then, footsteps advancing unmistakeably through the hall, and, the next instant, Henry Sherwood stood before us. Susie started, in her dear, quick way, and made a low exclamation of pleasure, and I was heartily glad. Henry threw himself on the sofa beside us, and, in his own peculiar, joyous way, rattled on as to how he had arrived in time that afternoon; had just incidentally learned where we were, and could not forbear finding us immediately.

"But, in this terrible rain, you must be thoroughly drenched," said Susie."

We laughed, as he replied, with the coolness of one who cared little for the stormy elements, "Yes, we have quite a pretty shower without. I left two or three old classmates snugly housed, who were too craven-hearted to pay their respects, either to the lecturer or the ladies, the two reigning powers of the evening, but—" Sherwood smiled a sudden, brilliant smile, more satisfying to our vanity than the most finished compliment with which he could have ended his sentence. An hour slipped merrily and rapidly by, and, when our visitor rose to go, we were sanguine enough to believe his good-humored predictions of fair weather. Happily, they proved very correct; for, on the morrow, the sun shone as rich and golden as the Valedictorian of the graduating class himself could have requested. The leafy arches above were brighter and fresher green for the last night's watering, and, if the paved walks beneath were not altogether friendly to white muslins and paper slippers, nobody wasted time in lamenting it. Commencement-day at H. is a glorious day. No one can live it in the ordinary calm, quiescent habitude. Old men feel their pulses grow young again, meeting where, years and years ago, they stood, in the fresh student-ranks, as now the new generation stands. Young men, with young glories and young hopes brightening before them, press the pure cup of the wine of life to their lips. Mothers look on the brave faces of their boys, flushed with academic honors, and rejoice in honest pride. Maidens garner the joy, and the poetry, and the homage of the day, in their eager hearts. Even the unappreciative lookers on, are wondering and amazed, and "dare say 'tis all very fine." At an early summons, the large and commodious edifice devoted to the public exercises of the anniver-

sary, is everywhere crowded. Below, the changing faces of the graduating class; the cooler, and more curious undergraduates; the composed and attentive Alumni; and the respectful numbers of guests, who have come to bow at the shrine of the venerable university, occupy the seats in well-ordered rank. Upon the stage, sits the urbane and dignified president, with his crescent of college dignitaries about him; and, farther up, the deep galleries stir, and flutter, and blaze, with the motion and the loveliness of countless beautiful women. In those seats below are the aspirants for, or the recipients of, those bows and smiles one sees occasionally floating downwards. And the spirited music, which every now and then rouses to their feet that vast company, nowhere else sounds more exhilarating, or stirs a prouder throb in the heart.

That was a wonderful commencement-day to cousin Susie and to me; to me, chiefly for her sake. Beside the universal romance, it was full of a quiet, private romance of our own; and, when far into that night we lay down to sleep, we dreamed a dream, each of us the same dream, which has since become a waking reality.

In that incomplete month, which is woven out of the "odds and ends" of the year, at the close of winter, there comes, now and then, a day on which rests the prophetic spirit of the spring. The misty morning has dawned soft and mild; and, long after almanacs assure us that the sun has risen, we see him lazily parting the curtains of his bed-chamber, and looking out with a dreamy eye upon the moist earth. The sky gathers a rich summer blue in its centre, and, all around the horizon, pales away into colorless clouds. Under the hills,

and beside the rambling stone fences, skulk narrow patches of snow, looking sorry and ashamed, like spies caught in the enemy's country. Down in the deep ravine, the swollen waters spread around the tiny islets of alder bushes, and sparkle in diamond points where the sun strikes their surface, while dark slices of ice float about in the shadows. On the mellow brown of the meadows, and the dark purple of the forest hills, there is laid a something one cannot name; not a coloring, for it has no hue; not a haze, for yonder, over the farthest wood, you can see the speck of a solitary bird, wheeling in steady circles upward through the clear air; nor the royal halo of the sun, for to-day, the heavens have no magic reflection upon the earth. It is that untitled shadow of the coming resurrection, forecast upon the calm, dead face of Nature. It is the invisible breath of the new life, hovering o'er the tomb of the old, and waiting to enter into its forsaken tabernacle. Under the silent touch of the unseen power, we pass into the mood of the visible creation. The moveless trees of the forest are waiting the word, to wrap themselves in a multitude of leaves, and the stately shrubs of the garden, and the starry flowers of the brook-side and by-path, are waiting to burst into ten thousand blooms. They all wait patiently and speechlessly, shutting away from our sight their instinctive faith. And so waiteth many a human heart, some heart perhaps, that will communicate with mine through these simple words, waiteth, with its great hope humbly suppressed, for the influx of the heaven-sent vitality which shall expand it into leaf and bloom; waiteth, through the chilling frost and encrusting ice, nursing the soul-germ deep beneath, till the Divine spring shall breathe upon it and set it free. Wait on,

and believe on, patient heart. Give not up thy great purpose, or thy earnest hope, if it be worthy of thee; for He who remembers the dumb faith of the soulless earth, giving summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, in their season, will not forget such as thou. He will make thine aspiration or thine endeavor "beautiful in its time."

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